A FAMOUS LOVE SCENE BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

JANUARY, 1909 FIFTEEN CENTS

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

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Address Subscribers' Bureau, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Madison Square, New York City.

A BATCH OF LETTERS

IT WOULD be a wonderful thing for any editor to know what all of his readers think of the magazine; failing that, it is of the keenest interest to him to know what some of them think. The more letters he gets, complimentary or otherwise, the more he likes it; and what is especially important, he is actually helped in shaping the policy of the magazine by these genuine comments on the various features that appear.

Probably twice as many letters from readers have been received this year as last. We wish we had space to print all of these opinions from the COMPANION family, but here are a few, selected haphazard from recent mail, and there will be more from time to time.

"Neighborly"

If I tell you that I am over eighty-four perhaps you will be lenient with my scribbling, errors, etc. I enjoy the magazine so much, reading it without glasses. It seems so neighborly.

H. E. T., Columbus, Ohio.

Disagrees With Doctor Hutchinson

I have been much interested in Doctor Hutchinson's article "Eyes to See" in the November COMPANION. In speaking of the savages, he says, "They have no eye strain," and of the savage woman he says, "Her needles are the size of a brad awl, and her threads are like whipcord, so the resulting patterns can be worked the full length of the arm." I have before me a bead bag that has been in my family for nearly a century. It was made in Canada by a woman of the Micmac tribe of Indians. The beads are much smaller than any I have ever seen sold for modern bead work. There are twenty-seven to an inch. The colors are dark and light blue, dark and light green, pink, white, red, garnet, orange and yellow, all tastefully blended. The work is beautifully done. If Doctor Hutchinson could see it he would change his opinion in regard to the savages having no eye strain. *I* should hate to attempt work so fine.

E. M. B., Marblehead, Massachusetts.

An Enterprising Agent

I called on a lady a few days ago, who called out to me from the kitchen that she was cooking doughnuts, and did not have a moment to spare. I told her that cookery was just what I called to see her about. I got her order—also some of the finished product!

W. T. W., Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

Two Letters to "Aunt Janet"

I think you deserve a letter from many and many a mother in the United States for your extremely clever work with the little ones. Let me thank you in behalf of my little boy.

MRS. E. T. C., Delta, Colorado.

The boys can hardly wait until my magazine comes, and they both read it at once. May your good work go on and on, as I see in it pure training for the boys, which better fits them mentally as well as physically for the great problem of life which awaits them. Thank you for this great work.

MRS. M. C. J., Bryan, Ohio.

From a "Tired Schoolteacher"

Being myself a tired and disappointed teacher, I have been much interested in Mrs. Richardson's article on that class of workers in the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. May I disagree with her solution of the problem and present one which is satisfactory to me and to many of my fellow teachers? I am a high-school teacher in an up-to-date Western school; I have filled the same position in corresponding Eastern schools; I am a specialist, with a degree from one of our largest state universities. Nevertheless, I am "disappointed."

Could the attitude of communities toward teachers in their midst be changed I feel certain that much of the trouble would be righted. The majority of teachers are filling positions in towns other than those which are their homes; they have come to these positions with neither friends nor acquaintances here; they are strangers in a strange land. I merely represent dozens of my friends when I say that such strangers are looked upon very much as curiosities in a museum or as something disagreeable, to be avoided and shunned. Is the teacher not human that she is offered no friendship, no glimpse of home life, nothing but a round of duties?

I plead for the personal interest and kindness of members of communities toward the little bodies who come in as strangers to give their best efforts, physical and mental, to developing the future citizens of the country.

E. B., Idaho.

About Mr. Leary's Letter

With no disrespect to Mr. John Leary and his sincerity of opinion on the Woman's Rights topic, I shall, as a stranger, take the liberty of publicly disagreeing with him. Who is going to take the wife's place, the mother's place, the sister's place and the sweetheart's place if we women go so far as to enter politics and be burdened with outside work which must necessarily distract them from essential home duties which are theirs, and theirs alone?

We appreciate the compliment he extends to us in his overpowering belief of our ability and judgment in these affairs of state—and, woman like, I have not a doubt of our worthiness of it—but one of us at least thinks it would be far wiser to exercise any surplus energy we may have, after bearing and training our children, upon the right influencing of the men who go to the polls, so that the best that is in us may show itself in the actions of our husbands and sons. Indeed we may "have the right" to do many things that would not be right to do. It seems to be getting easier, as years go by, for men to share their duties, and even shift their responsibilities more upon women, and because we are willing and responsive to it are we going to be able to bear up under it forever? Surely not if we are to give to the world the right kind of men for the future government and the right kind of women for ideal motherhood.

We will, therefore, think of the things we have to do, and we won't have time to worry over the things you would have us do.

BERTHA B. BABCOCK,
Montclair, New Jersey.

The "Social Service" Article

MY DEAR MRS. RICHARDSON:—

Your article on the new profession in the October COMPANION is fine! You have said just the right things in just the right way. The thing I have been marveling at ever since reading the article is how you managed to condense so much into so small a space; but you have touched a great many phases of the matter and have made them all clear. Congratulations on first-rate articles are probably an old story to you, but I am going to send you mine just the same.

ALICE WILLARD SOLENBERGER,
Children's Aid Society,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

MY DEAR MRS. RICHARDSON:—

Allow me to congratulate you upon your very excellent article in the October number of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION on "Social Service," which I have just read. Thank you for the kind things you said about our school. The whole article was very clear and fair, I think, and will doubtless have wide-spread influence. It may interest you to know that one of our enrollments for this winter is entirely due to your article.

HALE HOPKINS, Registrar,
The School of Philanthropy,
New York City.

Friendly Words

You invited criticism—I have none to give. I think you have the best, safest and most helpful magazine, published in the interests of women and of the home, now coming from the press in America. You steer clear of the sentimental, silly gush that so often mars the pages of magazines published in the interest of women.

ROBERT CAMERON,
Boston, Massachusetts.

About Lucy Green

As a "self-supporting woman" who is, and always hopes to be, interested in the "working girl," I want to thank you for your excellent article in the October number of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION on "What Happened to a Girl Seeking Shelter in New York." Especially am I grateful for the way in which you have shown up the Y. W. C. A. on Sixteenth Street, the employment section particularly. I have known of so much unpleasantness and unkind treatment on the part of those in charge of the employment department that I only wish you had made the statements, if anything, a little stronger. I have prevented a number of girls from entering their names in that employment agency, and I have heard the stories of dozens of girls who have been abominably treated there.

The Margaret Louisa Home, as your Lucy Green states, is in one respect "an admirably conducted, reasonable-priced transient hotel;" as a place for temporary lodging it is excellent. Their dining room supplies the poorest food and the smallest portions for the price charged of any respectable restaurant in New York City that I know of.

In the name of other working girls in New York, I thank you for your article.

C. G., New York City.

A Good Suggestion

I've tried all this year I've been taking it to find time to tell you how interesting and helpful I find the COMPANION. You know you invite criticism, and I have but one complaint to make. Can't you occasionally give a little corner to us country folk? Our housekeeping problems are as real and yet so different to our city sisters'. We live in such a primitive fashion—we even make lard and vinegar, and have to do without waterworks, and buy a quarter of beef at a time, and pay in hard work for what we save in cash—but the pure-food law doesn't bother us, either enacted or unenacted. We often need help about the things we have to do, and more often encouragement to overcome our rural antipathy to newfangled conveniences. Can't you, along with the other splendid things you are doing, come to our aid?

L. P. D., Lexington, Tennessee.

The Raise in Price

I wish to express my pleasure in the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Of all the magazines that come to us, it stands first. I have taken it for years, and hope to continue doing so. It is well worth all you will be asking. Indeed, it has been a matter of deep consideration on my part to know how you could give us so much for the small amount of subscription asked.

MRS. D. S. S., Los Angeles, California.

I get the COMPANION every month, and I enjoy reading it more and more. I am sorry it is going up in price, but must acknowledge it is worth it.

MRS. J. C. L., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Miss Marvin's Articles

Permit me to express my appreciation of Helen Marvin's knitting articles in the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

I am a knitter, and must say that I have never read clearer or better instructions. Miss Marvin gives the "whys and wherefores" which enable us to follow her with intelligence and to know "where we are at!" I have bought the COMPANION for months just for her articles alone, and when they ceased for a while I kept on buying it, fearing I should miss one unawares. Please tell her so. We all need a little encouragement sometimes, and I fear in to-day's very strenuous life we are getting too busy to cheer our fellows pulling hard against the stream.

A. S. B., Woodbury, New Jersey.

The knitting and crochet patterns were what made me commence taking the COMPANION four years ago. The directions are always so clear, and the patterns work out so well, it is a treat to make the articles given.

H. M., Oklahoma.

From a Pin-Money Girl

I'm a married girl, and we are soon going into our new home (thanks to the "Home Owning Versus Rent Paying" in the COMPANION, which has helped to open our eyes to the foolishness of acquiring rent receipts), and consequently will need many new furnishings, etc.

I am situated so that it is possible for me to give considerable time to money making, and it would be pleasant as well as profitable to be associated with the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, for I can truthfully and conscientiously say it is the best of its kind.

H. R.

Published Monthly. Fifteen Cents a Copy. $1.25 a Year. Foreign Postage, One Dollar Extra. Canadian Postage, 50 Cents Extra. Entered at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, as second-class matter.
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
GEORGE H. HAZEN, President
METROPOLITAN ANNEX BUILDING, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK

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TIFFANY & CO.

Equipment for Entertaining

Tiffany & Co. are now offering, in their various departments, a complete stock of articles for table service and for decoration. A few items of interest, taken from the 1909 Blue Book, are enumerated below:

Silver Tableware for the Various Courses: Bouillon spoons, fish knives, individual asparagus tongs, lettuce forks, ice-cream spoons, lobster picks, berry forks, serving pieces, hors d'œuvre dishes, salad bowls, after-dinner coffee services, etc.

Plates in Dozens for Separate Courses: A remarkable collection including exclusive decorations from the famous potteries of Europe. Ramekins with or without silver holders

Afternoon Tea Services: Silver tea sets and kettles, tea cups in Minton, Cauldon, Doulton, and other famous wares; muffineers, bon-bon dishes, teak-wood stands and tables

Cut Glass for the Table and Sideboard: Celery trays, compotiers, fruit dishes, sandwich trays, cocktail sets, lemonade pitchers, punch bowls, sugar and cream sets, finger bowls and plates, etc.

Chafing Dishes in silver or silver plate, with trays, spoons, and other accessories

Individual Sets for chocolate, coffee or tea, for breakfast service

Round or Oval Trays in silver or silver plate; candle sticks, and vases for table decoration

Tiffany & Co. invite out-of-town patrons to avail themselves of the facilities of their Correspondence Department, and to write for a copy of the 1909 Blue Book. This is a catalogue of Tiffany & Co.'s stock, and gives the maximum and minimum prices of the articles listed above, as well as of many other of similar character. The Blue Book is helpful in affording suggestions as to purchases, and in assisting in the comparison of prices, which is always welcomed by the house

Upon advice as to requirements with limit of price, Tiffany & Co. will send photographs, cuts or descriptions of what their stock affords. An assortment of articles will be sent on approval to persons known to the house or to those who will make themselves known by satisfactory references

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Ivory Soap . . . . . 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure.

MY REMINISCENCES

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

THE FIRST OF AN IMPORTANT SERIES OF AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL PAPERS IN WHICH DOCTOR HALE TALKS INTIMATELY OF MEN AND EVENTS DURING THE PAST EIGHTY YEARS

THE four mottoes of our Lend-a-Hand Society are: "Look up and not down." "Look forward and not back." "Look out and not in." "Lend a Hand." The first is for Faith, the second is for Hope and the third is for Love. Faith, Hope and Love are the three Eternities.

These are people's rules for their training of themselves. And the second, "Look forward and not back," means that you and I, dear Reader, are not to be forever overhauling our old lives and thinking what we ought to have done. We are, as our dear Saint Paul says, to forget the things which are behind and reach forward for those that are before. But the motto does not mean that we are not to look back upon what the world has been doing in last year or in 1809, or on what it did when Columbus discovered America or when Paul crossed from Asia to Europe. If you and I can learn from the past anything which would help us or help the world in the future, we may study the past as much as we want to.

I have to say this because I have promised these good people who print the COMPANION for our family of Readers that I will tell here some biographical stories as to what I have seen and heard and felt and learned since I was born. I am half sorry that I promised it. But the stories will do no harm if you recollect all the time when you read that you and I are here to work with the good God in making this world a better world to-morrow than it is to-day. And let us try to remember that what Bartholomew says to Philip, or Jane to Maria, or Edward to Ephitophel, is to be read because we want to be better workmen with God next week than we were last week.

Somebody told me to-day the story of an American gentleman who nestled down in an Italian village to spend some months. Some of the better-informed people made his acquaintance and asked him where he came from. He said he came from Boston. They looked on the map, and they found that Boston was in the eastern part of England, and they were surprised, and told him so. They said they thought he was an American. Then he said he was from Boston in America. Then they were surprised, and they asked him how many people lived in Boston in America. He said about five hundred thousand, not knowing how much depended on his answer. They went away and looked in some cyclopedia they had, and the book said Boston was a commercial town in the United States with a population of forty thousand people. Then they said, among themselves, that they had thought he was a liar before, but that now they knew it. The truth was that their cyclopedia man had quoted the cyclopedia of 1830. After that, as my story goes, they discounted what their new friend had to tell about his country, because they did not believe him. Whereas he had told them the exact truth.

What I shall try to do in my talk about the last century with the Readers will be to make the younger people understand what the real growth of America has been not merely in numbers, but in art, in science, in literature, in self-government—indeed, in whatever belongs to our eternal lives. I shall have to illustrate this from my own life rather than from David Crockett's or Montgomery Pike's or Robert Fulton's, because I know more of my life than I know of theirs. If I can set the younger Readers to "work up" and read the lives of David Brainard or Daniel Boone or Manasseh Cutler, or a hundred more of the men who were making America in the nineteenth century, of whom the Readers now know nothing, there will be so much gain.

I Was Born in Boston

An old joke about Boston, wholly unfounded, is that the streets in the older parts of the town were laid out by the cows; that they made their own tracks as they went to pasture and came back, and that the people built their houses by the side of these pasture paths. This is only a joke. The truth is, that the curved streets in the older Boston follow the lines which the seashore or the slope of the hills suggested. There were three hills separated by low land, almost flat, which made the peninsula on which historic Boston stood and stands.

> The rocky nook,
> With hilltops three,
> Look eastward from the Farms.

That is Mr. Waldo Emerson's description of it. Down one of those hills the Boston boys used to "coast" by their schoolhouse to the sea, or as near to it as their sleds would carry them. And when the servant of the English General Haldimand spoiled their coast by putting ashes on it, the school boys called upon the General and remonstrated. He sent for the servant and scolded him, and told the servant to put water on the coast the next cold night and restore it. That was the first victory of the American over the English Army in the American Revolution.

Now there are many boys among the Readers in Louisiana and in southern California who do not know what a coast is. But the boys in Maine and Alaska and Colorado do know. And they will like to know that the word coast for coasting on a sled seems to have been invented by the Yankee boys. They say that its first appearance in literature is a letter giving an account of this victory.

I have used *many* precious lines in telling this story, because I suppose that the first thing I remember in life is my sitting in a box sled—a sled which had sides—with my little sister, when Fullum dragged us to school by that very schoolhouse over the same coast where the victory was won. And if any boy in New York or Chicago or St. Louis or San Francisco to-day will think how funny it would be if you saw a stout young man in this January drawing two children in a box on runners through Wall Street or Chestnut Street or any other crowded street in business hours, he will see the difference in one little thing between the Boston of 1825 and the Boston of to-day.

It is not long since I was sitting in a kindergarten school in the older part of Boston, in recess time, when a nice little Italian girl came up and dropped a curtsy and asked me if I were General Washington. I said "No," and she implied that she had doubted. "For," she said, "he was *very* white," meaning that my hair was not so white as his was represented in the picture in the hall. I was not surprised at the question. It is not the only time when I have been asked if I were personally acquainted with him, and this salutation, on the whole, pleases me. For as he died one hundred and nine years ago, it shows that I carry my years well. I believe I have consulted the Readers before as to the question about tolling bells when the steamers pass Mount Vernon now in token of men's regret that Washington is dead. He would be about one hundred and seventy years old if he were living, and this starts again Mr. John Holmes' interesting inquiry about Methuselah. Holmes had been told by some anatomist that after threescore, people grew shorter with every year, and he used to like to imagine the interest with which Arphaxad and Lamech and the rest of those generations used to watch Methuselah as he walked around the floor among the carpet bugs.

To satisfy the contemporaries of my little Anita, I will tell of one or two of the places where my boyhood touched the American Revolution. First, the English redoubts which they made in the Revolution on the highest hill on our Common were in perfectly good condition for their purpose when I was a boy—just where the monument to the soldiers of 1861 stands now. I think it is a pity that any official thought it necessary to smooth them down. Lord Percy encamped his brigade on the Common, and the traces of that encampment were visible until I was a man.

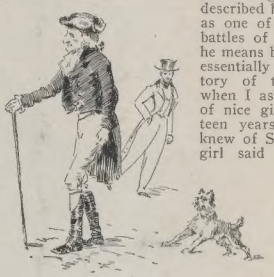
About the year 1860 I talked with an old lady who remembered as a girl the interest which the children took in the Battle of Bunker Hill. And she told me how, when the carts carried up the wounded English soldiers from the battle ground, the little girls who were playing together could see the drops of blood which fell from the carts upon the roadway.

From the time when I was two years old until I was six we lived in a house, where the Parker House, a large hotel, now stands, on School Street, just above the schoolhouse where the boys had made the coast I spoke of. The "King's Chapel" still stands at the opposite corner.

> The chapel last of transitory things
> That shocks our senses with the name of Kings.

I wonder if little children "look out of window" as much as we did then. Among the reminiscences of a little boy sitting on his nurse's knees to see the passers-by I recall old Major Melvil. He used to be called "the last of the Boston Tea Party." Doctor Holmes wrote a very pretty poem about him, which he called "The Last Leaf on the Tree."

I was at a public school not long ago on the anniversary of General Burgoyne's surrender after the Battle of Saratoga. That battle is described by Colonel Creasy as one of the fifteen great battles of history. By this he means battles which have essentially changed the history of the world. But when I asked a large class of nice girls—say of fourteen years old—what they knew of Saratoga, one nice girl said it was a place where ladies went with large trunks in summer. And it seemed that none of them had ever heard of Burgoyne or his surrender. But in the years before I went to college, the memories of the Revolutionary War were fresh. I hope that wherever they live, the younger Readers will try to find what personal remembrances of the War of Independence the people of their neighborhood can recall. Perhaps there is an old letter. Perhaps there is an old musket. Perhaps there is a bit of uniform. Possibly there is a battle ground. When George Washington wanted powder, his need was partly supplied by the Spanish government at New Orleans. Can any New Orleans boy or girl write me about that powder?



Major Melvil
"The Last of the Boston Tea Party"

Now of things then compared with our time. A friend of mine, of just my age, used to laugh about his own boyhood and tell the story of his mother shaking him in bed and bidding him put on his boots when he dressed, and his overcoat, and wade through the snow to the next neighbor's to get a pan of hot coals with which to make the fire. That is a thing which has not happened to any boy who reads the COMPANION. I suppose Joe's mother had lost her flint. We kept our flint and what was called "the steel" in a round tin box such as would hold a quart of strawberries now, and it was on the mantelpiece in the kitchen. It was half full of tinder. And half the boys and girls who read the COMPANION do not know what tinder is, or was. The newspapers sometimes say that a shingled roof in a fire "burnt like tinder." And that shows how ignorant that reporter was.

Now, whoever was in the kitchen in the morning and found that the last hot coal of the wood fire had gone out, took down the tinder box and struck "the steel" with "the flint" smartly and often until a red-hot spark fell on "the tinder." Then, very carefully, she blew with her breath on any flakes of the tinder which had lighted, until she had quite a little cove of lighted tinder. Then she took what we called a brimstone match and put that very carefully in the little hot hole. If all things worked well, the brimstone lighted, and the wood of the match lighted, and she lighted the candle, which was in the candlestick, which made a part of the tinder box.

Oh, dear me! there were ten thousand such tinder boxes in little Boston the day I was born. And a few years ago I tried to buy one as a curiosity, and I could not find one in any of the junk shops. In those days old women would stop at the door and ask you to buy some bundles of matches. They had made these themselves of pine wood four inches long, which they had dipped in hot brimstone at both ends. And those were the only matches that anybody ever heard of. And to-day I could not find such a match between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. What we called phosphorus matches—though they were not made of phosphorus—came in about 1830. Percussion caps for guns instead of flint locks came in at about the same time. So that now the average boy or girl has never seen even

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 54]

An early portrait of Doctor Hale and his son (on the left) which the photographer studied from the print of Garibaldi teaching his son to plow (on the right). Richard Greenough said of these pictures that the Italian print looked as if the boy were saying, "I'll do it if I can, but I don't think I can." That the American boy was saying, "I never did it before, but we will put it through."

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"FOLLOW ME"

IN · THE · ROYAL ACADEMY FOR 1908 APPEARED THE · WORK · OF MANY · FAMOUS PAINTERS, BUT THE CANVAS HAILED BY CRITICS AND PUBLIC AS · THE · GREATEST PAINTING · AT · THE EXHIBITION — PERHAPS THE GREATEST RELIGIOUS · PAINTING OF MODERN TIMES— WAS · THE · WORK · OF A · HITHERTO UNKNOWN WOMAN

"FOLLOW ME," BY HELEN WRIGHTSON, IS THAT PAINTING —A · BEAUTIFULLY REVERENT · PORTRAIT OF JESUS CHRIST

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Volume XXXVI. No. 1 — JANUARY, 1909

OUR OWN PAGE

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AN IMPORTANT QUESTION—AND THE ANSWER

Editor WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION,
Madison Square, New York.

DEAR SIR:—

My subscription to the COMPANION will soon expire, and I'd dearly love to renew it, but I am actually afraid to do so. Almost every other magazine I have read for the past year is full of advice to parents, telling them how to answer questions asked by their children on certain subjects. . . . How am I going to find out whether you aren't just ready to print a few pages of such advice to parents?

Yours sincerely,

September 22, 1908. (Signed) MRS. A. J. R.

OUR position in this matter is simple. We do not condemn the principles of child culture to which many of our best magazines are giving publicity; we do not condemn, or even criticize, the publicity. That is not the point. We are making a family magazine that goes each month into homes where there are people of all ages and both sexes—into yours, for example. It is a guest in your home. That home you conduct as seems to you best. When your guest insists upon talking about subjects which you do not care to discuss in your home, he may violate your hospitality. You may agree fully with his views, you may wish to discuss them intimately and at length with your husband, or your mother, or, in your own way and time, with your children. You do not wish the guest to do this for you; such conduct on his part might do irreparable harm. He should refrain; and if he feels about it as the editor of WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION feels, he will refrain.

THE COMPANION is peculiarly the guest of all the family. There are pages in the magazine which secure for it an appropriate place on the nursery table. Therefore, it is our duty to see that the magazine shall say nothing which a guest might not say in that nursery. There are pages in the COMPANION devoted solely to girls, and there are strong, clean stories which girls love to read. The magazine is their guest, too. It shall say nothing which a young girl's guest should not say in the kind of home which you wish your daughter to have.

These obligations, which we recognize, limit us only slightly in our choice of subjects. There are few topics that are interesting to all of our readers—that is too much to hope for—but there are thousands that are interesting to many, and harmful to none. These subjects we treat as completely as their importance seems to warrant, avoiding, wherever possible, small stabs at large subjects. Our readers may not always agree with us, nor do we expect that they will. No reader, however, can be harmed by the questions which we consider or the views which we express. There are, however, some few subjects which are both interesting and helpful to some, and, in the same form, are harmful to others. These subjects we avoid, as the conversationalist avoids them—as the guest in your home avoids them. We avoid them as instinctively as we avoid the discussion of the salacious, the suggestive and the vulgar. That is the way we feel about it.

THERE is nothing new about this policy. For thirty years the editors of the COMPANION have appealed in separate and particular manner to the individual, to parents, to children, to all who seek entertainment, advice, suggestion and instruction, but always in such a way that the COMPANION may be read throughout by any member of the family in the presence of any other member of the family, young or old, with what we hope is pleasure and profit, certainly without harm or regret.

This policy is inclusive; it covers advertisements and reading matter, editorials and stories, cover designs and illustrations, departments for old and young.

We believe that you who read these pages and to whom they belong profit in more ways than one by such a policy. Perhaps you do not realize it, but our greatest problem is to find room in the magazine, large as it is, to print the matter which we feel must be printed. The exclusion of any one class of reading makes room for more of the rest—and by the rest, in this case, we mean the great, vital subjects on which the COMPANION speaks without fear or favor.

OUR promise not to exploit one form of evil must not be misunderstood as a desire not to attack other forms. Not being afraid to say what we think is an old habit of the COMPANION'S. We were not afraid to attack the child-labor evil because large financial and political interests were against us; we did not refrain from giving our opinion of the woman in business because so many of our readers were business women; we treated the yellowness of the metropolitan daily and the grossness of the Sunday Supplement quite as they deserved, in spite of the power of the press; we did not hesitate to denounce the dirty grocer, although in so doing we exposed ourselves to the local opposition of a powerful trade and the vituperation of its trade press; we showed no mercy to the house renter, although statistics proved that a large percentage of our subscribers lived in houses that other men owned.

On all these questions we did as we believed. That is our attitude now. We believe that WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION should conduct itself as a guest in your home. It will do so.

IS THE PRESIDENT RIGHT?

A STATEMENT BY MR. ROOSEVELT AS TO THE BEARING OF A MAN'S RELIGION ON HIS ELIGIBILITY FOR PUBLIC OFFICE

IN THESE last days of President Roosevelt's administration it is a pleasure to think how often in these columns we have had the privilege of agreeing or disagreeing with him. Mr. Roosevelt has made mistakes, as he would be the last to deny, but he has done the country one service which is not written on the statute books or on the records of his official achievements. He has promoted in the papers which the people read, and, more important, in the minds of the people themselves, an active discussion of questions that had become shelf worn from neglect. He has given publicity to the Ten Commandments; he has refurbished the Beatitudes; he has popularized Common Honesty. For these things let us give him credit.

Frequently Mr. Roosevelt has been accused of stepping in "where angels fear to tread." The letter which we print below might by some be so characterized. We do not think so. The question of whether a man's religion has a bearing on his eligibility to public office is one to which the man who holds the highest of all offices may well invite the consideration of all men and women. "Now that the campaign is over," writes the President, "when there is opportunity for men calmly to consider whither such propositions . . . . would lead, I wish to invite them to consider them." In the interest of such consideration as Mr. Roosevelt invites and the subject itself deserves, and that the women of our country may have a chance to go on record on a question which they are so well fitted to discuss, this letter is printed.

You may not agree with the President; or you may wish to add a word in confirmation or modification of his position. If so, write to the editor of the COMPANION. Your letter will be read and acknowledged; and if your views are of general interest, they will be printed and paid for. We invite full and free discussion of this subject, one important side of which the President has so ably presented in the letter which follows:

November 6, 1908.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I have received your letter, running in part as follows:

> While it is claimed almost universally that religion should not enter into politics, yet there is no denying that it does, and the mass of the voters that are not Catholics will not support a man for any office, especially for President of the United States, who is a Roman Catholic.
>
> Since Taft has been nominated for President by the Republican Party, it is being circulated and is constantly urged as a reason for not voting for Taft that he is an infidel (Unitarian) and his wife and brother Roman Catholics. . . . If his feelings are in sympathy with the Roman Catholic Church on account of his wife and brother being Catholics, that would be objectionable to a sufficient number of voters to defeat him. On the other hand, if he is an infidel, that would be sure to mean defeat. . . . I am writing this letter for the sole purpose of giving Mr. Taft an opportunity to let the world know what his religious belief is.

I received many such letters as yours during the campaign, expressing dissatisfaction with Mr. Taft on religious grounds; some of them on the ground that he was a Unitarian, and others on the ground that he was suspected to be in sympathy with Catholics.

I did not answer any of these letters during the campaign, because I regarded it as an outrage even to agitate such a question as a man's religious convictions, with the purpose of influencing a political election. But now that the campaign is over, when there is opportunity for men calmly to consider whither such propositions as those you make in your letter would lead, I wish to invite them to consider them, and I have selected your letter to answer because you advance both the objections commonly urged against Mr. Taft—namely, that he is a Unitarian and also that he is suspected of sympathy with the Catholics.

You ask that Mr. Taft shall "let the world know what his religious belief is." This is purely his own private concern; and it is a matter between him and his Maker, a matter for his own conscience; and to require it to be made public under penalty of political discrimination is to negative the first principles of our government, which guarantee complete religious liberty and the right to each man to act in religious affairs as his own conscience dictates. Mr. Taft never asked my advice in the matter, but if he had asked it, I should have emphatically advised him against thus stating publicly his religious belief.

The demand for a statement of a candidate's religious belief can have no meaning except that there may be discrimination for or against him because of that belief. Discrimination against the holder of one faith means retaliatory discrimination against men of other faiths. The inevitable result of entering upon such a practise would be an abandonment of our real freedom of conscience and a reversion to the dreadful conditions of religious dissension which in so many lands have proved fatal to true liberty, to true religion and to all advance in civilization.

To discriminate against a thoroughly upright citizen because he belongs to some particular church, or because, like Abraham Lincoln, he has not avowed his allegiance to any church, is an outrage against that liberty of conscience which is one of the foundations of American life. You are entitled to know whether a man seeking your suffrage is a man of clean and upright life, honorable in all his dealings with his fellows, and fit by qualifications and purpose to do well in the great office for which he is a candidate; but you are not entitled to know matters which lie purely between himself and his Maker.

If it is proper or legitimate to oppose a man for being a Unitarian, as was John Quincy Adams, for instance, as is the Reverend Edward Everett Hale, at the present moment Chaplain of the Senate, and an American of whose life all good Americans are proud—then it would be equally proper to support or oppose a man because of his view on justification by faith, or the method of administering the sacrament or the gospel of salvation by works. If you once enter on such a career, there is absolutely no limit at which you can legitimately stop.

So much for your objection to Mr. Taft because he is a Unitarian. Now for your objections to him because you think his wife and brother to be Roman Catholics. As it happened, they are not; but if they were, or if he were a Roman Catholic himself, it ought not to affect in the slightest degree any man's supporting him for the position of President. You say that "the mass of the voters that are not Catholics will not support a man for any office, especially for President of the United States, who is a Roman Catholic."

I believe that when you say this you foully slander your fellow countrymen. I do not for one moment believe that the mass of our fellow citizens, or that any considerable number of our fellow citizens, can be influenced by such narrow bigotry as to refuse to vote for any thoroughly upright and fit man because he happens to have a particular religious creed. Such a consideration should never be treated as a reason for either supporting or opposing a candidate for a political office.

Are you aware that there are several states in this Union where the majority of the people are now Catholics? I should reprobate in the severest terms the Catholics in those states (or in any other states) who refused to vote for the most fit man because he happened to be a Protestant, and my condemnation would be exactly as severe for Protestants who, under reversed circumstances, refused to vote for a Catholic.

In public life I am happy to say that I have known many men who were elected, and constantly reelected, to office in districts where the great majority of their constituents were of a different religious belief. I know Catholics who have for many years represented constituencies mainly Protestant and Protestants who have for many years represented constituencies mainly Catholic; and among the Congressmen whom I knew particularly well was one man of Jewish faith who represented a district in which there were hardly any Jews at all.

All of these men, by their very existence in political life, refute the slander you have uttered against your fellow Americans.

I believe that this Republic will endure for many centuries. If so, there will doubtless be among its Presidents, Protestants and Catholics, and, very probably at some time, Jews. I have consistently tried, while President, to act in relation to my fellow Americans of Catholic faith as I hope that any future President who happens to be a Catholic will act toward his fellow Americans of Protestant faith. Had I followed any other course I should have felt that I was unfit to represent the American people.

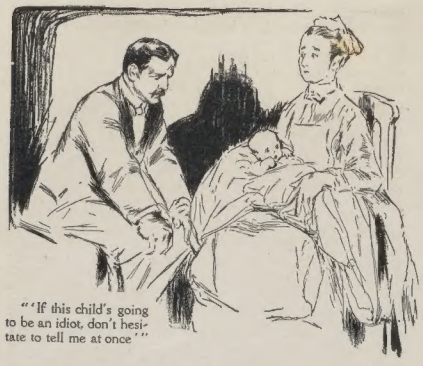
In my Cabinet at the present moment there sit side by side Catholic and Protestant, Christian and Jew, each man chosen because in my belief he is peculiarly fit to exercise on behalf of all our people the duties of the office to which I have appointed him. In no case does the man's religious belief in any way influence his discharge of his duties, save as it makes him more eager to act justly and uprightly in his relations to all men.

The same principles that have obtained in appointing the members of my Cabinet, the highest officials under me, the officials to whom is intrusted the work of carrying out all the important policies of my administration, are the principles upon which all good Americans should act in choosing, whether by election or appointment, the men to fill any office, from the highest to the lowest in the land.

Yours truly,

Theodore Roosevelt

Mr. J. C. Martin, Dayton, Ohio.



"'If this child's going to be an idiot, don't hesitate to tell me at once'"

THE STORY OF A VERY LITTLE PERSON

BY ALBERT WHITE VORSE
AND
MARY HEATON VORSE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROSE CECIL O'NEILL

JOHN GREATRAX had not been a rather commonplace man his emotions about the birth of his child would not have been recorded here. But John went to work at his office every morning, just as his hundred clerks and fifty superior officers in the company and all the fellow voters that he knew went to work.

He was rather proud of his head for organization, which had won him the place of office manager. It should be said of him that he was a little inclined to carry his office air of decidedness and consciousness of infallibility into his own home—but that was before the baby came. It was not that John found fault with the housekeeping, for Constance organized her house so smoothly that John did not know that housekeeping needed organization. Sometimes he talked to her about his difficulties with his clerks, but she never brought up counter statements relating to difficulties of domestic service. John read about these in the comic papers, but they never came near his daily life, and for that reason he considered the comic papers tiresome.

"All you need is good temper to be a good housekeeper," he was accustomed to say. "Look at Constance."

Constance had a good temper, and their little baby, Louise, of course was an angel—but she hasn't yet come into the story. John had read about babies, too, in the comic papers, but he had always considered jokes about them in rather bad taste, and travesties of anything in real life. That his own life, in habits or thought, could be changed fundamentally by the addition of a baby to his circle, he never realized, or if he did realize it, it was only with that intellectual comprehension that is as far away from real comprehension as the imagination of the smell of a flower is from the real smell.

He welcomed the baby with joy. He could afford, with care, to bring up a child and give him a fair education, which would enable him to shift for himself when the time came for him to go to work. John had, beside, vague and lofty ideas about a man's duty to the community, but all his theories were impersonal. It was not strange that this should be so. John's information about all such things had been chiefly taken from novels, wherein the young mother is never presented in any other manner than as a sweet, patient creature with her eyes full of holiness, sewing away on little clothes. There was no other way for him to learn anything, because fathers do not talk about those things to men who are not fathers. All the traditions concerning the protection of a young mother, all the traditions about the care and rearing of children, are passed on from mothers to daughters. A man has no way of knowing any of these things, except by his own personal experience. The blunders that other men have made he will make. No one has told him what they are, because all the lore has passed on among the women. Few men know what a great lore it is, even after the experiences that go with the coming of their children have surprised them into knowing that there is such a lore at all.

So John, like other men, was pathetically unprepared for any of the things that were to happen. The night Louise came John had no thought in his mind except for Constance. The doctor said she was strong—that was all John thought. She could look up and smile at him, and John paid little attention to the things the doctor had to say about Louise being a fine child. By and by Constance went to sleep, and her grasp on his hand relaxed. Then the doctor ordered him away.

It was only then that John remembered he had a daughter, and began to wonder what she looked like.

What the baby really looked like was a monkey, a little, red-faced monkey. Her mouth was lop-sided, one eye was closed tighter than the other, her head was flattened down in front, and her brow was wrinkled like the brow of an ape. John cast an apprehensive eye at the nurse. Could it be that his child was a monstrosity? John determined to have it out at once with the nurse.

"See here, you know," he said, "after all, I'm a man, and I can stand up and take it like other men. If this child's going to be an idiot, don't hesitate to tell me at once."

The nurse laughed at him.

"I guess you're not used to babies, Mr. Greatrax," she said. "That's as fine a girl as ever I saw."

John looked again, and the sight of his child reminded him that there is professional patter among all classes. He determined to pursue the subject and get to the bottom of it.

"Is that red blotch on her cheek a birthmark?" he asked next.

"Oh, that will go away," the nurse answered indifferently, as she was busy folding up some little garment.

"What makes her twitch her hands?" said John. "Is she going to be a nervous child?"

"All little babies do that, Mr. Greatrax. Don't you worry."

The doctor came in, and cast a scrutinizing eye upon the child, put his head down to her chest, and listened. John held his own breath. When the doctor stood up, his air was quite non-committal. It suddenly occurred to John that this was his baby, and he shouldn't care to lose it. As the doctor turned away, John detained him with a hand on his sleeve.

"Is there anything wrong with her, Doctor? Has she got consumption?" The doctor laughed.

"Consumption? No! She's as sound a child as I ever saw. You haven't anything to worry about. Everything's gone off first rate. You've had a pretty hard strain yourself, and you'd better go out and take a walk and get some fresh air."

John said he would; but he defiantly went back for another look at his child, and this time she did not look so homely. The nurse was doing something about the crib, but she stood back. Nurses are patient with fathers.

And then came one of John's great world moments, one of the experiences that we all pass through, that are eternally wonderful, and are so commonplace that descriptions of them seem tiresome. In the presence of that little monkey John had the assurance to think to himself, "I wonder whom she looks like?"

And it was one of the sad little tricks played upon us by Nature that as he went for his walk his thought was more of his baby than it was for Constance. If there had been any anxiety about Constance, this might have been different. But Constance was sleeping peacefully, and the doctor had told him not to worry. No doctor could tell him not to worry about his child, for with the realization that she was his child had come the beginning of the hopes and fears that could never be absent from his mind so long as his baby should live; for Fear and Love are born together when a child comes into the world.

Since John was an optimistic man, hope predominated in him. Presently he came to a stop in the middle of the street to laugh at himself. He had caught himself wondering whom she would marry!

When he came home, Constance was awake, and he went to her at once. She turned her head toward him.

"Do you approve of colleges for women?" she asked. "Do you think we'd better send her to college?"

And at sight of Constance's pale face, John forgot all about the baby again. "Come on, let's get well first," he said, trying his best to laugh.

"I suppose," said Constance, "men don't look so far ahead."

John said nothing. He didn't speak of Louise's husband.

John didn't see his child again until the next morning, and then he had a surprise.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "How the little—" He was going to say "beasts" with manly bravado, but he didn't; "creatures" seemed to be a good compromise, so he said, "How the little creatures do change!"

The baby's forehead had smoothed out, her eyes were alike, her mouth was not lop-sided. Her face was still red, but she was no longer ugly—to John.

There remained still, however, one anxiety. He approached the nurse timidly, mindful of her superior tone of the night before. This time he would be diplomatic, and turn it off with a joke.

"'Do you think we'd better send her to college?'"

"Don't they open their eyes for a few days? I know that cats don't."

His jocularity was misplaced, and the nurse took him down with an uncomprehending stare.

"Certainly she's opened her eyes, Mr. Greatrax. They're blue."

John's were brown. The baby would probably look like Constance. Constance was not plain. John did not

have much confidence in his own good looks, and on the way down to the office he found a sudden comfort in the fact that his daughter would probably be beautiful. The importance of good looks in women suddenly forced itself upon him.

He entered the office more self-conscious than he had ever been in his life. On his wedding journey he had had Constance to brave it out with him, but in the office he had to meet it alone. He tried to face it out with a businesslike and peremptory manner. He strode to his desk and picked up his mail. It was his custom to read and sort out all of his letters before answering, but this morning, at the third letter, he called in his stenographer. He did not know why he did this, or at least he said to himself that he did not know why.

He fancied that she looked at him curiously, and he dictated his replies to the three letters sternly. Then came an embarrassing pause while he opened the fourth. The fourth seemed to be an incomprehensible letter from a man who didn't know what he wanted. John read it two or three times. At the third reading he looked up and saw Miss Plunkett's eyes fixed upon him. Miss Plunkett had a shy smile.

"Excuse me, Mr. Greatrax," she said; "is it a boy or a girl?"

John wondered that he had never seen how pretty Miss Plunkett was.

"It's a girl," he replied briefly.

"Oh, I'm so glad," said Miss Plunkett. John looked at her again and saw that she was glad, quite radiantly glad. John found himself pausing awkwardly. He was not in the habit of passing the bounds of business in his office.

"Both doing well!" he blurted out.

"Oh, I'm glad," repeated Miss Plunkett, and there was another awkward pause.

"Suppose, Mr. Greatrax," went on Miss Plunkett, "that I write these three letters, and then come back for the rest?" And John, who had never before permitted his office routine to be interrupted by a member of the staff, said gratefully:

"Yes, thank you, Miss Plunkett, I think that will be the best plan," and she went away.

Even when he saw all the other stenographers crowding around her at her typewriter he had no thought of reproving this breach of office discipline.

"It's a good thing to have it over with, and have all the curiosity satisfied, so that they can get to work," said John gruffly to himself. Out of the corner of his eye he watched the news that he had a daughter spread from one to another of his assistants until it got into the corner among the office boys. And he went through the day in wonderment. He had never meant to make friends with his staff; he had meant to be for them a just task master. He had demanded prompt obedience, and had received it; but there was something in the obedience that day, an eagerness and a joyfulness, that the office hadn't known. No matter how hard he tried to keep his usual impassive expression, John could not help giving back the kind, confident smiles that greeted every one of the directions which he gave.

In the course of the day most of the officers of the company dropped in and shook him by the hand. Even the president, a busy man, found time to come; and he let a directors' meeting of busy men wait for him while he told John about the births of his own four children.

So the coming into the world of the little creature, so unimportant save to himself and Constance, had done for John what, in the hurry of business, no devotion to work could have done for him. It had introduced him to the sympathy of his staff, and into the great fellowship of men with children. He found himself wondering, toward the close of the day, how many of the men whose quality of work he knew so accurately, belonged also to the fellowship. He knew who was married and who was not, because it was his theory that married men in an office were steadier than bachelors, and he tried to get them. He now found that he would like to know more. He had an absurd desire to saunter down to the desk of his chief clerk, and ask in a nonchalant manner how many children he had, and whether they were boys or girls. But this might have led to a public handshaking, and John hated scenes. Nevertheless, at night in the elevator, happening to go down alone, he asked the elevator man whether he had any children, and added shyly that a baby had been born to him yesterday; and when the elevator man promptly took off the oily glove and shot out a black hand, John took it thankfully, feeling the pleasant humbleness of being welcomed among the fathers.

And so in a single day his whole view of life was changed. That evening he looked with a new respect and wonder upon the little creature that had bound him so closely to so many different persons.

At nine o'clock the nurse drove him away from his wife and baby. John sat down in the sitting room. The familiar place wore a lonesome air. Intangible things about the room, too small for him to notice by themselves, told him that their mistress was absent. A room gets to look this way soon. It had been two days since Constance had walked through the room putting little, kindly touches on it.

After he had read a moment, John looked up, half expecting to see his wife in her accustomed chair. The loneliness of the place gave him a sense of cold. He tiptoed around restlessly. Then, almost mechanically, without forming any definite plan, he took his hat and went out.

John's feet were taking him to his club, where he could tell the glad tidings to a great many more people. He did not know this, at least he refused to know it. The excuse he gave himself was that the place was altogether too lonely for a man to stay in; and there may have been something in this, for when a person has gone through any of the big experiences of life he needs the kindly, every-day intercourse of other fellows to make him forget what a serious business life is, after all.

"I won't tell any one at the club about this," said John. "Nothing is more disgusting than a man who talks about his children."

This was the last relic of John's pre-father days, and it vanished when he met Smith, whom he knew but little.

"Won't you take a cigar, Mr. Smith?" he said. "Ah—the fact is, I have a new daughter, and—a—"

So John and Smith had a talk, and John discovered that Smith was a very good fellow indeed.

By the end of the evening every one in the club knew about John's daughter. Those who seemed not to know, John told. At the last Carrington came in, and John shouted across the room:

"Oh, Carrington, got a daughter!"

The sight of Carrington recalled Aldrich, who had been his roommate. Aldrich was one of the fraternity of fathers; he ought to be told at once!

John started for the telegraph room. On the way he stopped short.

"Great Scott!" said John, "I've forgotten to telegraph to—"

He stopped short again. To whom hadn't he forgotten to telegraph?

He had informed Constance's parents and his own by telephone, but that was all. He hurried over to the reading room, got out a blank of telegraph blanks, and every message that he wrote brought up the vision of some one else. It was his introduction to social responsibility. Constance had attended to that branch of life. Before he had finished, the club closed.

That day and the next day were the miracle days, the days when John realized that a baby was a heavensent wonder. The next day it began to eat.

And with that came John's second feeling of responsibility, in which he began to enter human relations with the baby. This came to pass about the middle of its meal, when the first greediness of the creature had worn off, leaving John with the impression that piggy noises properly emitted are rather pleasanter than the noises of turtle doves. But after ten minutes of this it wanted to go to sleep, and then John was allowed to poke it in the cheek with his forefinger. That set it going again. He learned this from the nurse, and then he waved her aside and did it himself. It was his first reassumption of authority as head of the house, but there was no personal arrogance in it; the simple fact was that the nurse did not belong to the family.

After this, whenever he had a question to ask of the nurse, he delivered it authoritatively, as one who is the responsible person in the house, no longer a mere outcast. The rightful heir of responsibility returned to his own, and he was pleased to see that this attitude affected the nurse; that she answered his questions without a sniff. After this, whenever he detected in her manner too great manifestations of patience with him, he frowned. He was the Head of the Family.

"Asking no one's permission, he picked Louise up and displayed her to the two men, who were as embarrassed as a dog in the presence of a June bug"

He had plenty of questions to ask, for the baby continued to give him anxiety. She had not yet shown her father her eyes. When John came in she was always asleep, or else she was eating, and she ate with her eyes closed. John continued to hope that they were not deceiving him about her. So much sleep didn't seem natural to him. And this was only one of his worries. The world seemed to be full of alarming information about his daughter. Paragraphs about the deaths of little children leaped at him from his morning paper. He picked up a magazine and found an article on infant mortality. A man at the club told him of a child who had been born blind, and he went home at once.

When he bent over the cradle, he met the gaze of two perfectly serene blue eyes. It was after this that he began to call his baby "she" instead of "it."

But even though this doubt had been banished, John daily gathered more news as to what an insecure place the world is for very little children. The first day is the most perilous time; but the first day had been passed. The clutch on life isn't a very firm one before two weeks, he found out. The croup, which had been merely a disease for John, now became a demon, until he ascertained that little babies seldom caught it. He wondered if Constance knew how full life is of menace for a daughter of Louise's age. He sounded her tactfully, but Constance was quite serene; and then John perceived that it would be his duty to stand between her and fear, and for this he presently felt entirely competent. As the days went on, and the baby didn't fall ill and Constance had no setbacks, he began to feel very competent indeed. The elasticity of his spirits communicated itself to his muscles, and produced a style of walking which is described as a strut.

The miracle stage passed quickly. John himself was surprised at the quickness with which all these new emotions became a part of him. He exchanged gazes with his daughter several times. The wonder of it was always in his mind, but it was an old wonder, not a new one, not less dear, but not so poignant. Poking her in the cheek became a device to make her eat so that she might get fat, instead of an experiment to prove that here was a new-born being with actual intelligence. In fact, he got so used to his baby that he began to get impatient for signs of further intelligence, to wonder how long it would be before she would laugh, and to find the time of her first step disagreeably far away. In anticipation he went out and bought a baby book which had blanks all ready provided for the date of the first smile and the first step. He had seen one before, and had tolerated it as one of the sentimental things that women like to have. He gave this one to Constance with an indifferent air; but John had bought that book for himself. He also discovered why it is third-rate singers in theaters can thrive on songs about babies.

All this prepared him for his final adjustment to the new state of things. At the end of three weeks the nurse went away, the Family was left alone, and there engulfed Constance that terrible loneliness that comes when the strong arm of the nurse is withdrawn. Up to this time she had had only to get well. No responsibility had been hers. And now, weak as she still was, Louise was in her unpractised and ignorant hands.

John came home to find her crushed under her burden of responsibility. Her look frightened him; she seemed so frail and so tired, at the point of fatigue a man so dreads, when he realizes that it is only a step to tears. She lifted tragic eyes to him.

"She *will* go to sleep when she's eating—and I can't wake her up and feed her both—I can't do it!" she protested.

Here John rose to a height of daring of which he would not have believed himself capable. Without a second's hesitation, "Give her to me," said he boldly; and he took his daughter from his wife's arms. He patted her with what he hoped was a practised air, just as he had seen the nurse do. He did it, he hoped, just as if picking babies up were an every-day occurrence. In point of fact, he remembered that an elderly lady had told him in his youth that cats, when lifted, like to be supported with a hand held underneath, and he thought that this principle would work out with babies, and it did. And having awakened Louise, he handed her back, triumphant, to Constance, diffusing an air of competency, as though he could help rear any number of children at once. And though Constance's sense told her that he knew at most less about babies than she did, still, in this moment of desolation, he seemed a strong arm to lean on; and if he could solve the present difficulty so promptly, perhaps he could help with others. At any rate, she was comforted. Whether he knew much or little, he stood back of her. There were two of them to carry the burden of responsibility.

It may be that John's success as a father led him to seem vainglorious when he was not. He certainly put on airs about the baby. It was not long after this that he lured two old friends ostensibly to dinner. His invitation did not include a visit to Louise, and of course it was merely an accident that she should have been awake at the time when they were there. As a matter of fact, she was usually awake at that hour, but the men didn't know this—or perhaps they wouldn't have come. Men have a becoming shyness about babies, and these were bachelors.

John had arrived at that state of arrogance when he actually went over to the crib, and asking no one's permission, picked Louise up and displayed her to the two men, who were as embarrassed as a dog in the presence of a June bug. He laid her down again with an expert hand, and ostentatiously changed the subject, to show that he was not among those fathers who pushed their children down other people's throat. But his manner said:

"This is my baby; and when you fellows can show me anything as interesting you will be of value to society."

It was after they had gone that Constance came up, and put her hands on John's shoulders, and said:

"After all, you know, it's my baby, too."

LUCY GREEN IN PHILADELPHIA

WHAT THE ASSOCIATED BOARDING HOUSES, THE Y.W.C.A. AND OTHER INSTITUTIONS OFFERED A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL SEEKING WORK AND A HOME

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF HER PHILADELPHIA EXPERIENCES, BY THE AUTHOR OF "SEEKING SHELTER IN NEW YORK"

"I turned to look up Market Street. There was the statue of William Penn, of which I had often seen pictures. So, as it was still early, I thought I would take a look at that"

WHEN the editor of the COMPANION sent me to Philadelphia in search of work and shelter, I looked forward to the experience with real pleasure. I had heard much of Philadelphia as a city of homes, the city of brotherly love; then, too, after my New York experiences I felt that no city could hold any terrors for me. One of my New York lessons was that the best friend of the girl seeking work is another working girl. The girl who has gone through the mill is worth more than a directory, police force and employment bureau rolled into one. Hence I had written in my note book: "Philadelphia—Splendid rooms and board for working girls at the Associated Boarding House, Ninth and Pine Streets."

Armed with this valuable tip, I felt that the problem of shelter was disposed of. My Philadelphia problem would be work.

I started for Philadelphia from a little town near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, where I had been visiting relatives, and when cousinly hospitality made me miss one train, and placed me on board a second which would bring me into Philadelphia after dark, I felt no anxiety. The Associated Boarding House represented an anchor that was tolerably firm.

But one thing I had not counted upon, and that was a delay in the train service, and so, as we waited for a freight wreck to be cleared away, I began to feel a trifle worried. Perhaps that was why I met the girl from St. Louis. You might not call her a girl, because she was certainly past thirty, tall, angular and with lines of care and responsibility graven around her eyes and mouth. But to me she will always be the girl from St. Louis, because she proved herself to be a girl at heart.

I was staring out into the night when she walked across the aisle and quietly sat down beside me.

She asked me where I was going, and I replied:

"To Philadelphia to look for work."

She looked me over, and then said, "Um." Then suddenly I realized how different we two were; she alert, well dressed, well groomed and so capable looking, and I so small, insignificant and shabby. My checked skirt, tucked linen shirt waist and straw sailor were neat, but that was the best to be said of them.

She asked me many questions. What could I do? Where did I expect to find work? How much money did I have? How was I going to live on five dollars until I did get work? When I had told her everything except the big thing—that I was doing all this for the COMPANION—she sat quite still for a few minutes. Then she told me about herself, how she had learned stenography on a farm by the aid of a correspondence course, had gone first to a small county seat to work for a lawyer, then from one large city in the West to another, always bettering herself and incidentally securing the education which travel brings. She was now on her way to Philadelphia, where a position awaited her, and she had stopped in Reading to visit a friend.

"But, my dear child," she concluded, "you are doing a very dangerous thing. You should have tried to find work nearer home. A big city is no place for a girl without experience. But as you have spent practically your last dollar to get to Philadelphia, you must let me do what I can to help you."

Now there are times when it is really inconvenient to be helped, but I could not tell the girl from St. Louis this, and anyhow that sort of girl is not easy to dispose of. She had decided to adopt me and there was no escaping her solicitude. So that is how it happened that she and I rode into Philadelphia together. I told her about the Associated Boarding House, but she shook her head.

"When you are more experienced in business," she said, "you will know that the 'homes' supported by rich women help to keep down wages of the working girls. This is one reason why a woman who is earning a comfortable salary, like I am, prefers to go to a hotel in a strange town."

I had no intention of paying a dollar or more for over-night accommodations at a hotel, so we finally compromised; she would go to a hotel, I to the home for working girls, and the next day at ten we would meet at Independence Hall.

We finally pulled into the Reading Terminal. The concourse was heavy and thick with soot and gloom, for it was a hot, murky night. The girl from St. Louis led the way down the stairs, waving aside porters, and walked up to the first policeman in sight. A heavy mist hung over the city, and here in Market Street were queer cavities and chasms and scaffoldings of wood, going down instead of up, for the Subway was in process of construction, and as far as the eye could see, warning red lights blinked through the mist.

Then, too, Philadelphia after night is rather different from any city I have ever seen, particularly different from New York, where the brilliant lights had seemed to make the newcomer feel at least safe.

The girl from St. Louis brought me back to realities.

"This officer says for you to take a Market Street car, transfer south on Tenth Street to Pine and walk one block east to the corner of Ninth and Pine. I wish you'd think twice and come with me."

I shook my head. This was no way for a sociological investigator to work, with an experienced chaperon dogging her heels. She put me on my car, and told me not to get scared and she'd see me in the morning. The conductors were very kind and did not forget to tell me where to get off, which is a great help in a city. So in about ten minutes after landing at the Reading Terminal I was standing on the steps of the Associated Boarding House, ringing the bell. The house was dark, with just one tiny red light in the vestibule. It was now past eleven o'clock. No one answered my ring, and I rang again, then several times in succession with all my strength. Finally from away, away off I heard a voice that almost made me jump out of my boots. It was sharp and shrill.

"Who's there? Is that one of the girls?"

"No; I'm a stranger," I stammered in what I know must have been very sickly tones. That voice had taken all the courage out of me.

"Well, what do you mean by ringing the bell at this hour of the night?" demanded the unpleasant voice from some invisible point above me. I stared up at the windows, but could see nothing.

"Why, I want to get a room. Don't you rent rooms to working girls?"

"Not at this hour of the night, certainly not! Go to the Y. W. C. A.—take a Market Street car."

Bang went the window.

Then all was quiet, and I stood in the shadow of the big door, trying to gather strength, courage and a sense of direction. I had rather expected a lecture for coming into town so late, but I had not expected to be left standing on the street at midnight with no knowledge of hotels or neighborhoods.

The mist was settling down very close to the pavements, but across the street I could see the figures of two men. They had evidently stopped to hear our conversation. They did not offer to cross the street—just stood watching me, and I felt chills creeping up and down my spine. Perhaps if I rang the bell again and explained that the name of her home had been given to me by a friend who had lived there, the owner of the voice might take pity on my ignorance. But on second thought I decided to appeal to a policeman.

In a panic of fear I hurried around the corner, looking right and left for the protection of blue cloth and brass buttons, when suddenly out of the thickening mist rose a tall, slim figure in skirts. I literally flung myself into her outstretched arms. It was the girl from St. Louis.

She shook me a little, and said with a funny little laugh:

"Now will you be good and come to my hotel? Oh, if only you inexperienced girls dreamed what cities held for you, you never, never would do such foolish things."

"How did you get here?" I gasped. Never in my life had it been so hard to keep back the tears.

Her grip and umbrella were piled beside me on the sidewalk.

"On the very next car, child! Did you suppose for one instant that I would let a baby like you out of my sight at this hour of the night? To be frank, I was not quite sure whether you were really looking for this 'home'—or running away from a home of your own."

Then we both laughed. I think she was glad to find that I had not fibbed to her, and I—well, I was just glad to cling tight to her arm and listen to her firm, capable voice.

"Now will you be good and come to my hotel?" she repeated. I simply nodded my head. My reception by the person behind the harsh voice had taken all the conceit, all the courage, out of me. I was ready to telegraph to the editor of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION that I could not finish his commission, and go back to my little round of music lessons, afternoon teas and church work. Then I remembered that there were other girls who, coming to a big city, would have no home to welcome them back, no one to pay for music lessons, tea and wafers. And right there beside me was a woman who had fought her way past just such obstacles as I was quailing before. I picked up my suit case, ready to follow her wherever she led.

Back to the station we went, and on the advice of a policeman went east half a block to the Hotel Florence, where on payment of one dollar each we were disposed of in a very big old-fashioned, high-ceiled, many-windowed room with two beds and plenty of clean towels. After we had gotten rid of coal soot and travel stains and braided our hair and told each other the stories of our lives, it must have been nearly morning. Anyhow, it seemed as if I had been asleep about ten minutes, when I awoke with a start, to see a shadowy figure moving against the long shutters of the French windows. I sat right up in bed and screamed. It made me think of the two men standing in the mist opposite the Associated Boarding House the night before. Then the figure swung around. It was the girl from St. Louis in her bath robe.

"My, my, what a brave girl!" she cried. "I was just shutting out the sunlight so you'd get some more sleep."

"But I mustn't sleep. I must find a job and a boarding place by night. I've only four dollars left."

"Never hunt for work on an empty stomach, provided you have the price of a good meal left in your purse," was her advice. "There is nothing like a good thick steak to help you tell the man how much you can do for five dollars a week."

And steak for breakfast she insisted it should be, which brought my funds down to three dollars and fifty cents.

"Now where?" asked my determined and self-appointed guardian when we came out on Market Street. Trolleys clamored for right of way, teamsters and men with red flags, guarding the Subway pitfalls, wrangled. Men, women and children brushed past us on their way to work. But nothing was done with the rush and jangle of New York, which had so bewildered me. Workers in Chicago and New York give an outsider the impression that they have some goal in sight. Philadelphia workers impressed me as being neither deliberate nor methodical, but listless.

"I am going back to the depot and see whether I can find a representative of the Y. W. C. A. or the Travelers' Aid Society."

"Now, why, my dear, after what happened last night? Leave philanthropic workers alone, and learn to depend upon yourself. I will be only too glad—"

This really looked serious. I simply had to strike out alone.

"I think I'd better," I stammered, feeling the net of her sincere solicitude closing around me. "My mother—"

"Oh, very well," she said with a sigh, "but don't forget that your room is paid for until to-night, and I am ready to forgive the fact that you won't take my advice. I'll be back in our room by four o'clock."

"And I'll be there, too, with a job up my sleeve."

She smiled and nodded her head, then signaled for a down-town car. I turned to look up Market Street, There was the City Hall with its statue of William Penn, of which I had often seen pictures. So, as it was still early, I thought I would take a look at that. Then I went through some of the big stores—Wanamaker's, Gimbel's, Snellenberg's. I wanted to see what sort of girls worked in the various stores and where a girl like me had best look for work. You see, I had learned something about such things during my New York experience. There is a right and a wrong way to look for work. You do not always find it in the store or office where you would like to work.

Then I went back to the hotel, got my suit case and umbrella, and went to the depot, this time to the Pennsylvania, instead of the Reading Terminal.

Here I checked my bag, and wandered into the ladies' waiting room, where I found a big sign announcing that the Young Women's Christian Association rooms at 18th and Arch streets were open all day and night to women travelers, and here, too, I found a very pleasant woman dressed in black, with a widow's bonnet, and wearing the badge of the Travelers' Aid Society.

When I told her that I wanted directions for finding the Y. W. C. A. rooms, she immediately offered to take me there. I told her I was quite sure I could find my way, but she insisted that it was her business to see me safely there, and we left the depot together.

It was a short walk, about four blocks, to the Y. W. C. A. home, the largest building for this purpose I have seen in the East.

My guide took me up the elevator to the third floor to what is known as the transient-room office. Here the clerk, like employees throughout the house, was dignified and pleasant, perhaps you might say kindly businesslike. Plainly they were all paid to make guests comfortable and there was no touch of patronage in their bearing.

The Travelers' Aid representative remained with me until I had selected a room at fifty cents a day, then announced that she must return to her post. The room clerk took me into the sitting room and advised me to talk to some of the other girls looking for work, until luncheon was served.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 55]

DAN RABBIT, CUPID

BY ANNE WARNER

AUTHOR OF "SUSAN CLEGG AND HER FRIEND, MRS. LATHROP," "THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY," ETC.

HE LIKED her singularly well the first time his eyes looked upon her. She was not large, but she was well built and had the assurance of strength which little girls often lack. Her hair was brown and abundant and smoothed back from a forehead well able to support such heroic treatment. Her eyes were brown and also abundant, her eyelashes were especially overpowering, her small head rose proudly from two shoulders that, like her forehead, were quite equal to their task. She wore good stout walking gear, and others told him that since she came she had done twenty miles a day right straight along. He liked that in her, too, but—glancing about upon the assembled fellow guests—he couldn't help wondering who walked with her, for the only men present were even more feeble specimens than those usually frequenting American health resorts, and as for the women, there was not one who looked as if she would walk even twenty miles a year if left to her own choice in the matter.

"Who does she walk with?" he asked.

And the old lady who was telling him things said, "She goes alone."

And then and there he made up his mind to walk with her, and to do it just as soon as he possibly could, and to that end he plunged forth into the forest, so that if luck didn't let him meet her by accident, at any rate he would be all the fitter to meet her by premeditation.

He walked all the afternoon and saw countless squirrels and not a few other wild things—but no girl. When he came home at night they asked him where he had been, and when he told them Cutworth Farm just because he had happened to read that name on a sign board, they all screamed, and Mr. Darley said that he must have gone over fifteen miles.

"Fifteen miles!" cried Mrs. Sneed to her husband who was deaf, "Mr. Freyth has walked fifteen miles, only think!"

"Only think of fifteen miles," said Miss Grace to her sister, "and then the whole way back, too!"

Freyth thereupon had nothing left to do except to assume the sort of modesty which no one sees through unless familiar with the other side, and say, "That's nothing. I always do thirty miles a day when I'm in trim."

"But Cutworth Farm would mean nearer eighteen than fifteen miles," screamed old Mrs. Clause, in her turn. "I know, because we drove there Friday."

At this there was a hush, as twice eighteen is thirty-six.

"They don't mean what you think they do," Mrs. Sneed said then to Miss Grace. "Cutworth Farm is eight miles from here."

"I consider it cruel to dock tails," said her husband. Here a sweet voice rang forth from behind them all:

"Who said Cutworth Farm? Nobody, surely, for I've just come from there, and I had the whole way to myself."

Freyth turned quickly, and sure enough, it was the girl. He felt quite ill—but then he was rather glad, too.

"You couldn't have missed her," said Miss Grace.

The girl looked around upon them all.

"Did you *really* walk to Cutworth Farm this afternoon?" Mrs. Clause asked him, and really he didn't know what to say.

"Of course not," said the girl, smiling pleasantly upon his distress. "He was just joking."

"Oh, yes—yes," said Freyth, clutching wildly at the proffered straw, "I was only joking."

Then every one laughed, weakly and inanely, and the girl smiled again, and went and sat down by her cousin who was responsible for her being there.

So now they were acquainted, of course, and he began to walk with her. Before three days all the old ladies were madly excited.

And now the difficulties began. Life is full of difficulties, or, as those higher up call them, problems. The difference between difficulties and problems is purely mental, for they feel exactly the same. Freyth's legs ached with trying to keep up with the girl and his heart ached because he had fallen in love with her before learning that she never intended to marry. She intended ever so many other things, too—never to be silly, or romantic, or to faint, etc.—in fact, she was madly, wildly, unwomanly. But by the time that he had learned all this the whole of their acquaintance had become something the like of which he had never encountered before and which appeared to be unlike anything that he would ever encounter again—and live.

For Isabelle Clay was, among other things, nineteen years old, and had a small fortune, and had decided to give her whole life to the study of the problem of tenement heating. She had already invented two little coal-oil stoves and one way to ventilate without opening any windows. She told Freyth very frankly that she knew her talents to be unusual and that heaven in giving her unusual talents had dowered her with a heavy responsibility.

"I may do good to many thousands, you see," she said, tramping steadily forward while he just saved himself from going headlong over a root, "and of course, if I have such gifts, I have no right to be selfish and look at life from a mere petty standpoint—as I should be if I looked upon my life as in any sense belonging to me personally. My body is a machine which my soul governs for the benefit of the universe, and I never think of myself at all. Which is why I am so positive that I shall never faint, or be silly, or fall in love, or get married."

Freyth didn't see it so at all, especially the getting married part of her ideal. He had not even thought of marrying her himself, but he didn't like her way of declaring against it. They began to argue about it endlessly, and toward the end of the second week they really talked of nothing else.

"I don't believe that I'm feminine, anyway," she said one Saturday afternoon, as they started up the mountain. "I always wear shirt waists and flat heels and I hate gossips and babies."

"Why do you hate babies?" Freyth asked, wondering how she could keep such a head of breath on uphill.

"Oh, they're so small and weak—I don't like weak things. I find most people very weak." Then she stopped to tie her shoe.

"Do let me," he asked—begged—dropping on one knee.

"No; you'll tie it too tight or else too loose. I always tie my own shoes," and then she straightened up, having tied it as she spoke. "Well, as I was saying—what was I saying?"

"About your not liking weakness?"

"Oh, yes, I can't bear weak things. Oh!" she screamed out so loudly that he jumped violently.

"Great Scott, what is it?"

"There! There!" she was pointing, and he saw what she pointed at—a wee rabbit nibbling grass in a fairy sun circle.

"Are you afraid of it?" he asked in surprise.

"Afraid, no; but I came so near stepping on it that it made me sick all over. Oh," she sank on her knees on the ground beside it, "did you ever see anything so dear, and small, and cunning? The little bit of a teeny weeny thing!" Then she leaned quickly forward, scooped the tiny creature up in her hands and huddled it warm against her cheek.

Freyth, who thought that he knew something about women, stood aghast, not in the least sure whether he was asleep or only just dreaming as he looked upon this particular girl going daft over a rabbit.

"*Do* you suppose that if I took it home it would live?" she asked after a minute, raising her big brown eyes upward to his face. "Oh, *do* you suppose that I could keep it and take it home to the city with me? I've never had a pet in my life—I never can give it up now—I never knew anything so cunning before."

Then she opened her hands a bit and looked in at the trembling mite, and then she held it out toward him and he touched it with a finger tip. "It's so little that I'm afraid it won't live," he said gently. "You see, it's so *very* little."

"But it was eating grass," she protested. "I can bring it out to eat grass every day."

"Yes, but—" he touched it again with his finger.

"I can give it milk, too—they will give me fresh milk for it at the hotel, and I can warm the milk a little on my alcohol lamp," she had the soft fur ball up against her cheek now, and was looking at him, "and then every day I'll bring it out here in the sunshine and let it eat leaves and play about. I'll do that every day."

Her notions of rabbit culture were so delightfully naive that he had to keep sober. "Well, we can try."

She never noticed the "we." "But do you think that it will not live?" she asked then, rising. "I can see in your face that you do not think it will live. Why?"

"It is so little," he said again.

She looked doubtfully upon the rabbit, then at him, and then at the rabbit again.

Then she suddenly placed it on the ground. "I won't take it, I won't take it just to kill it. Of course not."

The rabbit remained just where she placed it, all hunched together, its eyes bright and watchful.

"Ah," said Freyth, "but there's another side to the tale which I hadn't thought of before. You've had it in your hands and I believe it's an unwritten law with the mothers of the woods never to approach or care for a creature after man has touched it."

"Is that true?"

"I've been told so."

"Then I've no choice but to keep it now."

"I'm afraid not."

"Afraid!—when it makes me so happy." She was down on her knees again, touching it.

He looked at her. It came to him how absolutely delightful it was that in spite of her rampant independence and her fearful walking strength she was, after all, just a woman, and a very womanly woman at that.

"I am glad at anything that makes you happy," he said very sincerely; and then, "Shall I carry it for you?"

But she preferred to do that herself, and so they started home with the baby rabbit.

And now he began to perceive that he had not been at all in love before, nor even guessed what love might mean. For hitherto they had talked of even marriage in a cold, aloof, practical way, and their side tracks in conversation had been in among the traces left by Kant, Confucius and Bishop Upfilas—for she was a profound girl and had mired him easily when it came to what they both had read. For, in spite of the fact that the reason why Freyth was up in the woods was that he had read too well and too much, it had not taken long for this girl to teach him that a woman with her woman's wit can open Blackstone in six places and then floor a Lord Chancellor.

But now they forgot everything else to talk of the rabbit, and the subject was like rolling from a rock pile into a feather bed, to the man. And as they talked and walked he noted the new tenderness in her eyes, and voice, and hands, and learned what love might really be.

She chattered steadily. Should the milk be hot or lukewarm? Would a small box lined with cotton in the corner of a big box be the greatest home comfort, or a roll of old flannel? Would he like cabbage?

These questions lasted them all the way home, with occasional stops to look at the tiny, quivering thing, which appeared to Freyth to be as delicate as it was pretty—more could hardly be said. Arrived at the hotel, the rabbit caused a mild sensation, and Isabelle spent the rest of the afternoon getting it housed, Freyth working with her. She went to bed early, being quite worried over her pet's possible loneliness in the dark.

After she was gone the man sat out on the veranda for an hour marveling over the marvel of it all, and then he, too, went to bed. But not to sleep. He had slept very little lately—he had been more inclined to lie awake and think.

The next morning they took the rabbit out to grass. Isabelle carried it herself and Freyth felt an odd pang as he saw her eyes bent on it and saw what she did not see at all.

"Did it drink the milk?" he asked, conscious of an interest that was curiously real.

"A little, but not much. I think that it needs to get out in the fresh air and run around."

"Yes, probably that's it," he assented; and then they hunted until they found a warm, sunny spot just at the side of a shady tree, and there the rabbit was put most carefully down.

"Will it run too quickly for us to catch it, do you think?" the girl asked anxiously.

Freyth looked at the still little thing. "I reckon we're safe to sit down under the tree," he said, not cheerfully, for he felt far from cheerful, but with all the reassurance that he could muster.

They sat under the tree and watched their charge. It did eat a little. First it would eat for a brief triplet of seconds and then it would gather itself into a little bunch, shut its eyes, and remain motionless for some time.

"I suspect that it just loves to sleep in the sun," Isabelle commented, "but how funny to sleep sitting. I should think that it would stretch out comfortably."

Freyth looked at the rabbit and felt fairly ill. After a while it did stretch out comfortably.

"There, now it's going to have a good nap," Isabelle said, and she leaned back against the tree with quite the reposeful attitude of one who is worn to skin and bone mothering her first born.

Freyth hardly knew what to do. "Wouldn't you enjoy a canary bird?" he said, glancing from her to the so soundly sleeping rabbit. "I'm going to town next week, and I should ever so much like to bring you one."

"I think that the rabbit will keep my hands full," she said. "Do you know, it really is a lot of care. But then it's such a pleasure, too. I want to ask you to please forget what I said the other day about little weak things. It must have sounded very heartless to you. I really didn't know what I was talking about—you see, I've never had the care of anything little before in my life."

"I didn't think anything about it," Freyth said.

"But I shouldn't have said it," she went on. "Oh, I suspect that I have said a lot of things to you that I shouldn't have said. Perhaps ever so many of my opinions have been wrong."

Then they launched out into a delightful investigation of the erroneousness of some of her opinions, and the result was that both entirely forgot the rabbit.

"I dare say that a good many people *are* happy married," she admitted at last. "And I suppose that maybe it is a duty for some, but—"

Happening to raise her eyes just then, something in the eyes bent on her brought a sudden change of sentiment.

"But not for me," she declared hastily. "I was born equal to myself, I am independent and always shall be so, whatever comes to me, I can always bear it best alone—I never have the slightest desire to seek sympathy or support of any one else." And with that she remembered the rabbit.

"Oh, we must be going home," she exclaimed. "The poor little thing will be ravenous when it wakes."

But Freyth was quick, and caught her hand and held her back. "Let me carry the rabbit," he offered, not just knowing what to say.

"No, no, I'll carry it." She was trying to pull her hand away. "What do you mean?"

He was desperate. "Dear child," he said, not knowing what he said, "the little thing is dead."

"Dead!" she cried out, looking at him with her eyes suddenly black with fright. "Dead! Oh, *no!*"

"Yes," he said; "yes, don't go near it. It—it died when you thought it went to sleep."

She stood quite still, her hand in his, her mouth quivering pitifully, and then of a sudden she was in his arms, her face hidden, crying her heart out.

Later they buried it. Freyth dug a grave with his pocket knife and a piece of bark, and when the hole was shaped they lined it with feathery grasses and then laid the tiny body, wrapped in the man's handkerchief, down therein. Isabelle, her eyes big with tears, and her face all flushed with the wonder of the day, put some wild flowers about the edges, and then, just before the closing of the wee grave, she took the ribbon from her hair, made a little knot, and laid that in the white folds.

"Do you think I'm silly?" she asked Freyth. "You know—we—we owe so much to—to—"

"Silly!" said the man. He was outraged by the mere idea of any one daring to think such an untoward thought. And then they scraped the warm soft earth back into the hole and laid more flowers on top.

"Such a very little life," she said, winking fast as she looked down on the little mound.

"And yet not lived in vain," Freyth said, with a smile, although his own eyes were moist; and they turned and walked slowly homeward.

The first of a series of full-page paintings in color illustrating the Love Scenes of Famous Novels.

THE WOOING OF LORNA DOONE

PAINTED BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"I have loved you long and long," I pursued, being reckless now; "when you were a little child, as a boy I worshiped you; then when I saw you a comely girl, as a stripling I adored you; now that you are a full-grown maiden, all the rest I do, and more—I love you more than tongue can tell, or heart can hold in silence. I have waited long and long; and though I am so far below you, I can wait no longer; but must have my answer. I will not have reluctant liking, nor assent for pity's sake; which only means endurance. I must have all love, or none; I must have your heart of hearts; even as you have mine, Lorna." While I spoke, she glanced up shyly through her fluttering lashes, to prolong my doubt one moment, for her own delicious pride. Then she opened wide upon me all the glorious depth and softness of her loving eyes, and answered with her heart on mine:

"Darling, you have won it all. I shall never be mine own again. I am yours, my own one, forever and forever."

—*From Chapter XXXIII., "Lorna Doone," by R. D. Blackmore.*

THE SCANDAL OF THE BOTTLE BOY

BY MARIE MANNING

He was small for his age, so small, in fact, that he always hastened to justify himself with, "goin' on seven," after the humiliating admission of six. This affliction of being humiliatingly young for one's years seemed to run in the family. People were always telling him how pretty his sister was; and when he told them she was his mother, they seemed to think her too young for the part. And he resented it as he did those imputations against his own manly appearance. Perhaps they did look young, he and his mother. But even if it were a fault that she was so young looking, Robert was quite willing to condone it, for otherwise she was so absolutely satisfactory.

The family circle was small—Robert and his mother and old "Mammy Lucy," who had been his nurse and was quite one of the family in spite of her black skin. Robert was delightfully conscious of his dignity as head of the household; both his mother and Mammy Lucy said quite frankly that they could never have got on without him. Indeed, his cup of happiness would have been full to overflowing were it not for the awful secret— But thereby hangs my tale.

Robert and his mother never spoke of the secret. Each hoped that time would step in and eventually take the matter in hand; but in the meantime things went on in the old shameful way—Robert putting off the day of amendment and his mother secretly catering to her son's weakness. It was inexplicable to both how it came about, or why in the course of human events it had never been left off, for this infamy in the life of Robert was infamous only in that it prolonged to the ripe age of six an innocuous custom of infancy—in short, the hero of this tale still relished a nursing bottle!

Once a day was sufficient to satisfy the unmanly craving, the stimulant being taken on his return from kindergarten, worn with the ardors of the day. His mother would meet him at the door, and after she had kissed him and tousled his hair and they had had a few minutes' talk about the events of the day—for decency's sake—Robert would run to his room, and on the lowest shelf of his cupboard he woud find his milk bottle warmed to a perfect and epicurean temperature. He would seize it quickly, that his manly eye might not be needlessly offended by a prolonged sight of the loathed infantile attachment that was at once his pleasure and his pain. Stealthily he would consume it to the last drop, then thrust the skeleton back into its closet, that no eye but hers might see, and—that she might have it filled and waiting for him on the morrow.

His purpose toward reformation was too much along the lines of Rip Van Winkle's to land him anywhere. It was the "one more" that made up Robert's Waterloo. His mother reasoned that as he had a slight appetite at the best of times, it would be unwise to interfere with so excellent a form of nourishment. Besides, the crime was not so heinous in her eyes; he was "her baby," after all, the one thing that had been spared her in the desolation of young widowhood.

About this time the children in Robert's school had formed themselves into a league for the protection of the animal world, and were known as the Little Defenders. Officers had been chosen for their respective qualifications, and on Robert's telling of finding a drowned cat and showering it with water for an hour to bring it back to life, the teacher had said that though his labors had been ineffectual and the methods employed were not the most modern, still it had shown so genuine an interest in the work that she moved he be elected president. The motion was carried unanimously.

A picnic in celebration of this humanitarian movement was soon under way. The president's mother would not attend, her mourning keeping her from such festivity, but she agreed to confide her precious son to a friend who would be personally responsible for him. In reviewing later the happenings of that day of wrath, it seemed to both Robert and his mother that the Fates had been secretly in league against them. For who could tell that on that particular morning Judge Wolcott, the former partner of Robert's late father, should take it into his head to come from New York to talk business with Robert's mother, and at the very moment when she was putting the president's luncheon into the basket?

"Oh, Mammy Lucy, please finish this while I go in to see the Judge—deviled eggs, ham sandwiches, jelly cake—gracious, Mammy, that does seem an unwholesome luncheon for a little boy; we'll have to get him something else. No, Robert, you may not have any pickles. Now run upstairs and get your flag, or you'll be late!" And she had whisked out of the room, playfully shoving Robert in front of her.

To Mammy Lucy the president of the Little Defenders was still her nursling and she had not shared any of the family qualms regarding the daily bottle. To her devoted mind it was perfectly proper that he should take bottle, nipple and all to the picnic. So while the president was unfurling the banner of the organization in front of his looking glass in the room above, so that there might be nothing amateurish about the way he handled it at the head of that gallant band, Mammy Lucy was corking up the nursing bottle, that its contents might not spill, and fitting that detestable nipple over the cork, that her darling might have no difficulty in finding it.

On the way to the grove, while the colors of the organization floated proudly above his head, and Johnny Briscoe and Willy Morse pushed the fife and drum to their uttermost limits in the way of martial music, Robert took counsel with himself and decided that he must reform. No man in his position could afford to drink milk from a bottle, even in secret. What if the League knew that their president did this thing? But they'd never know; he'd give it up this very day—he wouldn't go near the Bluebeard closet when he got home, the closet that held the secret of his shame. And with this resolve he held his head a little higher and puffed his chest a little fuller as he walked to the grove at the head of the Little Defenders, full twenty-five strong.

At the grove the picnickers gave their lunch baskets to the ladies who had matters in charge. It was to be a community luncheon, with a general division of the good things, and already anticipation ran so high it was with difficulty that even the officers could sufficiently restrain their interest to fetch kindling for the fires or water for the lemonade. Robert yielded up his basket—with its skeleton—and set about making himself useful, as befitted a gentleman and a president.

Some of the girls, basely taking advantage of their sex, pried into the baskets under the pretext of assisting the ladies, and they would give shrill exclamations of delight when their investigations were rewarded by the sight of something particularly delectable.

The campfires were leaping joyously, the smell of boiling chocolate was wafted to high heaven, some one had spread a white cloth on the grass and little girls were decorating it with wild flowers. Then Molly Renshaw, a fat little girl with a lisp, began to call out something frantically; again and again she raised her voice as well as her impediment would permit and gave vent to her amazing discovery. To Robert, pressed forward in the center of a group that rushed to see, it sounded like: "Th' pwethideth goth a both! Th' pwethideth goth a both!" And he wondered, with the indifference of a man accustomed to having things come his way, what new honor had been crowded upon him.

A moment more and he saw! Then the horrid sight was blotted out by a dozen eager little hands stretched out to grasp this souvenir of his shame that Molly Renshaw held aloft. "The president's got a bottle!" "The president's got a bottle!" shrieked a multitude of shrill voices that had no impediment in their speech. The girls were the worst; their gestures of disdain, their cries of derision, were harder to bear than the boys' frank laughter. One of them ran to her mother with "Oh, mama, the president's got a bottle like baby sister!" The boys, his late retainers and allies, who at the beginning of the day would have been glad for a word with their chief executive on any subject, now indulged in a humiliating pantomime whereby they drew imaginary nourishment from imaginary bottles. Robert stood alone, a pale young gentleman with all the world against him.

The grown-ups seemed unable to cope with the disorder; two dozen screaming children with the spirit of anarchy let loose.

"Give me my bottle, please. It's mine, you know." And the deposed chieftain took the instrument of his undoing and walked away with head erect. When he got to a group of trees that hid him from his late tormentors he took to his heels and raced as if each small boy and girl had been a tiger in pursuit.

He felt that he had run a long way, miles and miles, but when he had gone through the grove and down a straight piece of road, and crossed the little foot bridge that led over the stream, he could still see the tops of the poplar trees in the grove where the picnic was in progress. The bridge and the stream suggested something, and retracing his steps, he stood in the middle of the bridge and flung the bottle on some rocks below. The sound of its shivering fragments made him feel better, and crossing to the bank, he threw himself down among the high grass, and cried.

From the tops of the poplars he could see the curling smoke, and he imagined the scene of splendid revelry taking place. He wondered, with a vague resentment at the world at large, who was eating his sandwiches, his deviled eggs, his layer cake.

He did not know how long he had been there—it seemed a long time—when his melancholy reflections were interrupted by a faint whining. He listened, and on the opposite bank of the stream he saw three boys—middle-aged boys—who must have been all of fourteen or fifteen, and who were employing the strength of their advanced years in drowning a puppy, a poor little fat puppy who could only whine and baby bark at the outrage.

Robert, on his stomach in the lush grass that grew to the water's edge, commanded from his point of vantage a full view of the impending tragedy. The biggest boy—all foolish grin and a thatch of straw-colored hair—picked up the puppy, "hefted" him professionally, and remarked that a two-pound stone would do it. The puppy barked at this—his absurd baby bark—as if he flouted their judgment of his weight. He was game despite his tender years, and when they handled him roughly he warned them—in his high treble—and slapped at them with clumsy paws. He had no claims whatever to birth, proletariat was written all over him, but he was so brave a soldier of fortune—making the best of his last desperate chances—that Robert wondered at their hardness of heart, even considering their advanced age. If this had happened before his own humiliating experiences of the morning, it is not improbable that the self-confidence he had always enjoyed in such full measure would have prompted him to appeal to them. But so deeply had his chagrin taken root that he felt the puppy would have no chance whatever with such a social pariah as himself for a champion.

If only Judge Wolcott had not come, perhaps his mother would have given him ten cents and he could have acquired the puppy by lawful purchase. The biggest boy now pulled a piece of gunny sacking from his pocket, put a stone in the middle of it, sprawled the puppy on the stone, and began bunching the ends. The impudent treble bark had turned now into a whine, a terrified whine, as this waif from the underworld of dogs saw it was all up with him. Robert had experienced some moments himself that morning that made him feel very close to the little dog, and something in his breast swelled and made him feel like fighting, even with such odds against him. There they were, three great brutes of boys almost as big as men, and here he was "no bigger'n a pint cup," as Mammy Lucy always said—but he couldn't stay in the grass a minute longer.

"Say, whatcher fellows doin' to that dog?"

The boys looked up; then they laughed at the little figure with matted hair and eyes red from crying.

"We're drowndin' a pup, little Johnny-jump-up," the boy with the shock of hair said, and the two others laughed with glee.

"Won't you give him to me? I ain't got er dog."

"We ain't givin' away dawgs to-day. We're drowndin' 'em."

Now all the Little Defenders had been duly grounded in arguments to deal with such atrocity as this, but to save his life Robert couldn't remember one. He could only stand there, as the boy said, like a Johnny-jump-up, and plead his own dogless condition as a reason why the drowning should not proceed.

"Oh, pitch the pup in, an' stop talkin'," sung out next to the biggest boy. "Here, gimme him." And he made a grab at the whining bundle.

David minus sling or stone desperately pulled himself together and began to harangue the triple measure of Goliath on the opposite bank—one of the arguments had begun to come back to him.

"Now how'd you feel if a great big giant you'd no chance against was to come along an' pick you up an' drown you?"

This proposition was apparently one of the most amusing that the trio had ever heard advanced. They doubled up, they hooted, they shouted. In language far from polite they advised David to run home to his mother, and when a great big giant caught and drowned them, they'd let him know how it felt.

But Robert stood his ground. "Well, he ain't done anything to you—if you're drownin' things, why don't you get something of your own size?"

The older boy, the one who held the whining bundle, made a playful move as though to cross the creek and grab the Little Defender. In doing this he stumbled, dropped the gunny sack, and out rolled the cause of all the trouble, blinking joyously at again seeing the daylight. But his joy was short lived, for the second biggest boy stooped, picked up the puppy and flung him down the stream as far as he could throw.

Robert saw the black ball go whirling by. His fighting blood still up, without a moment's hesitation he plunged after it. This was more than the trio had bargained for—the special pleader had worn an immaculate sailor suit and shiny ties, and these things on the part of a very young gentleman bespeak watchful feminine eyes. They had no wish for a possible encounter with an irate mother or nurse. But the water was not deep enough to do him any harm, and consoling themselves with this thought, they ran as fast as they could.

The water in which Robert floundered was cold, though not very deep—but there was nothing to be seen of the black ball with beady eyes. The creek bottom was soft and muddy. Robert scrambled around for a more substantial foothold, stepping into a hole and went under, and water filled his mouth and nose. He choked and spluttered; then, with a mighty effort, he got up, feeling more drowned than when he was under. He grabbed a bunch of lush grass, and a couple of yards ahead saw a wet black head and two little paws working manfully. Robert did not dare risk another hole; he scrambled along the bank till he was opposite the puppy, and again plunged after him.

And for once the Fates proved generous—even lavish—for after their scurvy treatment of the morning this was the moment they chose for the now thoroughly repentant Picnic to discover the missing president. They had been searching for him through the grove. At the red farmhouse they inquired, but the farmer could tell them nothing of a little boy in a blue sailor suit. The friend of Robert's mother who had promised to be personally responsible for him was nearly distracted; she had told Molly Renshaw some awful truths about her manners, the campfire was out, the chocolate grew cold untasted, the ants alone enjoyed the picnic.

Then some one had proposed searching along the creek, and though every one knew that the water was not deep, the ladies had shuddered and the minister had hurried forward! "Robbie!" "Robbie!" "Robburt!" they had called, but Robert had not heard. The minister saw him first, and started forward; but Robert, triumphantly holding the puppy—now his puppy—was already scrambling toward the bank. The minister did not mind getting himself dirty a bit, but pulled the president right up to his black coat, puppy and all; the lady who had promised to be responsible cried; the boys rushed forward to greet the former pariah; the puppy cuddled to its protector—it was a magnificent moment for Robert, Little Defender!

And when he had told them very modestly all about it, he wound up with, "An' when I asked 'em how they'd feel if a great big giant tried to drown them, they only laughed at me."

"Robert, laughter is often an expression of the unthinking," the minister said, and the Picnic hung its head like those brutal boys, for they, too, had laughed at a small weakness of this gallant Defender. "I am proud to shake hands with you." And the minister not only shook hands, but patted Robert's muddy shoulder.

"Hurrath fo' th' pwethideth! Hurrath fo' th' pwethideth!" It was actually that little minx, Molly Renshaw, who had started all the trouble in the first place, that was now leading the applause. The hurrahing proved as contagious as hurrahing usually is, and while it was at its very height, Robert and "Picnic"—they had decided on that name for the puppy—were led in triumph back to the grove and the deserted baskets.

"THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS"

A TWO-PART STORY BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "THE MILLIONAIRE BABY," "THE MAYOR'S WIFE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. V. McFALL

SYNOPSIS OF PART ONE

SAM FELLOWS, manager for Thomas Stoughton, an eccentric Wall Street business man, meets "Beau" Johnson, a "gentlemanly" burglar in the basement of an old church to plan a way to open and rob Stoughton's safe, of which only one person in the office knows the combination. Johnson suspects that Grace Lee, a stenographer, is the person who knows, and calls at the office, talks with Fellows and watches Grace. Afterward he listens to a conversation between Grace and her lover, Philip Andrews, in Central Park, and learns that Andrews is anxious to raise three thousand dollars. Grace finally promises to get it for him. Fellows reports to Johnson that Grace always sings when she goes into the room where the safe is kept, and that he has seen the safe door open. Johnson hides in the safe room ready to spring upon Grace as she approaches the safe.

PART TWO

For just a minute Grace Lee paused before the blank door of the safe, then she passed around to an unused speaking tube in the neighboring wall. Halting before it, in low but distinct tones she began to sing the famous aria from "The Magic Flute."

All agog, with eyes starting and ears alert, the man behind listened and watched. Nothing happened.

Then came a change. Gradually her voice rose, sweet and piercing, till it reached that famous F in alt so rarely attempted, so exciting to the ear when fairly taken and fairly held. Grace Lee could take it, and as it hung, sweet and deliciously thrilling in the air, Beau Johnson saw, to his amazement, though he was in a way prepared for it, the heavy safe door slip softly ajar. She had done it with her voice. How, he could only vaguely guess. He was better educated than most of his class, or he could not have understood it at all. As it was, he laid it to the vibration caused by a certain definite note acting on some delicate mechanism set in accord with that note, which mechanism starting another and a stronger one gradually led up to that which drew the bolts and set the door ajar. Whether his theory was true or not mattered little at the moment. The event for which he waited had been accomplished, and accomplished before his eyes. To profit by it was his next thought, and to this end he held himself ready for the spring which had laid latent in his eyes since he first saw her advance toward the safe.

She was ignorant of his presence. This was evident from the jaunty way she turned from the tube, still singing, but in a desultory way which showed that her thoughts were no longer on her music. But she was not so engrossed that she did not see him. The moment that her face turned his way, her eyes enlarged, her body stiffened, her whole personality took on power and purpose and *she* sprang more quickly than he did and shut that door to with one quick movement of her hand that fastened it as securely as before. Then she drew herself up to meet his rush, a noble figure of resolute womanhood which any other man would have hesitated to assail. But he was proof to any appeal of this kind. She had been quicker than he who was esteemed the readiest in his class, and he owed her a grudge, if only for that. Smiling—it was a way of his when deeply moved or deeply dangerous—he accosted her with smooth and treacherous words.

"Don't scream, young lady; screaming will do you no good. Mr. Fellows has left the business to me and I am quite competent to manage it. I am from headquarters—a detective. Yesterday you aroused the manager's suspicions, and I was detailed this morning to watch you. What do you want from Mr. Stoughton's safe? An honest answer may help you. Nothing else will."

"I want—" she hesitated, eyeing him over with an insight and an undoubted air of self-command which told the hardy rascal that in this woman he was likely to meet his match. "I want some securities of Mr. Stoughton's which he has ordered me to dispose of for him. I am in his confidence, as I can prove to you if you will give me the opportunity I have papers at home that will satisfy any one of my right to open this safe and to negotiate such papers as are designated in Mr. Stoughton's cablegrams."

"I don't doubt it." The words came easily from the mobile lips of the wily Beau Johnson. "But it was not to do Mr. Stoughton's business that you opened the safe just now. You have had no orders to-day; you had no orders yesterday. Another purpose is in your mind—a personal purpose. It is this abuse of Mr. Stoughton's confidence which brings me here. *You want three thousand dollars badly!*"

She recoiled. Strong as she was, she was not proof against this surprise.

"How do you know that?" she asked, her voice losing its clear tone. "I do not deny it, but how could you know what I thought to be a secret between—"

"You and your lover. Well—we—the police knew many things, young lady. We have a gift. We also have a kind of foreknowledge. I could tell you something of your future if you will deign to listen to me. Your lover is an honest man. What do you suppose he will do when he hears that you have been arrested for attempted burglary on your employer's effects?"

He had been slowly advancing as he reeled off these glib sentences, but he paused as he met her smile. It was not of the same sort as his, but it was not without a certain suggestiveness which he felt it would be best for him to understand before he threw off his mask.

"I don't know what he will do," said she, meeting the false detective's eye as she laid her hand on the safe, "but I know what I shall do if you carry out the purpose you threaten. Show my papers to the police and demand evidence of my having any bad intentions in opening this safe this morning. I think you will have difficulty in producing any. I think that you will only prove yourself a fool. Are you so strong with the authorities as to brave that?"

Astonished at her insight and more than astonished at her self-control, the experienced cracksman paused, and then in tones he rarely used, remarked quietly:

"You are playing with your life, Miss Lee. I have a pistol leveled at you from my pocket, and I'm the man to fire if you give me the slightest occasion to. I'm Beau Johnson, miss, a detective if you please, but also a tolerably experienced cracksman, and I want a taste of those bonds."

"And Mr. Fellows?"

The words rang out clear and fearlessly.

"Oh, he? He's a muff. You needn't concern yourself about him. The matter's between us two. Three

J. V. McFALL

"Then in low but distinct tones she began to sing"

thousand dollars for you, and a little more, perhaps, for me, and I to take all the blame."

Her eye stole toward the door. No one could enter that way, she knew. Even her screams, if she survived them, might alarm, but could not bring her help for several minutes, if not longer. Yet she did not tremble; only grew a shade paler.

"You do not answer. What have you to say?"

"This." She was like marble now. "You will not kill me, because that would be virtually to kill yourself. You cannot leave this room without my help, nor fire a shot without being caught like a rat in a trap. I want three thousand dollars, and I mean to have them, but I do not see how you are going to get the few more which you promise yourself. Certainly I am not going to aid you in doing so, and you cannot open that safe. You have not the musical training."

"No." The word came like a shot, possibly in lieu of a shot, for if ever he felt murderous it was at that moment. "I have not a musical training, but that does not make me helpless. In a few moments I shall have the pleasure of hearing you test your voice again. There's the office clock ticking; count the strokes."

She stood fascinated. What did he mean by this? Involuntarily she did his bidding.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, *eleven!*"

"Yes," he repeated, "eleven! And at half-past your old father dies."

"Dies?" Her lips did not frame the words; her eyes looked it, her whole sinking, suddenly collapsing figure gave voice to the maddening query. *"Dies?"*

"Yes. Such is the understanding if I do not send a message to hold off. He's not at home; he's with my friends. They don't care very much about old men, and if I have not a decent show of money by half-past eleven this morning the orders are to knock him on the head. It won't take a very hard knock. He was far from being in prime condition this morning."

She had shown great feeling at the beginning of this address, but at its close she drew herself up again and met him with something of her old composure.

"These are all lies," said she. "My father would never leave his house at the instigation of any gang. In the first place, he is not strong enough to attempt the stairs. You cannot deceive me in this fashion."

"He might be carried down."

"But he wouldn't, nor would the other lodgers in the house allow it without an express order from me."

"They got the order; not from you, but from him. He demanded to be allowed to go. You see, Mr. Crane sent a message that you were hurt—I will speak the whole truth, and say dying. The old man could not be held after that. He went with the messenger."

Her cheeks were now like ashes. She had gaged the man before her and felt that he was fully capable of this villainy. How great a villainy she alone who knew had the history of this old man in her heart.

"He went with the messenger," repeated Johnson, watching her face with a cruel leer. "That messenger knew where to take him. You may be sure it was to a place quite unknown to the police and to every one else but myself. Five minutes more gone, miss. In just twenty-five more you will be an orphan and one impediment to your marriage will be at an end. How about the other?"

"Oh!" she wailed. "If I could really believe you!"

"I can smooth away that doubt. If you will promise not to compromise me with the clerks or any one inside there, I will allow you to telephone home and learn the truth of what I have told you. Anything further will end all business between us and wind up your father's affair at the hour set. I can afford to humor you for ten minutes more in this nonsense."

"I will do it," she cried. "I must know what I am fighting before—" She caught herself back, but he was quite able to finish the sentence for her.

"Before you submit to the inevitable," he smiled.

Her head fell and he pointed toward the door.

"I will trust you to guard my—our interests," said he. "Open and go directly to your own telephone."

With a staggering step she obeyed. Creeping up stealthily behind her he watched her manner of opening the door and profiled by the one quick glance he got of the office as she stepped through and passed hurriedly forward to her desk. There was no one within sight. Mr. Fellows had not yet returned and the clerks were too remote to notice her agitation or pay attention to her gait or the tremulousness of her tone as she called for her home number.

"Couldn't be better," thought he. "Now if Fellows will stay away long enough, I'll be able to double the boodle I've promised myself." This with a chuckle.

Meantime, Miss Lee had got in her message. The answer sent her flying toward him.

"He's gone! He's gone!" she gasped. "My old, old father! Oh, you wretch! Save him and—"

"You save me first," he whispered, and was about to draw her back into the room with the safe, when the outer door opened and a stranger came in on business.

Her agony at the interruption and the few necessary words it involved caused the visitor to stare. But she was able to make herself intelligible and to turn him over to one of the clerks, after which she came back through the door, which closed quietly behind them.

His greeting was characteristic.

"You waste breath," said he, "by all this emotion. You'll need it to open the safe."

"What guarantee have I that you will keep your part of the contract?" she cried. "I sing—the door opens—you help yourself, and you go. That does not restore to me my father."

"Oh, I'll play fair. In proof of it, here's my pistol. If on our going out I do not stop with you at the telephone and let you communicate with your father and send my own message of release, then shoot me in the back. I give you leave."

Taking the pistol he held out, she cocked it, and looking into the chambers, found they were all full.

"I know how to use it," she said simply.

Admiration showed in his face. He bowed and pointed toward the tube.

"Now for the song," he cried.

With a bound she took her stand. She was white as death and greatly excited. Watching her curiously, the crafty villain noted the quick throbbing of her throat and the feverish grip on the pistol.

"Time is galloping," he remarked.

She gave a gasp, opened her lips and essayed to sing. An awful, indescribable murmur was all that could be heard. Stiffening herself, she resolutely calmed down her agitation and tried again. The result was but little better than before. Turning with a cry, she looked with horror-stricken eyes into the unmoved, slightly sardonic face of the man behind her.

"I cannot sing! You have frightened away my voice. I cannot raise that note even to save my father's life. I'm choking, choking." Then as she caught the devilish gleam lighting up his eye, she added, "You will never have those thousands! The safe is closed to us both."

He laughed, a very low, cautious laugh, but it made her eyes distend with uncertainty and dread.

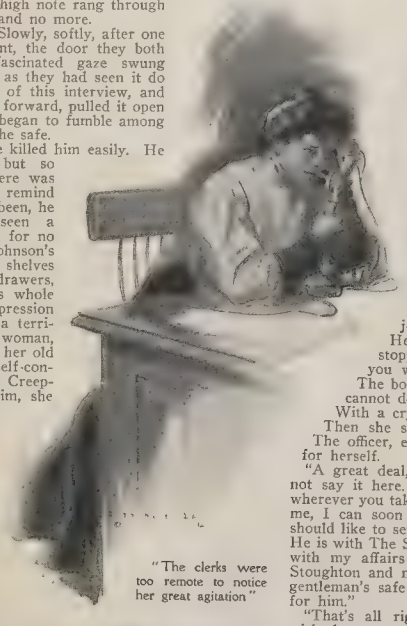
"You fail to do justice to my forethought," said he.

"I took this into my calculations. I know women; they can be wicked enough, but they lack coolness. Let me see now what I can do. I cannot sing, but I have a little *aide de camp* which can."

Walking away from her, he approached a small table on which stood an object she had never seen in that room before. It was covered with a cloth, and as he removed this cloth, she reeled with surprise; then she became still with hope and the rush of fresh and overpowering emotions.

A graphophone stood revealed, one of the finest quality. It was set to play the air so often on her lips, and in another moment that keen, high note rang through the room—that, and no more.

It answered. Slowly, softly, after one breathless moment, the door they both watched with fascinated gaze swung slowly ajar, just as they had seen it do at the beginning of this interview, and Johnson, coming forward, pulled it open with a jerk and began to fumble among the contents of the safe.



"The clerks were too remote to notice her great agitation"

She could have killed him easily. He had forgotten—but so had she, and there was no one else by to remind her. Had there been, he would have seen a strange spectacle, for no sooner had Johnson's hand struck those shelves and minute drawers, than Grace Lee's whole attitude and expression changed. From a terrified, incapable woman, she became again her old self, strong, self-controlled, watchful. Creeping up behind him, she looked over his shoulders as he examined with his quick, experienced eye the various papers he drew out, noting his anger and growing disappointment as he found them unavailable for immediate use. Conscious of her presence, his rage grew till it shot forth in words. Not stinting oaths, he whirled on her after a moment and asked where the securities were. "*You* meant to have them; you know where the ready money is. Show me, show me at once or—"

Then a great anguish passed across her face, a look of farewell to hopes, sweet and dearly cherished. If he saw it, he did not heed. All his evil, indomitable will shone in the eye he turned up askance at her, and though she held the means of killing him in her hand, she bowed to that will, and leaning over him, she whispered in his ear:

"It was not paper I meant to have, but—but something else—I—"

She stopped, for breath was leaving her. His slim assured hand was straying toward a certain knob hidden partly from sight, but plain to the touch if his fingers crept that way.

"Listen!" She was gasping now, but her hand laid on his shoulder emphasized her words. "There are jewels at the other end; Mrs. Stoughton's bridal jewels. They are worth thousands. I—I—meant to take those. They are in a compartment under that lower drawer. Yes, yes—there they are; take them and be gone. I—I have lost—but you will give me back my father. See! there are not many minutes left. Oh, be merciful and—"

He was looking at the jewels, prizing them, making sure they were real and marketable. She was looking at them, too, with a wild longing and a bitter disappointment, which he, turning at that moment to mark her looks, saw and rated at its full value.

"Well, I guess they'll do," he exclaimed, pausing in his task of thrusting the gems in his pocket to hand her a bracelet ornamented with one small diamond. "But I expected more from all this fuss and feathers. Was it to guard these—"

"Yes," she murmured, thrusting the bracelet into the neck of her dress and stepping quickly back. "They are priceless to the owner. Associations, you know. Mrs. Stoughton is dead— There! that will do. I demand now my part of the bargain," and bethinking her at last of the pistol, she raised it and pointed it full in his face. "You will close that door now and send the telephone you promised."

He rose and banged to the door.

"All right," he cried. "You've behaved well. Now hide that pistol in your waist and we'll step into the outer office."

She did as she was bid, and in a moment more they were crossing the floor outside. As they did so, she noticed that the two clerks had been sent out to luncheon, leaving them alone with Mr. Fellows. This was not encouraging, nor did she like the click which at this moment Beau Johnson made with his tongue. It sounded like a preconcerted signal. Whether so or not, it brought Mr. Fellows from his room, and in another instant he was standing with them before the telephone. There was a clock over the safe-room door. It stood at just twenty-five minutes after eleven.

"Hurry!" she whispered as the other took up the receiver.

She did not need to say it. His own anxiety seemed to be as great as hers, but his anxiety was to be gone. And before the five minutes were over he was gone. The telephone message had reached his gang, the old father had responded, she had heard his voice and the order given to have him taken down to the carriage. All had gone well, saving the theft. Her head fell forward as she dwelt on this and the look Mr. Fellows had given her as he stole from the room with his hardy companion. There was threat in that look and her heart strings tightened as she stood alone there facing her fearful duty. Mr. Fellows was a thief! The manager of this concern was even then perhaps walking off with the booty wrenched from her care by the devil's own inquisition. What should she do? Send for Philip? Yes, that was all her tortured mind could grasp. She would send for her own Philip and get his advice before she notified the police or sent the inevitable cablegram. She was too ill, too shaken to do more. Philip! Philip!

She was fainting—she felt it, and was raising her voice to call in one of the clerks, when the outer door opened and Mr. Fellows came in. She had not expected him back. She had fondly believed that he had gone with his professional comrade; and the sight of him caused her to rise again to her feet.

"You!" she murmured, facing him in dull wonder at his renewed look of threat. "I cannot stay in the same room with you. You are—"

"Never mind me," came clearly and coldly from his lips. "It is of yourself you must think. Here, officer!" he cried, opening the door again and ushering in a man in plain clothes, but evidently one of the force. "This is the young lady. I accuse her of taking advantage of her power to open Mr. Stoughton's private safe to steal his jewels. Her confederate has escaped. He had a pistol, and I had no means of stopping him. But she is right here and you will make no mistake in arresting her. The booty is on her, and smart as she is, she cannot deny that proof."

With a cry, Grace's hand went up to her throat. Then she settled into her usual self once more. The officer, eyeing her, asked what she had to say for herself.

"A great deal," was her low answer. "But I shall not say it here. If Mr. Fellows will go with me to wherever you take people suspected of what you suspect me, I can soon make plain my position. But first I should like to send for my friend, Mr. Philip Andrews. He is with The Stickney Company, and he is acquainted with my affairs and the understanding between Mr. Stoughton and myself, by which I have access to that gentleman's safe and do much of his private business for him."

"That's all right. Send for Mr. Andrews if you wish, but you mustn't expect to talk to him without witnesses. Is that your coat and hat?"

"Yes."

"Well, put them on."

Mr. Fellows advanced and whispered something in the officer's ear. Immediately the suspicious look grew in his eyes, and he watched her every movement with increased care. She saw this and stepped up to him.

"I shall not deny having this piece of jewelry about my person," she said, drawing the bracelet from its hiding place. "The man whom Mr. Fellows calls my confederate gave it to me and I took it; but it will be hard for him or any one else to prove that it is a theft, harder than it will be for me to prove who is the real culprit here and the man whom you ought to arrest. Watch me, but watch him also; he is more deserving of your close attention than I am."

Her disdain, her poise, the beauty which came out on her face when she was greatly stirred, gave her a striking appearance at that moment. The officer stared, then followed her glance toward Mr. Fellows. What he saw in him made him thoughtful. Turning back to Miss Lee, he said kindly enough:

"Will you let me have that bracelet?"

She passed it over and he thrust it in his pocket.

"Now," said he, "I will go first. In a few minutes follow me and go down Nassau Street. A carriage will be at the curb. Take it. As for Mr. Fellows—"

"I cannot leave till some of the clerks come in."

"We will all wait till a clerk comes."

Mr. Fellows paled.

"Here is one now."

The door opened and Philip Andrews came in.

"Oh, Philip!"

"What is this? What have you done among you?"

It was no wonder he asked. At sight of him Grace Lee had fainted.

"The officer, eyeing her, asked her what she had to say for herself"

Two hours later Grace was explaining herself. She was still pale, but very calm now, though a little sad. The sadness was not occasioned by any doubt she felt about her father. She had telephoned home and learned that he had arrived there and was well and had nothing but good to say of his captors. No, there was another cause for her manifest depression, a cause not disconnected with Philip, toward whom her eyes ever and anon stole with an uneasy appeal which her mother would have been troubled to see. But it comforted Fellows, who began to regard her threats as idle in face of the evidence of her complicity as afforded by the concealed bracelet.

The officer on duty was questioning her. Had she done this and that? Yes, she had. Why? Then she told her story—the story you have already read. As she advanced with it, every eye sparkled under the graphic tale, and the police, who had some acquaintance with Beau Johnson, recognized his hand in all that she told. One face only wore a sneer, and that was Fellows'. But no sneer could discredit a story told with such vim and straightforward earnestness. As she mentioned the emptying of the office, each person present turned and gave him a look. The manager had undertaken a piece of work too big for him. His explanations of the presence of the graphophone in this inner office were feeble and contradictory.

But he had his revenge, or thought he had, when she came to the jewels. She had pointed them out, but only to save a worse disaster. Injury to her father? "Yes, and—" She paused and her voice thrilled. "In one of the secret drawers," she continued, "there was an immense amount of currency in large denominations, the loss of which would cripple the business, if not bankrupt Mr. Stoughton. His hand was feeling its way along the face of this drawer. In another moment he would have discovered the tiny knob by the manipulation of which this drawer opens. To save the struggle which would have ensued, I directed his attention elsewhere. I don't believe I did wrong."

"But you accepted one of these articles as your share. Do you believe you did right in this?"

"Yes. I will not mention the smallness of the share, for that makes the portion saved from the owner of little account. Yet that portion is saved. I wish it had been a larger one."

"No doubt. So that was your motive—to save this souvenir for Mr. Stoughton?"

Casting a proud look at Philip, she moved a step nearer to the table on which the bracelet lay. "Will you be good enough," she asked her interrogator, "to take up that bracelet and read the initials on the inner side?"

"R. S. T.," read the official.

"Does any one here know Mrs. Stoughton's maiden name?"

Evidently not, for all remained silent.

"Does any one know my mother's maiden name?"

Philip started

"Yes," he cried, "I do. Her name was Rhoda Selden Titus."

"R. S. T.," smiled Grace. "This bracelet was my mother's. Mr. Stoughton allowed me to place this keepsake and some other valuables of mine in his private safe. Gentlemen, the whole of those jewels were mine—my sole and only fortune. I was keeping them for" —her eyes stole toward Philip—"for my marriage portion, the secret and great surprise I had planned for my future husband. They are worth some five thousand dollars—my mother was the daughter of a wealthy man. They would have given us a home if I could have kept them; they would also have given my husband a start in business, and this I would have preferred, but I could not let Mr. Stoughton's securities be endangered, and so—so they had to go. Philip, cannot you forgive me when you think that it was through my folly the secret of the safe became known?"

"I forgive you?" He could not show his feelings, but his eyes were eloquent; so were Fellows'; so were those of the various officials.

"You can prove these statements, Miss Lee?" asked one.

"Easily," she replied. Then they turned to Fellows the full particulars of this daring robbery, he made good to her the value of those jewels, and the prosperity of this young couple was secured. He was even present at the wedding. Grace wore her mother's bracelet, but on her breast was a jewel of far greater value. On its back was engraved

To brave G. L.
From her grateful friend, T. S.

[THE END]

Grace never got back her jewels. The wily Johnson was never caught, though Fellows turned state's evidence and did all he could to have the professional netted in the same manner as himself. But she did not suffer from this loss. When Mr. Stoughton learned

THE GLASS HOUSE

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

BY

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

AUTHOR OF "TITUS," "THE SINGULAR MISS SMITH," ETC

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

PART THIRD

AN OUTLINE OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 52

"Edith Loomis produced a roll of drawings from the drawer of the desk, and spread them upon the table"

Chapter IX.

LOUISE LOOMIS dashed impetuously into the house, bringing with her a breath of the cold December air. "Where's mama?" she demanded of Helen, who had started up and run to meet her with widely opened eyes and finger on lip.

"Sh! Louise," whispered Helen. "Mama's lying down, and we mustn't disturb her. I've got Dick in the sitting room trying to keep him quiet, and Mary's out."

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Louise. "I wanted to ask mama if she's finished my plaid dress yet; this old thing's got a hole in it, and it's too short; I don't see what mama's always lying down for, anyway; she never used to."

"I guess you'd get tired if you sat and wrote beautiful stories all the while the way mama does," Helen answered proudly.

Louise dropped her strapped books to the floor with a thud. "What do you think," she exclaimed. "I saw that funny man again to-day."

"What man?" echoed Helen wonderingly.

"Oh, you know; the fairy-land vegetable man." Both girls giggled delightedly at the recollection. "He gave me a box of candy."

"Um! Can I have some?"

"Oh, I took it back to school and Jess and I ate it at recess. It wasn't a big box."

"Does my hair look decent," she demanded, with a complacent side glance at the mirror, "or ought I go upstairs and brush it?"

"It looks real crinkly and pretty," purred Helen, with an evident desire to propitiate.

Louise was carefully pulling out the tendrilly curls from beneath her hat brim. "I'm awfully glad I haven't horrid straight hair like yours and Jessie's," she observed pleasantly. "Say, Helen, do you suppose mama would let us go to a matinée some day?"

"Do you mean a theater?"

"Of course, to a regular play. Don't you remember we went once a long time ago with papa to see that fairy-story piece. I should like to go, shouldn't you, if—somebody should happen to give us tickets?"

Helen shook her head. "Mama wouldn't let us go," she said slowly. "Whatever made you think of such a thing?"

"Oh, nothing," and Louise tossed back her curls; "I was just wondering. Jess Spader goes every once in a while. She goes with her aunt sometimes, and twice she saved up her car fare for a whole week and went with Isabel Johnson."

"There's no fun in staying here. I'm going out this minute," continued Louise decidedly. "When mama comes down you ask her about my dress. I've just got to have it."

"Don't go; let's go out in the kitchen while we've got a chance and make popcorn. Mary won't let us when she's here."

Louise turned with her hand on the door. "I wish that horrid old Mary would never come back," she said crossly. "My luncheon wasn't fit to eat. I like mama's bread and things a lot better."

"So do I," sighed Helen. "But I think it's nice to have our mother smart enough to have her name in the paper. I'm as proud as I can be of that; aren't you, Louise?"

Louise shook her curls vigorously. "I'd just as lief have mama a plain lady," she said, and closed the door behind her with a bang.

"Dear, dear! I'm afraid that'll wake mama up," sighed Helen; "but I guess she's p'ovoked about her dress. Mama did promise to sew on it afternoons this week, and it isn't even cut out yet." She tiptoed apprehensively to the window to look after her sister's light figure. Then her eyes lighted on the postman coming up the walk. The little girl flew to the door to forestall his shrill whistle and imperious ring.

"Hello!" said the government employee good naturedly. "Got any letters you want forwarded to Santa Claus—eh?"

"I know all about Santa Claus, thank you," Helen said politely, "but Dick doesn't yet, and we aren't going to let him for ever so long. Oh, what a big, fat letter!"

She shut the door, and went back to Dick and the train yard and the red iron cars, which the little boy loved best of all his toys.

"Toot-toot! here tomes 'e s'press train!" droned Dick. "You'd better look out, or you'll det run over!"

The door opened and Mrs. Loomis came in. She was dressed for the street and carried a book under her arm. "Has the postman been here this afternoon, Helen?" she asked, with her eyes on the clock.

"Yes, mama, and he left a big, long envelope for you, and some papers; I'll get them."

Mrs. Loomis sank into a chair and took the letter from the eager little hand, her heart beating violently.

Helen's big gray eyes were fixed inquiringly on her mother as she inserted the thin blade of a paper knife. "The postman asked if we had any letters to send to Santa Claus," she ventured. At the sound of the magic name Dick hurriedly abandoned his train and precipitated his moist little person upon his mother's knee. "Me want to see Santa Claus," he observed confidently. "Take me up in your lap, mama."

Mrs. Loomis pushed the child aside unseeingly. She had instantly recognized the contents of the package, and now her eyes were devouring the enclosed page covered with Mrs. Vinton's neat square characters.

"I am awfully sorry to be returning this story [she read], but the fact is that it has proved a great disappointment to us all. With the exception of the proposal scene, which is capitally breezy and original, the story is stiff, artificial, almost commonplace. I assure you that I haven't trusted entirely to my own judgment in the matter, for I have submitted the manuscript (without comment) to almost every member of the staff, and all agree with me.

"Don't, I beg of you, let this entirely discourage you, dear Mrs. Loomis. Try again and see if you cannot send us something else more in the line of your first delightful little success. I am sure you can do it!"

Helen's innocently curious eyes had already recognized the pages over which her mother had toiled so hopefully. "Why, it is your new story, isn't it, mama?" she asked. "Have they got it all printed so soon?"

"You shouldn't ask questions about what doesn't concern you," her mother answered, her voice sharp with disappointment and mortification. She thrust the envelope with its contents into the deep pocket of her cloak, and fastened her boa with shaking fingers. "I am going out for a few minutes to return this book, Helen."

She glanced toward the house after she had left it, to glimpse Helen's dark, wistful face peering after her from the shelter of the muslin curtains. She felt sure that the child's gray eyes were filled with wondering tears. But she did not turn back. Her own hurts required solitude. Superimposed upon the unique misery which she was enduring for the first time was the sordid recollection of the little sheaf of unpaid bills which she had hidden away in her desk to await the confidently expected check from Lockwood's. She had been so sure of success.

Philip would try to laugh away her discomfiture. She could almost see the tender raillery in his eyes. Well, he had expected all along that she would fail; perhaps he had hoped for it. She stamped her foot on the snowy sidewalk. "I will succeed!" she muttered between closed teeth. "I must succeed!"

Her scourged intellect turned nimbly, almost savagely upon the rejected story. It was stiff, artificial, and that most damning word of all, "commonplace." And suddenly she knew why. She had been afraid of Mrs. Vinton! Who, after all, was Mrs. Vinton, that she should slavishly fear her opinions? She would consider no one hereafter but herself.

She decided to say nothing to Philip about the return of the manuscript, and this decision gave wings to her feet as she hurried homeward.

Helen had started the fire in the kitchen range and was setting the table with an anxious pucker between her gray eyes when her mother appeared.

"I thought perhaps you had forgotten," murmured the little girl, with an apprehensive look at her mother's face.

"You're a darling!" said Edith Loomis remorsefully, and stopped to kiss her. "I did forget, but it isn't too late."

When Philip came home, he found them all in the kitchen after the old cozy fashion, the two girls helping mother with airs of happy importance, while Dick trotted back and forth, his iron locomotive bumping joyously against the heels of his shabby little shoes.

"Well, I say, this looks like old times!" he exclaimed. "What's become of the paragon?"

"It's Mary's day out," chorused his daughters, "and mama's made a raspberry-jam pudding for dinner."

"I've got a surprise for everybody," Philip went on, and spread a gay new magazine on the kitchen table. "Look, Edith!"

"It's mama's first story," cried Helen, "all printed at last; see, there is her name, Edith Randall Loomis! Aren't you glad, Louise? Oh, papa, aren't you proud?"

Philip turned to look smilingly at his wife, and was struck by the strangeness of her expression. A subtle smile curved the corners of her pretty mouth; but her blue eyes stared coldly, almost contemptuously, at the page.

"Aren't you pleased, dear?" he asked gently.

She drew a deep breath, "I suppose I ought to be," she answered; "but really I am not so elated. It is hardly worth making such a fuss about."

Chapter X.

Having guided her protégé into the pleasant though thorny paths of a literary career, and thus established herself indisputably as a patroness of letters and the arts in general, Mrs. Poynter found herself free to consider other aspects of the Loomis ménage.

It seemed a shame, she said, that poor Edith was so occupied with her literary labor that she couldn't find time to mother her own children. She confided as much to her husband in one of their infrequent intervals of conjugal amity, which had occurred of late with the effect of an armistice.

"What is the Loomis woman doing now?" her husband demanded, staring coldly at his wife's gown in a fashion which always caused her to wriggle uncomfortably, to his sardonic amusement.

"Why, don't you remember, Max, I told you three months ago, the poor dear is trying to write a novel, and I *tremble* for the result. So many people succeed with short stories who cannot possibly write a novel. And Edith has *so much* to distract her mind."

"What, for example?"

Gertrude Poynter paused a minute to pull herself together. She honestly longed to say the right word for her friend's sake as well as her own.

"Money matters, I am afraid, Max. You know Philip—"

"Yes, I am acquainted with Philip," sneered her husband; "he's simply a fool."

Gertrude drew a deep breath. "You don't really mean that, do you, Max?" she murmured. "He—that is, Edith says he was getting along so nicely a year or two ago."

"Humph! On what particular occasion, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly, but at first, I suppose. At least, he seemed successful for a time; but lately everything has gone wrong, and I'm afraid they find it hard to—to manage."

Poynter wheeled sharply about in his chair. "See here, Gerty," he said, "has Mrs. Loomis asked you to lend them money?"

"No, Max—no, indeed! Poor Edith wouldn't *think* of such a thing, and of course I—I wouldn't do such a thing as to lend money without your permission, Max," she finished desperately. "You know I never go over my allowance."

"I know you're fool enough to go without proper clothes on occasions," he said, tugging stolidly at his cigar. "By the way, I've seen that thing you're wearing about as many times as I care to, Mrs. Poynter. You'd better give it to the authoress. I dare say she'd be glad of it, if her husband's gone to the wall."

"Oh, it isn't as bad as that, Max. I only spoke of it because—because I—"

"Spit it out for once and have done with it!" he commanded. "Just why did you mention the matter to me? What can I do to pull a fellow out of the ditch who is just naturally bound to tumble back in and stay there?"

Gertrude's face flushed hopefully. It seemed to her that her husband's grim mouth had relaxed into something like a smile. "You know, Max," she began hesitatingly—the hesitation which he detested—"the Chamber of Commerce is going to have a new building, and Philip—now this is really a secret, but I can speak to you about it."

She paused, and glanced stealthily at his listening face. Yes, surely he was smiling. "Edith wouldn't mind, I am sure," she went on hurriedly—the haste which he despised—"if I tell you, in confidence, Max. Philip is going to compete. He has worked night and day on the plans. If he only *could* succeed! Oh, Max!"

"The plans are to be submitted *in cog;* that is, the names of the architects will be enclosed in sealed envelopes," he said impassively; "so even granted that I could influence the commission"—he expanded his narrow chest—"I don't see what I could do for Loomis."

"But if you knew some particular thing about his plans, so that you could identify them," she urged, "couldn't you? Oh, Max! it would be so good—so kind of you! And you *are* good. You *are* kind."

Her voice vibrated with a sudden passion of longing to vindicate her own heart—to infuse, if possible, new life into her dying trust and affection for him.

"What in the world do you care about the Loomises?" he asked, biting off the end of a fresh cigar.

She shivered a little at the sight of his sharp yellowish teeth. "I care about having you kind, Max, that is all," she said with a simplicity and courage that amazed him.

"Then it is really me you care about instead of the Loomises—eh, Gerty? You don't expect me to believe that, do you?"

Her eyes answered him. For the first time in years he saw their beauty. He got to his feet and walked twice across the floor. Then he stopped short in front of her chair and looked down at her, pleased to observe that she was not fidgeting; that, indeed, she had not stirred a finger of the loosely clasped white hands on which his jewels were shining.

"You're not a bad sort, Gertrude," he said at last, "and I say, if you'll find out what you can about Loomis' plans, I'll do my best for him—not on his account, mind you, for I consider him a disagreeable opinionated cad, but just because you want me to."

Her heart was beating so violently that it choked the impulsive words which she would have been glad to utter to her own hurt.

"Thank you, Max," she contrived to say. "I'll do my best."

Chapter XI.

Two hours later Gertrude Poynter descended from her brougham in an eager flutter of excitement and importance and ran up the steps of the brown house. She was feeling very happy and complacent in having "won over Max," as she phrased it, and more confident than ever concerning the goodness of his heart and the depth and genuineness of his humanity.

Edith Loomis, somewhat pale and fagged after a morning spent in a vain endeavor to infuse dramatic force and spirit into a chapter of her novel, came down to see her.

"Oh, you poor dear, you look tired to death!" was Mrs. Poynter's greeting. "Have you been out to-day?"

Edith shook her head. "Not yet," she said. "And I'm afraid I can't; I have so many irons in the fire, you know."

"Too many by far," Mrs. Poynter said with a strong authority. "You really ought to keep a second maid to take all sordid care off your shoulders. Don't you think you might manage it?"

"You know very well I can't, Gertrude." She appeared too weary and low spirited to resent interference, and of this her friend was quick to take advantage.

"Edith," she said firmly, "it is all very well for you to be doing what you are, and I am *immensely* proud of you. To think that in a little less than two years you have made the reputation you have. It is *wonderful*—really it *is!* But you are trying to do *too much,* and in the end you may break down and be obliged to give up everything. You're looking as pale as a ghost this minute! Now, I want to talk to you about *Philip,* and you must promise me that you will not be offended at what I am going to say. Philip is going to compete in the Chamber of Commerce Competition. You needn't deny it, for you as much as told me so the last time I was here—and *Max* is one of the commission that decides on the prize design. Now, *don't* interrupt me, *please,* till I've done. Max promised me"—she drew herself up with an elation which did not escape the other woman's observant eyes—"to use his *influence* to have Philip's plans chosen. Can you realize what that *means,* my dear? You would be at once released from every one of your anxieties, and besides that, Philip's reputation would be absolutely secured."

She paused and fixed her brilliant eyes upon Edith's changing face.

"But—the designs are to be submitted without signature. And besides, what you suggest wouldn't be fair or right, even if Mr. Poynter knew—and he can't possibly know—Philip's plans from the others."

"But *you* have seen Philip's plans, haven't you?"

Edith Loomis hesitated; her eyes sought the floor.

"You *have!* I see you *have,* my dear! Now *why* shouldn't you tell me just a little about them—some one distinguishing feature, just enough to identify them, you know. There would be nothing unfair in that—at least if there is I am perfectly willing to bear the onus of the transaction. So much *depends* on it; your health, the education of your children, Philip's future. Oh, my *dear,* don't hesitate, I beg of you! Just a word from Max might turn the scales in Philip's favor, and he need never know it."

"Are you sure that—Mr. Poynter—"

"Am I sure of *Max!*" Mrs. Poynter burst into a joyous laugh. "My *dear,* it is perfectly evident that you, as well as some other people, haven't the faintest conception of my husband's real character. He may seem very cold and even unfriendly at times; but underneath he has the kindest, most sympathetic heart in the world! I do *wish* Philip would treat him more as a friend. I can't see *why* they should be so cold and indifferent when *we* are so fond of each other. Now, you *will* tell me something about those plans, won't you, dear? I promise you, you'll not be sorry—for just in confidence I'll tell you that Maxwell's word is likely to go a long way with the commission. Mr. Hilman and the others think highly of his artistic judgment, and besides, none of them like to offend Max."

Edith hesitated. "Philip is so punctilious about business honor," she murmured. "He wouldn't wish, I am sure, to take unfair advantage of the other competitors. Besides," she added proudly, "I don't think any one could possibly have a more beautiful idea for the building than Philip's. And I should rather have him succeed without any one's help."

Gertrude Poynter sank back in her chair limply; two large tears gathered in her eyes. She was thinking, quite illogically, that if she failed in this undertaking, Max would laugh scornfully—would despise her for having been so foolish as to suggest it. It seemed to Gertrude that she could not again endure this after the little glimpse of happiness which had shone on her life like a pale sunbeam in a dreary week of rain. "You do not trust me," she faltered, and the tears overflowed and ran swiftly down her cheeks.

"Indeed, I do trust you, Gertrude; you have been so good to me. But don't you see that this is Philip's affair rather than mine?"

Mrs. Poynter flicked the tears off her eyelashes with an indignant sparkle. "Really, Edith, you are the most unworldly creature!" she exclaimed with fresh energy. "Do you know what it would mean to you all to have Philip's plans chosen—in money, comfort, luxury?"

"We haven't allowed ourselves to think too much about that side of it," Mrs. Loomis made haste to explain. "Philip says it isn't right to be forever trying to mix the actual with the ideal. While he is working at his plans, he aims only at the true and beautiful, and thinks of nothing else. I can't seem to do that. Even while I am writing my stories, I am always harking back to the children's clothes and to their shoes which wear out so fast, and to the butcher's bills, and—all the rest of it."

She made her piteous little confession with a brave show of candor, as if to atone for the hurt tears in Gertrude's eyes. "You see," she finished, "what a sordid person I am; and it was you, Gertrude, who put me in the way of writing stories. I never should have thought of such a thing if you hadn't found me out just as you did and urged me to write. I have often wondered how we should have gotten along if I had not began writing just when I did."

Mrs. Poynter glowed and sparkled like a genial fire in a friendly draft of air. "I have often thought of that, too," she said impressively. "I am so glad and *thankful* that I was *permitted* to be the means of rousing your ambition."

Edith regarded her friend with a large, limpid gaze. For the moment Gertrude Poynter appeared to her in the stately guise of Providence itself. "You are very good to believe in me," she said. "It's a wonderful help and support when—when others—"

"Oh, my *dear!* Doesn't Philip—"

"Philip doesn't believe I have any real genius. I have been merely his wife too long for him to realize that I can be more."

"Then you will show me his plans." Mrs. Poynter rose with an air of august assurance. "It is your *duty,* my dear!"

"I haven't the plans here, only the sketches for the elevations," Edith said with rather a bewildered air. "Philip brought them home to show me weeks ago; the actual plans are all in the office. He keeps them locked in his safe when he is not working on them."

"And quite right, too; he cannot be too careful," Mrs. Poynter observed in a voice of exalted appreciation. "The sketches will do quite as well, and I must see them at once, please, for it is growing late."

Without another word, Edith Loomis produced a roll of drawings from the drawer of the bookcase, and spread them upon the table. "This is the front façade," she said in a low, frightened voice, "and this is the north end of the building, and here is a study showing some of the detail work of the portico."

"Oh, Edith, what an exquisite tower!" exclaimed Mrs. Poynter; "*that,* now, is a distinguishing feature; I must remember just how it looks, so as to describe it to Max." She bent over the drawings with a flushed, absorbed face, as if to let no detail of the design escape her. When she looked up it was to take both of Edith's hands in her own impulsive clasp.

"Thank you for showing them to me," she said solemnly. "Philip *deserves* to succeed! And you will not be sorry, my dear, that you trusted me—and Max."

Chapter XII.

Philip Loomis had never confessed as much to himself, but his home as conducted by a literary wife was far different to what it had been in the old comfortable days before Edith had taken to prospecting for her genius. He was proud of her success, and of her stories when they appeared in the leading magazines. As for her checks, which now came in with far greater regularity than his own, he had long ceased to question as to her disposal of them. That Edith had more than once met the current household expenses, and that she regularly dressed herself and the children, was a subject which they had ceased to discuss. She had begun to write because she longed to do it, and he had not opposed her desire, which seemed to promise a wider life and a partial deliverance at least from the monotonous labors of a mere home maker and mother. She continued to write because she *must.* She had

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 52]

THE STORY OF GERALDINE FARRAR

INTIMATE FACTS CONCERNING THE YOUNG AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA

WITH A TOAST BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

A WHOLESOME, every-day American girl, twenty-six years old, the daughter of "Sid" Farrar, the baseball player, this is Geraldine Farrar, the most popular star of the Metropolitan Opera House. "She is the most interesting figure in the musical firmament to-day," says Mr. James Huneker, the great critic; and a part of her interest is that she is a young, healthy, beautiful, unaffected girl, besides being a great singer and an actress of remarkable dramatic power.

She was only nineteen years old when she made her début as *Marguerite* in "Faust" at the Royal Opera House in Berlin, where she has continued to be one of the leading sopranos. Naturally much excited curiosity was aroused when the announcement was made that an American girl of nineteen would run the gauntlet of criticism, fortified by tradition, in the exacting title of *Marguerite* in "Faust."

Miss Farrar's own description of her début is interesting. She says:

"I did not feel nervous, either at my one rehearsal (with obviously bored partners and stern Doctor Muck below with his orchestra!), nor at the performance. I was eager for my trial, and I knew just what I meant to do regarding 'stage business' and expression. It was doubtless crude and startlingly unconventional. I had thought out the story and action for myself. *I* sang in Italian, because I did not know one word of the text in German.

"I wore a simple, short blue frock of my own designing—made in Paris, of course!—a blond wig and a little lace bonnet, which I have continued to wear ever since. I sometimes play the rôle with my own dark hair, and it has occurred more than once on these occasions that the dummy *Marguerite* ascended to heaven in the last act a flaxen blond!—due, of course, to my not having reminded those in charge of the 'properties' of my intended departure from the traditional type.

"Some of the criticisms of that first performance were astonishingly frank and personal. They dwelt at length upon the fact that I had acting talent, as well as a promising voice. I was given kindly advice as to my faults, allowance being made for my extreme youth—I was just nineteen—and all urged me to progress quickly by proceeding slowly!

"My second rôle, *Traviata*, caused much comment. The critics could not say that I sang the music like a *virtuoso*, nor was I mistress of the dramatic side; nevertheless, it was granted *'hochst interessant,'* and revived for my benefit."

When Miss Farrar received her decoration in Stockholm, King Oscar himself pinned the medal for Arts and Literature on her gown (giving her a hearty kiss as he did so). He then offered to act as guide for her and her mother in going through the palace, which contains a valuable collection of art treasures. After her "farewell" he invited her to the palace to receive his autograph photograph and a dainty verse for her album. In leave-taking he said, "God bless you, my child! I may never see your lovely face again, but Stockholm always holds out her welcome for you."

Monsieur Coquelin, the greatest French actor, now in his seventieth year, declares that Miss Farrar is one of the greatest dramatic talents the world has ever seen. He has suggested to her that she appear with him in pure drama on some gala occasion, but Miss Farrar prefers to be known as a singing actress.

I have been interested in noting that nothing seems too much trouble to Miss Farrar if it contributes in any way to her art. Her patience is infinite. Apropos of this quality, I would like to quote from a letter written by Miss Farrar to a friend of mine, who sent a young woman to sing for her, having first gained permission to do so. It may serve as a hint to another would-be singer.

MY DEAR MR. ———:—

I write to tell you that the young lady whom you requested me to hear came yesterday. I was in the midst of an important conversation, which I could not interrupt, so asked her to wait a few moments downstairs. When I sent for her to come up at the end of fifteen minutes, she had left word that she could wait no longer, and had gone. You may tell this hasty young person that the quality of impatience she displayed yesterday would unfit any one to pursue a career which begins in waiting and ends in the same waiting. Her interest is too ordinary, and too undeveloped to suggest that hers is a serious ambition.

Very truly yours, GERALDINE FARRAR.

I have heard Miss Farrar's mother tell how her daughter waited two and three hours at a time, day after day, to secure an interview with Madame Nordica in Paris, and only accomplished her end after going to the Bois de Bologne at the hour Madame Nordica usually drove there, and riding slowly up and down the Avenue des Acacias until she appeared, which was after three hours of scanning the faces in every carriage! When the prima donna came, the dauntless child, then seventeen, sprang to her feet, and snatching from her neck a locket containing a photograph of Madame Nordica, tossed it into the lap of the astonished singer. It was a *coup* which "carried." Soon after that Madame Nordica offered to assist Miss Farrar with criticism at regular intervals.

"Has Geraldine Farrar had any 'hard times?'" I have been asked. Yes, she has had what most of us call *many* "hard times." That is, she has often been face to face with difficulties where neither money, talent, beauty nor influence, separately or combined, could serve her purpose—where nothing but character and "love of the fight" made her win out. For instance, she was singing in opera in Warsaw when the revolution reached that city. Shots were fired, bombs exploded, missiles thrown, street lights extinguished and public conveyances put out of commission. Nevertheless the opera was announced, and while there could be no chorus (its members fearing to risk the dangers of the streets), Miss Farrar walked each night from her hotel to the opera house, under a military escort. Pale from suppressed excitement, her eyes ever watchful, she kept close to her mother's side, the curious crowd forced back by the soldiers, who, however, made no attempt to control the personal remarks hurled at the prima donna. Occasionally some one raised a cheer for the courageous young American.

Miss Farrar's return to America, in November, 1906, after her European successes, was an important event in the history of music in our country. She scored with public and critics, and was the recipient of many social attentions, one of the most memorable being the Madame Butterfly dinner, given in her honor by Mr. Clyde Fitch, the playwright, immediately after her great success in the opera by that name. It proved to be one of those occasions when *esprit de corps* prompts artists to lay their gifts on the altar of mutual sympathy. Miss Farrar sang not only music from Madame Butterfly and German *Leider*, but some of the Salomé music by Richard Strauss.

A dinner at Mr. Fitch's is always an experience; even those of his friends most often honored by invitations never become familiar with all the combinations in the way of table decoration which occur to the fertile brain of this master in stage setting.

The night of the Madame Butterfly dinner the dark paneling of the dining room, the old Italian mantelpiece with its twisted columns twined with fruits—a frame for the hospitable blaze within—formed a background for a table, the laying of which would have done honor to a king. There were rare lace, quaint silver, gold and crystal, bearing crests of illustrious lines—things to lend wings to the imagination! And down the center of the board there was an Italian garden in miniature, ornamented with classic figures in genuine old Capo di Monti. The favors were the insignia of Madame Butterfly—cherry blossoms, parasols and fans.

When the good cheer was at its height, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin rose from her seat on the host's left, and with that grace and charm which are hers, gave the toast written by her for the occasion, which is printed in the center of this page.

This tribute touched Miss Farrar so that her eyes filled with tears. As Mrs. Wiggin read the last lines, she followed one of her quick impulses, and slipping from her seat, passed behind the chairs to the side of the author, whom she embraced, as any grateful child might have done.

For a moment there was danger of the fête ending in a minor key, but with her ever-ready tact, Mrs. Wiggin turned the emotional current by rising again, and adding the following postscript:

In the poem just repeated
I've struggled to glean
All practical rhymes for
Geraldine.
It's lucky for me that the
girl I mean
Wasn't born twins, or a
"philopene;"
Then had my Muse still
wearier been—
For nothing is left me but
Atropine,
Listerine, Vaseline, Glycerine—
All most unworthy of
Geraldine!

People often say, "Geraldine Farrar has had such luck: it isn't every one who has a woman friend who will lend a small fortune to pay for one's musical education." Yet other prima donnas have had fortunes, talents and beauty, and not gone very far in their profession. Ambition, a great capacity for work, the whole dominated by intelligence, are necessary.

Miss Farrar herself says, "I have no patience with the 'prodigy' idea; talent may be precocious, but prodigies have to work; the more talent they have, the more they have to work, it is all one continual grind! Mr. Whistler says that artists 'happen.' I don't agree with him! One may understand color and line, have a correct ear for music, or possess a voice, but only *work* makes an *artist*." And no one can accuse Miss Farrar of not practising this gospel of unending serious work which she preaches so earnestly.

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A picture of Miss Farrar at the age of sixteen, while she was still studying, and three years before she made her debut at the Royal Opera House in Berlin

A Toast

Here is a toast to Geraldine!
The bird that lights on a bough to preen
His soft little breast with a satin sheen,
None of his notes are so sweet, I ween,
As those in the throat of Geraldine!

Here is a toast to Geraldine!
Her heart is as warm as her wit is keen.
She's a rosebud, still in its sheath of green,
In the singing garden of girls the queen!
Passionate "Juliet," scarce sixteen,
Grave-eyed "Elizabeth," stately in mien,
"Marguerite," innocent, crystalline,
Loveliest "Butterfly" ever was seen—
Drink to the future of Geraldine!

—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Miss Farrar as "Juliet"—"Passionate Juliet, scarce sixteen"

A lovely, demure, captivating "Mimi" in "La Boheme"

GOOD REASONS FOR HOME OWNING

ONE OF SEVERAL EDITORIAL ARTICLES PRESENTING THE RESULTS OF AN IMPORTANT INVESTIGATION CONDUCTED BY THE COMPANION INTO THE QUESTION WHICH WILL SOONER OR LATER BE A VITAL ISSUE IN YOUR LIFE

F you are renting a house in a new residential district which was not restricted when laid out, and a man starts to build a soap factory, you move out. But if you own your home, you call a conference of other home-owning neighbors, and banish the soap factory to the manufacturing district where it belongs.

If you rent a house in a suburb where the school system is demoralized, you wait until your lease has expired, when you move into a district of fine schools. But if you own the house, you aid in a movement for better buildings and better teachers.

If you rent an apartment or house in a section of the city ruled by a boodle alderman, whose fondness for graft raises the figures on public improvements and prevents the enlargement of parks, etc., you merely shrug your shoulders. But if you happen to be a home owner in that district, you start an anti-graft campaign, and if you have the patience and are backed by the requisite number of property owners, you finally oust the boodle alderman and secure the public improvements due your district.

There are more ways of evincing patriotism than hanging out a flag on national holidays and rising when the orchestra plays "The Star-Spangled Banner." One of them is owning your home, and handing down that home to your children and their children as a unit in a clean, pure and beautiful city.

Trying It on the Immigrants

Not long ago I spent some weeks in a Pennsylvania coal town, where I saw miles and miles of company houses, whose rents are always deducted from the miners' wages. This was a Polish, Bohemian and Hungarian settlement, with thriftlessness, ill health, misery, discontent and ugliness on every side. The women among the wealthy mine owners have established clubhouses, hospitals and other philanthropic enterprises for those whom they regard as their ignorant charges. There is a certain reversion to feudalism among the wealthy mine owners when you learn to know them. But over all—the magnificent castles on the mountain slopes and the wretched company houses below—broods an air of hopelessness that baffles description.

From there I went to the mid-West, South Omaha, Nebraska, and Council Bluffs, Iowa. Here I found precisely the same class of Poles, Bohemians and Hungarians who had come over in the same steerage—dull and apathetic when they landed at Ellis Island, but what a difference to-day! For in South Omaha, where they are employed in large numbers in the packing houses, and in Council Bluffs, where they find work in the various railroad yards which center in this bustling Iowa city, they quickly become home owners. From sodden, sullen creatures they become interested, useful citizens. Put a foreigner of this temperament into a mine and a company house and he remains a refugee or becomes an anarchist. Give him an outdoor job, a two-room cottage of his own, and a patch of ground for his wife and children to till, and he becomes a hopeful American citizen.

Four Good Reasons

Now perhaps you can understand why the Commercial Club, the Chamber of Commerce, the "Boosters' Club" of your own town, or any municipal organization pledged to work for the city's best interests, is engaged in a campaign of home building. One branch of their missionary work is to induce capitalists to loan money at reasonable rates of interest to would-be home owners.

This is done for the good of the city. They desire to help the borrower to become a factor in the city's advancement and profit. Why?

First, because the home owner immediately becomes a political factor for good. He wants the right man in office, so that taxes and city improvements will be kept down to an honest figure.

Second, because he becomes a factor in making the city beautiful. He knows that it is good business to keep his home in repair and to improve it each year, simply as an investment, should he desire to place it on the market. Hence he contributes to the city a well-kept house and yard.

Third, because he becomes an interested figure in school management. If he has children, he wishes to secure for them the best educational advantages. If he buys the home as an investment, he wants to point to the good schools of the district as a reason for advancing the price of his property.

Fourth, because he joins a neighborhood club, whose mission it is to secure for his ward all the improvements obtainable. His wife joins the woman's club. Home-owning clubwomen stand for civic works.

Home owners of either sex are never passive. They are active workers, and what they do to improve their own homes, to advance the interests of their families, must exert its influence upon their immediate neighbors, and reach, like ever-increasing circles in an eddy, to every corner of the community.

Results in Chattanooga, Dallas and Rochester

Chattanooga, Tennessee, which is recognized as one of the most vigorous and wide-awake of the Southern cities of its size, prides itself on the fact that one half of its white population own their homes and five per cent of its colored population own theirs, the major portion of the remainder being household servants. Among the figures which point to the permanency of the "newer" Chattanooga, two are significant:

"Increase of building permits issued in 1906 over 1905, seventy-seven per cent. Increase in residences built for the same period, sixty per cent."

Dallas, Texas, reports that seventy per cent of its householders are home owners, and fifty per cent of its salaried men own their homes.

Rochester, New York, is a city whose manufactures sum up ninety millions of dollars annually, which means an enormous percentage of skilled and unskilled workmen among its citizens. Forty per cent of these own their own homes, and the Chamber of Commerce has started a vigorous campaign along this one line. In July, 1908, it held a most interesting competition for architectural plans for cottages, which, when completed, would cost from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars, convenient for householders and sufficiently artistic to beautify the city. The prize-winning plans, for which six hundred dollars were paid, and other plans that the Chamber of Commerce purchased in addition, were at the service of would-be home owners, and to stimulate home owning further, capital was secured for building a number of these cottages, which are to be sold to salaried men and others on small payments at low interest.

One might go on indefinitely, picking out cities in the North, South, East and West noted for their good government, clean politics and municipal beauty, only to find in each instance that behind these lies the great stimulus, civic pride, the outshoot of home owning.

The Home Owner is the Desirable Citizen

In the heart of the corn-raising country the writer stopped at a city of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and asked the secretary of the commercial club what class of citizens owned their own homes or were building in that city. He replied unhesitatingly:

"The better class altogether."

"What do you mean by the better class? The rich, your bankers, or retired merchants and manufacturers?"

"Oh, no; the better class in all avenues of money making. If a man is rich, he buys close into the residential district. If he is moderately well to do, he buys in a good suburb. If he is a small wage earner, he goes to the very terminus of the car line. If he buys a fine place, he is the man who has a good, sane, solid business. If he buys in a suburb, he is a high-salaried man who is not afraid of being laid off. If he goes way out, he is a mechanic who never loses a day's work. Don't you see?—the better class, the reliable citizen."

"The desirable citizen?" was suggested.

"Yes, that's the word; the fellow every town or city needs."

Out of one hundred cities queried thus: "What class of citizens own their own homes?" fifty per cent, represented by secretaries of chambers of commerce or real-estate exchanges, gave precisely the same answer: "Our better class of people." On being asked to be more explicit, these men gave practically the same explanation of the terms offered by our friend in the corn-raising belt.

Sometimes remarks like these were added: "All our conservative business men, high-salaried people and skilled mechanics own their homes."

If the home owner means this to the community at large, what must home owning mean to himself and his family?

A home is no miracle worker. It cannot redeem the totally unregenerate. But it can do wonders for the man or woman whose strength of character is merely latent, or whose environment has led him from the safe plains of essentials to the glittering but dangerous heights of artificiality.

Starting With Fifty Dollars

Home owning is a wonderful antidote for discontent and discouragement. A disheartened woman had worn herself nearly into nervous prostration stretching an income of thirty-five dollars a month to feed and clothe and house her husband, herself and their child. Against the inevitable rainy day she had saved fifty dollars. This she took to a contractor, who she had heard was inclined to be generous with his customers. She looked at him through a mist of tears.

"It's all I have, but I simply have to get a home with it. We're paying nine dollars a month rent. Will you take this fifty and ten a month payments for a home, any sort of a home, so we get something real to work for? I simply can't work for a landlord any longer."

The story of how the contractor took the fifty with a hand that was none too firm, of how the man and woman moved their household goods in a push cart over night, how the wife set her table from her own garden, how the husband fixed up the somewhat dilapidated place which had come back on the contractor's hands and which was the only cottage he had at the price they could pay on time, makes too long a story to be told here. But the man took heart from his wife's courage and won promotion and better wages, while the woman gained health from hope. To-day you could not buy their place for fifteen hundred dollars.

A Remarkable Letter

Shortly after the COMPANION started this campaign, a subscriber wrote what we feel is a very remarkable letter, remarkable because of its earnestness, which has dared to lay bare a domestic soul that other women may be warned, remarkable because in its way it pictures a tragedy of the home which probably is being duplicated in every state in the Union. The letter was not submitted as an answer to any of the questions set forth in the June number, but simply, as the writer expressed it, "to relieve my own mind and to set a warning post in the footsteps of unthinking young wives and mothers."

> "I was married from my parents' farmhouse, over which, as long as I could remember, had hung the shadow of a mortgage. So when my husband introduced me to a pretty rented cottage in a small railroad city, I was charmed. No mortgage to meet! A few dollars to pay each month to our landlord, who must make the repairs!
>
> "In time I found that repairs were seldom forthcoming, but as they were few and simple, we made them ourselves, my husband putting up a shelf or adding a cupboard, any little thing I wanted, when he came in from his run. I planted flowers and shrubs, but at the end of three years we moved to another railroad headquarters where my husband had a better position. Again we paid rent and made repairs and beautified a place, only to move.
>
> "When our changes became more frequent I lost interest in beautifying a home. But whenever I suggested to my husband that we buy, he said it was foolish for a railroad man, subject to orders, to invest in a home. Now I realize that if we had owned a home we would not have gone from town to town, for what we gained in salary we lost in moving, and in the wear and tear on furniture. And our children lost by moving from school to school.
>
> "Lately I have realized this more keenly than ever. We have moved back to the town where we lived during our honeymoon. Right across the street from us lives a family who bought when we first rented. They own the same house to-day, but greatly improved and changed. Every time they had a new window put in, a porch added, a wing built, it meant added comfort to them, a better value on the property. The rose bushes we planted together have climbed up to the roof of their side porch. Their garden cuts their living into a fraction of what we spend.
>
> ### "They Are Somebody in the Town"
>
> "But more keenly I feel the difference in their social position. They are somebody in the town; we are mere Arabs, who may fold our tents and steal away any night. Their children have either graduated from the local high school or are further advanced than ours. Those who have graduated hold good positions. Those who have not, help at home, making garden, repairing, doing housework. They are all home lovers.
>
> "The enormous gulf between us as families is always before me. Thanks to owning their own home, being rooted and steadfast, they have well-balanced, purposeful children, social standing in the community, something to show for their years of work. Perhaps my neighbor's wife is a woman of stronger character than I, still I think that if I had had a home and remained in it, teaching my children to love and beautify it, I might have had the same results, the same contented family circle, to show for my eighteen years of married life."

Real Home Buyers Succeed

A mortgage is a blessing or a curse, according to the man who has it to pay, not the man who holds it. It will betray all your petty weaknesses, or it will develop all your latent strength. And thanks to our sturdy Americanism, real-estate men all over the United States will tell you that less than two per cent of the real home buyers fail to meet payments on mortgages and revert into the rent-paying class. The man who fails to meet his mortgage is the speculator who tries to carry more than he can swing. But the average American home owner promises to pay only what lies within his power. He takes no chances, for he wants to stand well with his community. He wants to be a factor in a clean, pure and beautiful city. He wants to be counted among the desirable citizens.

Where do you stand?

The President on Home Owning

Below are a few sentences from President Roosevelt's speeches and writings which express some of the conclusions which the COMPANION has reached in this discussion of "Home Owning versus House Renting:"

"Successful home making is but another name for the upbuilding of the nation."

"We do not want ever to let our land policy be so shaped as to create a class of big proprietors who rent to others. We want to make the smaller men, who, under such conditions, would rent, we want to make them actual proprietors. We must shape our policy so that these men themselves shall be the landowners, the makers of homes, the keepers of homes."

"It is time for us to see that our remaining public lands are saved for the home maker to the utmost limit of his possible use."

"It is a fundamental truth that the prosperity of any people is simply another term for the prosperity of the home makers among that people. Our entire policy in irrigation, in forestry, in handling the public lands, should be in recognition of that truth, to favor in every way the man who wishes to take up a given area of soil and thereon to build a home in which he will rear his children as useful citizens of the state."

"She held her head high and flirted desperately"

THE PRIDE OF A GIRL

BY MARY HASTINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY T. K. HANNA

A CHIMING clock in another room gave a welcome hint to end the miserable interview. The alacrity of release breathed through his jerky sentences of convention.

"I really must go—I had no idea it was so late."

The words wrested the girl's thoughts from the track they had been silently following. He was going! The moments of grace were few and there was so much to do in them to retrieve the blunders that pressed collectively on her consciousness with such a horrible sense of failure.

Bravely she threw her voice into its pleasant, social pitch and held out a frank hand.

"Must you go? Well, I'm glad we talked things over before it was too late. It's so much wiser for us both."

It was a very gallant little smile she faced him with, but he was too young, too unsparingly sincere, to play up to her lead. With terrible crudity he swept away the flimsy pretense, the straw barrier she had flung about her bleeding pride, in a single blurting sentence:

"I am awfully sorry."

He *was* sorry—his voice quivered with it, his eyes tingled with boyish tears. He was achingly sorry and bitterly ashamed. The measure of his sorrow and shame gave Rose keenly the measure of his love for this other girl for whom he was willing to endure them.

What could be opposed to such a speech? He was a man, and judged it futile, or perhaps unworthy, to play with shams at such a time. And it was hard to feign, to carry off the situation with acquiescent indifference, when her welcoming kiss had been so tender, her devotion so ridiculously apparent. But she was a woman and clung to her forlorn defense, with the delicate perception, too, of sheltering him, of protecting him from his own self-reproach at her pain.

"I'm sorry, too," she owned, with immense cheerfulness. "We planned it all so differently, didn't we? And of course we hate to give up our old ideals. But we aren't suited—we've grown apart—and I never dared own I felt it because I thought you were caring so tremendously, don't you see?" She gave a laugh she quickly curtailed in distrust. "But it is so much better to have been honest and talked things over and not tried to persist in plans we have both outlived."

Her airy plurals threw into bewilderment the slower masculine mind. He would have liked immensely to have been able to believe her, but was grateful to her, at any rate, for letting him off so largely.

He echoed her phrase with a certain open relief. "Yes, it's better to have talked things over so," then waited, hesitating, how finally to close the evening.

"Good-by" was all he found to say. He did not move after he had said it, and it was some time before she had the courage to bring out the answering word that would dismiss him. They were taking leave of so many things—so many years of fresh young love, of hopes and dreams that had been vital and inspiring once, so many things that were—so many that were to have been. Good-by! How many times they had lingered over it, here in this hall, always regretfully, tenderly, clinging foolishly to each other, observing the same slow progression from hall tree to front door! And now they were saying it for the last time! It was the last time he would stand there in that old familiar hall. Did not the place speak to him as well as to her? Perhaps it was the last time she would see him in this world!

He moved toward the door and something in her seemed to wake and struggle like a mad thing. Now for all her pride, her old girlish disdain of humiliation, she knew how women felt who went on their knees to men, who begged, plead, used tears, sobs, any means, to hold them. To work on Woodruff's pity would be to bind him to her. But she was not of the class or kind permitted the full range of woman's weapons, and she could only fold her poor tattered pride about her, smile quietly on, and say good-by again. At the last moment an exclamation sprang from her; he stayed in the act of closing the door to hear it.

"I hope you'll be very happy," she said chokingly, and lost his vague response in the angry pounding of her pulses. She hated herself for having spoken.

His steps descended the stairs, then paused, before going on up the street. Rose wondered if he had known an impulse to return, or whether he had merely drawn a long breath, looked up at the stars, and said, "That's over with, thank heaven!" and walked on, a free man, to his happiness.

She went and sat down in the parlor, her hands gripped, her bright dark eyes fixed, while she went back over the evening and tried to disentangle the sequence of events from the whirling pandemonium. Separate facts and speeches glared horribly at her, while whole connections escaped. She had a general sense of having behaved very stupidly, because she had misunderstood so largely at the beginning. She had been so totally unprepared.

A key in the lock, a step in the hall, and the girl rose quickly to meet the inquiring gaze of her brother.

"Hello—all alone? Woodruff gone?"

"Yes. I'm just putting out the light."

She lifted her arm to it as she spoke, grateful for the following darkness. But Fred waited in the hall until she came out, and his question betrayed a casual perception of something unusual in the air.

"Pretty early, isn't it?"

"Nearly eleven."

"Well, isn't that early for you two?"

"Perhaps we've reformed."

Something odd in her tone, or in the laugh that floated back as she ran up the stairs before him, sustained his interest.

"Haven't had a tiff, have you?" It was her chance.

"Several of them!" briskly.

"Well, well—sweet bells jangled out of tune again?" His tone did not attach much importance to the affair. At the head of the flight he pushed open the door of the den where the rest of the family were playing a voluble game of whist. After a moment's hesitation Rose came back down the hall and joined them. To escape at once to her room would be to invite suspicion of emotion. She leaned in the doorway, vaguely smiling.

Her other brother, James, was there, her father, and the two aunts. They had suspended playing to talk. "Harry gone?" they asked her, for something to say.

"For good," said the young lady, with composure.

They gave her announcement the benefit of a quick glance, then dismissed it with a smile or a sniff.

"Till about seven-thirty to-morrow evening," James observed, voicing the general opinion, and began to deal afresh.

"Oh, I'm serious—I mean it!" The girl's tone betrayed excitement and drew the eyes her way again.

"What's it all about?"

"Everything—and nothing! But I'm—*through*."

In the ensuing pause her words appeared to sink in.

"What has Harry been up to?" Her father's tone was grave.

"Oh, nothing, nothing! We've just agreed to disagree, that's all."

"Ah!" The Judge slipped from concern to tolerant amusement with the follies of the young.

"'To be wroth with one we love doth work like madness in the brain,'" he quoted, smiling.

Rose gave her laugh to the general stir of amusement.

"Kiss and make up, sis," her brother advised.

"You'll wait a little before I do," she prophesied gaily, said her good-nights, and departed with a feeling of momentary safety. They did not believe in the seriousness of the quarrel, they might never believe in her indifference to the separation, but they *would* believe that she had contributed to it.

Oh, the unspeakable relief of being at last alone in her room! The bitter joy of surrender to her pain!

Never in her three and twenty years had she known such tears; they burned her eyes and streamed down her face like hot rain. She cast herself on the bed, shaking with hard, rasping sobs that seemed to be tearing the very heart out of her body. But the tears did not ease her; the intolerable pain in her chest increased till she felt as if some giant hand were closing tightly about her poor heart, gripping, crushing, till her sick imagination could see the red drops running through the ruthless fingers.

The story of a quarrel seemed the only possible one, but—and her lips went white at the thought—there was his marriage with that other girl to reckon with. How long would he have the decency to wait? She judged, fearfully, that it would think a couple of months long. In his supreme indifference to public opinion he might not realize the exquisite suffering to her in such exposure. And he was so terribly infatuated! Ah, the other girl—who was she?

Bitterly Rose began to piece out the reconstructed story. For seven years, even in their college days, she had been engaged to Woodruff. The slowness of a good business opportunity had been their only anxiety, but this had weighed more lightly on the girl than on him, for while he was alone at a boarding house, she had her family and friends, the resources of readier means, of travel and society. It was these same resources that had been her undoing, for while she had spent the long summer away at the shore, Woodruff, sweltering in the hot city, had found distraction in the society of a fellow boarder—a little stenographer.

And Rose, when she returned that fall, had not known that he was different! Tired, yes, and a little overworked, but he had clung so closely to her, urged her so to marry him at once, now that the business way was suddenly clear, that no premonition of disaster had troubled her bright plans.

Looking back over the past, the girl was strangely humble. She acquitted Woodruff from any blame. Trapped in a sudden surge of feeling, he had struggled hard, and had been trying, in pathetic hope, to give her old fascinations their chance over him. And she had failed him! Pitifully she accused herself now of too dull security and overabsorption in gowns and furnishings and bridesmaids. The other girl had been quite miserably, frankly loving him, and had won.

A phrase of his scattered sentences came sharply to her, "She has nothing else—you have so much else."

Yes, she had so much else! She gave a strangled sob as she looked at the bright, soft, empty luxury of her pretty room.

Her throat throbbed painfully. She put a hand to still it, and lay back quietly on her bed, not crying again nor sobbing, but staring out wide eyed into the long desolation ahead.

In the immediate days that followed, Rose, with her sorry secret, felt like a hunted creature at bay before a world of enemies. They were all foes, in a way, to be faced—the gossiping girls, the curious friends, the bluntly disgusted brothers, the disturbed aunts, even quiet, kindly father.

To them all she gave the same determinedly bright front, the same scanty depth of information: "It was just a mistake, and we found it out in time."

"Pretty late time—three months before the wedding," snorted a brother.

"Better than three months after."

"The knowledge seemed to arrive by lightning. There was no premonition in the way you were ranting about your future sphere that night at dinner."

"Oh, I shall probably rant on. I still have a future, even if I haven't a fiancé!"

It was all very well done, considering. Rose had moments of strange wonder at herself. To her own inner vision pride lay prostrate and bleeding, but to the public eye it presented an invulnerable front, and her will stiffened her to heroic appearance of unconcern, of ease, of old-time gaiety.

She had not seen Woodruff again. His ring had gone to him with a carefully friendly note, and her letters were returned with another note. His letters she had promised to destroy, but the day had not come when she found strength to do so.

The weeks went by in a tension of dread for the blow that was to come. It fell even sooner than she had expected, on the night of the Thanksgiving cotillion.

Her brother brought the news when he came from the dressing room.

"Look here, do you know what the fellows are saying?" Fred was visibly stirred. "They say that Woodruff is *married*—married this week to some girl on the West Side!"

Rose's answer, when it came, struck him as irrelevant to the feminine extreme.

"What night was it?"

"What difference does that make? Monday, Tuesday—ask Brown. He has just received the announcement. But did you know?"

"He's found quick consolation," the girl laughed evasively, and then plunged into other subjects as Cecil Evarts, her escort, joined them.

She was grateful for the sudden noisy music and the whirl of the dance, into which she threw herself with a kind of furious oblivion, but through it all her thoughts were beating to the one tune over and over again: "Married—married—married."

It had been on Tuesday, she presently learned, Tuesday, when she had been chatting to casual callers and later trying on the dress that she was now wearing, a pretty, fluffy pink thing, once destined for her trousseau.

A tag end of a sentence came to her from a couple dancing past: "And she's so pretty, too!" The direction of their gaze was unmistakable and Rose dared not look at Evarts to see if he, too, fitted in the connection.

To her exquisitely sensitive perception the news seemed to spread like a tongue of fire, till it ringed her in with stares, whispers, nudges, surmises. She held her head high and flirted desperately with sudden chills of fear lest her head were *too* high, her gaiety too insistent.

She did not know which were harder to endure—the people who spoke of it, or the people who did not. The open reference offered an opportunity to be unconcerned and chatty; she judged her wisest course to be apparent frankness and surprise.

"No, I haven't received a card yet—it didn't take long, did it?" was her formula to the intimates she could meet on that ground, but her cheeks were too crimson, her eyes too bright, her whole expression too charged with nervous vivacity to escape scrutiny.

She began to read pity in the eyes about her, to feel understanding in the airy offhand way her friends helped to carry the thing off, and this was the bitterest drop of all that bitter cup. Curiosity she could find pleasure in baffling, maliciousness lent a grim zest to the combat, but to be *pitied*—to be pointed out as poor dear Rose who had been thrown over almost on the eve of marriage—was more than she could well bear. She felt pilloried in the stocks before the focused eyes of that gossiping room, and longed increasingly for some weapon of defense, of retaliation, but she had been too faithful to Woodruff to have any smoldering irons in the fire now ready to her hand. She would have given uncounted years of her young life for a man to flaunt in the public gaze. Cecil Evarts, her escort and an old acquaintance, was the nearest approach to it that she possessed, and she made the most of him.

But Evarts, though appreciative, was not inflammable He was a tall, thin, high-shouldered man of thirty-five, with cool, amused gray eyes and a pleasant manner that meant notoriously nothing. Still Evarts was kind; there was a consideration in his manner that night that told perhaps of some inner understanding and compassion, and on the homeward way the girl's distraught mind caught itself veering about the possibility of a direct appeal to him.

Suppose she should say, "Woodruff deserted me and I cannot bear the pity, the talk—will you give me the shield of a so-called engagement with you for a few days? I shall not trouble you long."

Even in her unhappiness a faint smile curved the girl's lips at the notion. Yet she did not put it away. Evarts had no other interests, to her knowledge, no family to be considered. He was whimsical, clever, chivalrous. Was it too absurd—

"A penny for your thoughts," he questioned.

Rose, from her corner, flashed rather a queer glance through the dusk of the carriage. "You'd be surprised if you got them," she ventured with a little quaver that might have been intended for the laugh it ultimately trailed off into.

"We'd all of us be surprised, I dare say," he observed with the instinct of making for safe waters, "if we knew what was under the other fellow's head!"

The placid generalization made her idea suddenly too utterly melodramatic, ridiculous, impossible. How could she have even harbored the thought of such a monstrous imposition? And suppose he should have refused! She had a moment when the sense of escape from imminent peril covered her inner conviction of cowardice, and then, the next moment, came the inspiration. She sat bolt upright.

"What time is it?"

"One o'clock—quarter after, to be exact."

"There's time enough. Is there any place near here I can telephone? I have forgotten something—I must do it at once."

"Why, haven't you a telephone?"

"It's in father's room, and I don't want to disturb him now. Are the drug stores all closed?"

"There's the Victoria Hotel."

"Do tell the man to hurry," she urged, and then leaned back in her corner, thinking very hard and fast. She did not speak again until she returned from the telephone booth.

"I know you think this a mad performance, but it was truly important," she pleaded then, and Evarts was too inured to feminine vagaries more than to faintly wonder at her excitement.

Rose had meant to be the first downstairs that next morning, but the sleep that had refused to visit her until after the chill winter's dawn was reddening the east held her then prisoner till the crescendo of the breakfast chimes.

The other members of the family were all in the room as she hurriedly entered, and might have posed at that minute for an excellently balanced group of Utter Amazement, as four of them clustered behind Aunt Agatha, who still sat at her place at the table, the newspaper outspread before her. Rose wondered how they had chanced so soon on that item, and then remembered that they were looking, of course, for Woodruff's announcement. Then the sheer astoundedness of the five pairs of eyes turned toward her struck her as comical; she stood hesitating how best to begin, till her father's voice broke into the silence with chill, ominous courtesy.

"Perhaps you will now have the kindness to tell us who John Ranville Taylor, of Los Angeles, might be?"

It was going to be worse than she had thought, the girl felt with a sinking of the heart, and then a swift rally to meet the need.

"Oh, *please* don't take it that way—it's all right and there's nothing for any of you to object to but the way I announced it! And I'll tell you all about that in a minute. Mr. Taylor is an Amherst man—I knew him at college, and ever so nice, and I saw him again last summer when I was visiting the girls—and this—this all occurred—at least the beginning of it. I didn't want to say anything to anybody till I was *sure*—especially when Harry Woodruff and I had made such a mistake after all that time—but when Harry got married so soon I—I was just fool enough to run out and telephone my engagement to the papers! I didn't see any use in waking you all up and telling you last night, but please don't be disgusted with me."

The solid front of the opposition began to melt, Rose felt, and the dissolving of the group converted the earlier culprit-at-the-bar effect into the semblance of a normal breakfast discussion. Unheeding her aunt's ejaculations upon the modern girl, Rose rushed on with her explanations. The Mr. Taylor she revealed to them was a miracle of desirability. He was at present in California, engaged on some construction work, but in the spring he was coming to Chicago, and until that time, she declared, she did not want him to know that she had announced the engagement.

"In other words," the Judge questioned, with returning humor, "you have published the engagement without accepting the man?"

"Oh, no, I've accepted him—provisionally, that is, on your approving when you meet him. I was an idiot to tell the papers, but he'll never hear of it, and I want him to come on in the spring as if nothing had happened, and then if you like him we'll reannounce things for his benefit. Just let me manage it."

"You seem amply qualified for so doing," her father returned with mild sarcasm, and Rose perceived that the citadel had surrendered at discretion. Nay, more. If this John Taylor proved to be possible, she shrewdly suspected that the family was not unpleased even at her methods of announcement. It relieved their minds about her and gave them a solid fact to oppose to leading questions about that broken engagement.

Oh, it was wonderful, she discovered on that day and after, what John Ranville Taylor did for her; he was both sword and shield; he accounted tremendously for everything. Not for a moment did she hint of him as cause of the broken engagement—Woodruff and she had disagreed, she continued to aver, and had each found consolation, that was all. It was enough if people did not think she was eating her heart out. But people continued to infer what people pleased, and the girl's reticence, her embarrassed blushes, all promoted the story of her infatuation with the new fiancé.

Time went by, some two years and a half of it—a slow, difficult time of readjustment. There was many a milestone for the girl to pass. One such milestone was the day when, in hard defiance, she trimmed a new dancing frock with the lace once bought for her wedding dress; the day when in wearing that frock she forgot to remember the irony of that lace was another stone.

After a foreign winter of cathedrals and crooked streets, Rose was back on the great shopping way of State Street again, trailing lazily in the spring languor from one window to another, pleasantly occupied with chiffons and parasols, when the long expected occurred.

It was only a brief moment's glance of startled recognition and a hurried bow. Involuntarily she looked back to find that Woodruff was doing the same, and in annoyance looked quickly away again. She was chiefly conscious of unlimited disgust at being caught in the old raincoat the morning had required when she had left home, aware that she looked anything but her best in it, with dentist-ruffled hair, among the smartly gowned shoppers that had come out with the sunshine of afternoon. Woodruff, in that passing flash, had seemed handsomer than ever.

An impulse of reflection and very feminine self-research led her to turn for a solitary ice into Kehoe's, where she bumped somewhat sharply against an emerging man. It was a day of meetings!

"Did I quite knock you down?" Evarts was inquiring. In compensation he turned back and accompanied her to a vacant table in a corner of the inner room.

Rose chatted at random, while pursuing the inner train of thought the glimpse of Woodruff had occasioned; then, catching sight of her reflection in the opposite mirror, shook her head at it sadly.

"It's worse than I thought," she broke off her desultory remarks to murmur.

"I'm deeply repentant—have *two* ices!"

"Oh, it's not your assault! I mean the general rumpled-up-ness and soot spots. And to-day of all days!" She put her elbows on the marble-topped table and leaned confidently across to him, venting her excitement in speech. "I've been seeing ghosts, Mr. Evarts!" she declared with vivacity.

"Ghosts? And have they left you able to cope with this?" He indicated the chocolate, walnut and whipped-cream concoction just placed before her.

"You mustn't jest."

"How does it feel?"

"I don't know." Her tone hinted of underlying seriousness. "That's just what I'm asking myself. *What* am I feeling? *Am* I feeling anything at all? Do you ever ask yourself that?"

"I, too, generally know. I don't feel."

"Not anything?" Her uplifted eyes held his in question, but he escaped the confessional with a light "Oh, I swear when I miss a car, of course."

"I could have sworn at this revolting raincoat! It was the last time I'd have chosen to be a fright." Then, elliptically, "It was Harry Woodruff."

Evarts looked amused. "Yes, I remember. You *have* had a past for such a young thing! And what has become of his supplanter—Mr. Taylor, wasn't it? Didn't I hear that it was all over with him, too?"

"Long ago." Rose knew Evarts' thought of her well—a chatty, impulsive, volatile young person—and was suddenly and irresistibly tempted to startle him from his provoking calm and flash the truth at him in all its blackness. "He didn't exist. There wasn't any Mr. Taylor."

Then as he only continued to stare, half expectant of some joke, "I invented him!" she brought out.

Still he stared. "Oh, it's true—deadly true," she answered his look. "There wasn't any John Ranville Taylor. I just made him up. And I never told a single soul about it before."

She could see he was asking himself why she was telling *him* now.

"It's such a relief to confess," she went on. "All criminals do in time, don't they? And you are such a dependent person. Are you shocked to everlasting silence?"

"But why—why?"

"Just sheer insanity—false pride. You see, I hadn't quarreled with Harry Woodruff—he happened to care more for another girl, and so I—I wanted another man."

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 54]

A DERELICT

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY ORSON LOWELL

PART SIX

AN OUTLINE OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 48

MISS SNELL was visibly worse the next day. Symptoms that had been banished two and three months before reasserted themselves. She complained of improbable throbbings, impossible pains; one hour her right arm was pronounced helpless, the next she was unable to walk. Weeks of apparent gain seemed to be swept away by some hysterical excitement, the source of which Doctor Diman labored in vain to discover. He was called away for the day, and went most reluctantly.

"If you can only find out what she has got in her head!" were his last words to Ann. She smiled courageously over her promise to try. Neither had made any allusion to last night, even when the doctor had handed her a penciled note, found on the breakfast table, in which Ernest announced, without explanations, that he had gone off for two or three days.

Cassandra came down late, her eyes heavy, her lips in a very straight line. She was not surprised to find Ernest gone; the look in his face last night, when, pale and oppressed, they entered the empty hall, had been a revealing one. The whole evening had been leading up to some such explanation. The scene had been obviously set for romance. Cassandra, strung with vivid consciousness of her own vitality and power and angrily reckless how she used them, had looked to see this inexperienced young teacher of botany crumple helplessly before her. He was to be the sacrifice to her hurt vanity, the scapegoat for her suffering. They went swinging through miles of green country in an open car, mercifully deserted; they dined under grape vines, four elbows on the little table and a bottle of *vin ordinaire* between them; they came swinging home again through the scented darkness, and all the time the young botanist had laughed, argued, admired—and looked on. He was like a spectator at an exciting new show; no applause was withheld, but at the close he would go peaceably home—to his own. And what his own was she saw with startling clearness as they came into the lamplight.

"Didn't you know she was in love with him?" she had asked, with a laugh that must have seemed to him heartless.

"In love—with Doctor Diman?" he repeated dazedly.

"Good heavens, yes! Haven't you seen it?" It was a relief to be impatient with him. "But I never dreamed that he—a man of his—" The dryness of her mouth stopped her.

"Of course. A man like that—she would be, naturally," he stammered. "They are—I think, if you will excuse me, I will—" He turned to the stairs and left her without a look. So he was explained, this untried young professor who had withstood so genially her imperious femininity. In love with Ann Blossom, of course; every one was in love with Ann Blossom! Her breath came sobbingly, though her eyes were dry and hard. That was the sort of woman who always won; dependent and innocent and—

"Oh, *God*," broke sharply from her. She pressed her palm against her shaking mouth and ran up to her room.

Miss Snell spent the morning in bed, but after luncheon let Ann persuade her to come down where it was cooler and established herself in the doctor's office. As she showed an inclination to doze, Ann stole out, leaving the door ajar.

"If she wants anything, would you mind calling me?" she whispered to Cassandra, who was busy at her desk.

"Certainly," was the dry answer. It was the first time that they had spoken to each other that day, and their eyes did not meet.

Ann went upstairs, but evidently Miss Snell could not sleep. Cassandra heard her sighing and twisting. Presently she rose and went with hurried, furtive steps to the mantelpiece. Cassandra, by leaning forward, could see her standing in front of its old-fashioned mirror, staring intently at her own reflection. The narrow, melancholy face with its little patch of sandy curls above and the flaring plaid bow beneath seemed to have hypnotized her into immobility; but presently she began to try small feminine experiments, pitifully out of keeping with her harassed eyes and drawn mouth. She lifted the little curls back into a pompadour, then tried the effect of parting and drawing them down across her high temples. The plaid bow was turned up into a stock, then concealed under a handkerchief, whose lace edge was shaped into a turn-down collar by the tremulous fingers. Her cheeks were rubbed to raise a momentary red.

Cassandra drew back in disgust. "The old fool!" was her impatient thought. This, of course, was the effect of the ardent message that she had found on Burnett's card; she supposed that her charms had aroused some vehement passion, and, woman like, was anxious to go on with the good work. Cassandra had a brief laugh for the idea, but there was little amusement in it. Burnett's message and Miss Snell's vagaries seemed equally remote and unimportant in the misery that had closed down on her since last night.

As the afternoon wore on, Miss Snell grew more flighty and restless. Cassandra could hear her talking vehemently to herself, moving incessantly from couch to chair and from chair to couch. Whenever the door bell rang, she gave a startled gasp and fled into the back regions of the house. Cassandra grew as uneasy as Ann evidently was, and they both watched impatiently for Doctor Diman, though from different rooms.

He came at last with his unhurried step, his hat pushed back on his head, the little rose drooping on his shapeless coat. Cassandra, watching him from the window, felt a sudden burning anguish behind her eyes. Here, at last, was the man whom one could love without compromise. She had looked for him before on coaches and automobiles, in ball rooms, in country houses and city streets, looked, in her crass ignorance, wherever there was a proper coat or an alluring background; but out of these necessary accessories, the man of iron strength and clean heart had never confronted her. And now, having found him, she knew that the accessories to which she had committed herself were as nothing; but, because she was too late, because, too, she was spoiled and vulgarized by the life she had led, because she had accepted the grim necessity of compromise, the best was not for her. And yet, in that moment, it seemed to her that if he would just once put his arms about her as he had put them about Ann Blossom last night, she could bear anything life might send.

At the sound of Caspar's step on the gravel, Miss Snell, who had been induced to lie down, started up with a gasp that was almost a scream. He came in hurriedly.

"What was that?" he demanded. Miss Snell's strained, twitching face at the office door was answer enough. He took her upstairs at once, without so much as a glance of greeting for the two girls. An hour passed before he came down into the hall where they were waiting, each seemingly unconscious of the other.

"She has gone to sleep with an opiate," he said in answer to their unspoken question. "Ann, I don't suppose you found out what she has got on her mind? I'd give a year's income to know," he added, a hand clasping the back of his neck.

"Why, I think I know," said Cassandra.

"You do!" There was exasperation as well as relief in his tone, and she stiffened.

"It is a guess, of course. On her birthday I turned over to her some flowers that had been sent me, and, unfortunately, she found a card in them. I don't know what it said," her color rose, "but no doubt something that made her think some one—was—very much—struck by her. I tried to see the card when I had her black silk bag, but she caught me and was furious—naturally enough. I should rather like to get hold of the card."

"He sat looking after her with a satisfaction that was still reassuringly humble"

Caspar listened with grave eyes averted. "Ann, do you think you could steal into her room and get the card?" he asked after a pause.

She was off at once, her eagerness to serve restoring a momentary brightness to her face. When she had brought the desired envelope, she slipped out. The doctor gave it to Cassandra and walked away as she opened it.

The message made her frown impatiently. It had somewhat the same effect on Caspar, to whom she handed it

Coming Sunday—tired of waiting to be asked. I'd rather be thrown out than never see you. G. B.

"Why, to-morrow will be Sunday!" Cassandra exclaimed. "I suppose she thought some admirer was coming to see her," she added as he said nothing.

"Yes; and the two days of suspense have undone the work of two months—of all four months, perhaps. Miss Joyce, I wouldn't have had this happen for anything on earth."

"I am sure it has been no pleasure to me!"

"But why you didn't tell me! Why you let me blunder on, not understanding! How could you be so thoughtless?"

"Ah, it is no use!" She lifted her hands in passionate exasperation. "I am only a failure here, I do nothing right. I shall take the one way out."

"You mean?" His anger had vanished.

"I mean that any life whatever will be better than this," she answered out of her blinding pain.

"Well, I suppose we can have dinner now. It is only three quarters of an hour after time," said Miss Myrtle plaintively from the doorway.

The next morning might have been taken as an object lesson in the disadvantages of what Miss Myrtle called "gratitude service." Hattie, the one really sound and efficient member of the household staff, went to church.

"I feel dreadfully at not going, myself, but I'd like to know what would become of the house if I did," Miss Myrtle sighed. The remark was as regular a part of Sunday breakfast as the fish balls, and usually excited no more comment, but to-day Caspar took it up and briefly ordered her to go. He would not listen to her expostulations.

"I think church would do you good," he commented. "And take luncheon with Aunt Jennie; you are always complaining that you never see her."

"But, Caspar—"

"We won't argue about it. Go where you please, but don't come back into this house before four o'clock. I don't propose to have any one kept a prisoner." He was as near irritability as she had ever seen him, and she went disconsolate to get ready.

"Don't blame me if there isn't any luncheon," she warned them.

Ann Blossom started to tidy the living room, and got so far as to pile the faded flowers on a newspaper and to fill a chair with brushes and dusters. Then she recollected that certain young plants in the experiment garden would need shelter from the hot sun, and hurried out to attend to them. She apparently forgot to come back, so Cassandra took hold herself, finding relief in activity. She had never handled brush or duster before, yet in five minutes she was using them more efficiently than Ann did. The dust pan puzzled her at first; the dust seemed to go round and under it rather than in.

"Hold it in your left hand and press it down harder," said a voice over her head. Caspar was looking on from the doorway. "And use the brush more lightly—like this." He took it from her, and together they engineered the fluff of dust into the receptacle. Then he brushed off his knee with his hand and went on up to Miss Snell. Cassandra had not lifted her eyes nor spoken. It was the first time that he had approached her since her fiery declaration of last night; he had given no least sign of any desire to turn her from its consequences. Her heart sagged heavily as she looked at the clock. Burnett would probably come early in the afternoon. And then—

"What else can I do?" she cried to herself. When she had finished downstairs she went to her room and began to pack her clothes. If it had to be, it might as well come as soon as possible. "Perhaps this is my wedding day!" she thought with a short laugh.

At lunch time she found a table for three spread in one end of the great hall.

"It is so much cooler than the dining room; but Miss Myrtle won't let us when she is home," Ann explained with resolute cheerfulness. "Hattie hasn't come back."

"Wise Hattie," was the languid comment. Ann went into the office to drag the doctor forth, and Cassandra shut her eyes and ears in feverish dread of seeing or hearing some evidence of the secret bond between them. Ann had evidently pulled him forcibly to his feet; her right hand still held his left as they came in. That she need not see their faces, Cassandra began to fill the teacups hurriedly.

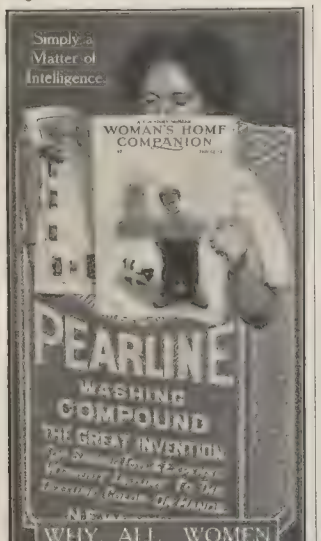
"But there isn't any tea in it!" said Ann suddenly. True enough, the stream from the teapot was clear hot water. Ronsard, who had, fortunately, just set down the salad bowl, flung up his hands, bony fingers hooking desperately at high heaven.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" he cried so tragically that they laughed. Ann tried to comfort him, but he was too intent on repairing the mistake to heed, and went off muttering execrations on himself.

"How can I cut it without any knife?" asked Caspar presently, after feeling about under the edges of the platter that held the cold chicken.

"Ah, don't tell him! He will feel so dreadfully,"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 47]



WHY ALL WOMEN SHOULD USE

PEARLINE

It's no longer a Question — Who uses Washing Powder? But Who's Who?—What's What? When and How Much?

¶ A careful census shows that NINE TENTHS of the People use a Washing Powder of some sort.

¶ The others might be called the "Submerged Tenth". Some use SOAPY powders, others NON-SUDSING powders with Soap, but Powder of some sort Most of the Time—by Most of the People.

¶ The Well-to-Do — those who have the best opportunity to Know and Get the best, those who have the Finer things to care for — who use Wits instead of Muscles, use PEARLINE, the ORIGINAL and BEST Soap Powder.

¶ The more Intelligent — the more Careful the Woman — the more surely is she a PEARLINE User. She knows PEARLINE insures Perfect Cleanliness with Least Labor, and she also knows that PEARLINE is Harmless to Skin—Fabrics and Colors—in fact it preserves them. Think of the Saving in washing without rubbing — PEARLINE does that.

¶ In Hard or Soft, Hot or Cold water try PEARLINE as per directions. Instead of Soap, Soap Powder, Washing Powder, Borax, Naphtha, Kerosene—Instead of whatever you may be using — You'll easily recognize the Better results and the Saving of Labor and Clothing which means Health and Money.

¶ Don't use Soap — Don't use anything with PEARLINE—It's simply a waste of inferior material to use anything except Your Wits to help PEARLINE.

WHAT THE EMMANUEL MOVEMENT HAS DONE FOR ME

THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF A WELL-KNOWN WOMAN WRITER

I WISH there were any way in which I could bring home to the readers of the COMPANION the importance—the life-and-death, heaven-and-hell importance—of the principle underlying the work which Dr. Elwood Worcester and his colleagues are doing in the Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Boston. If only the newspapers had not taken all the meaning out of the phrase "epoch making." For epoch making it is: It makes an epoch in the life of the man, or, let us say, the woman, who, once for all, grasps the full force of it.

Wise doctors and clergymen in all time have used empirically their knowledge of the wonderful power for good or for evil that the mind has over the body—that is, they have made use of the fact as they might of some well-established patent medicine, without concerning themselves to analyze their remedy. Of late years, however, men in and out of the medical profession have begun to look for reasons, to form theories, to try to put such treatment on a scientific basis.

As I said, the therapeutic, the curing, value of mind has always been more or less known, but not the extent to which it could be applied, nor how to make it work in a legitimate fashion, that mentally self-respecting people could utilize. If a woman's mind were of such caliber that she could believe in the efficacy of a dip in a consecrated fish pond, or if her troubles could be exorcised for her by such formulas as, "There is no evil in the world, because God is everywhere, and if God is everywhere, where is there any room for evil?" In such case she could call to her aid religious emotion, which has, quite comprehensibly, always held the key to these hidden powers of mind. If, on the other hand, she was so constituted as to find it impossible to believe in miracles or to accept nonsense as a great spiritual truth, if she were incapable of mystic ecstasy, there did not seem to be any way in which she could tap those underground springs and get at their healing waters. Such a way has now been revealed in the Emmanuel Church work.

We All Have Two Minds

The most valuable clue we owe to the psychologists, the men who experiment with the manner in which our brains work, who concern themselves with the machinery of our minds rather than with their contents. These men have often been reproached for not "getting anywhere" with their expensive laboratories and nice measurements of sensations; but they have vindicated themselves in their theory of accounting for the action of mind on body. They tell us that, apart from our bodily functions and our conscious mental life, there is in each one of us a hitherto unexplored field of what they call subconscious mind, which has a direct and powerful influence on our waking and sleeping life. We can often catch glimpses of it working; as, for instance, in the actions we perform automatically when our conscious minds are busy with something more pressing. The subconscious mind is also called the subliminal self, from a Latin word meaning *threshold*—it is over the threshold of our consciousness. Although we are never aware of this subconscious mind, though we don't in the least know what it is doing to us at any particular moment, nevertheless we find that there are ways in which we can limit and extend its action on our conscious minds. We can increase its power for good and lessen its power for harm. Like most other forces, it is, in itself, quite unmoral, performing its functions regardless of the effect for good or ill.

To sum it up, we have discovered that we have in us a valuable ally of whose existence we have never before been aware, who can be persuaded to back us up in the lifelong fight which each one of us wages against evil. What they are teaching at Emmanuel Church are the methods by which we can get into communication with this ally and bend its forces to our aid.

The principal one of these methods of communication has been called *suggestion*, and has been picturesquely described as "getting ideas into the mind by the back door." By means of suggestion we can reach parts of ourselves that seemed hopelessly out of the control of our conscious minds—things for which we have hitherto felt there was no remedy, like our fears and the irregularity of our bodily functions which drugs do not cure.

Suggestion seems to act in quite a different way from reasoning with one's self. It works so much more quickly and forcibly than reasoning. It is commanding one's self, and it has all the superior force of a command over an argument. Suppose that one's feelings are hurt; one can argue forever that it is silly to mind, can reason it all out that there is not legitimate cause for suffering so, and still the pain persists. Nothing can take the sting out but the beneficent action of time. A few days ago I had just such an experience: My vanity had received a blow. I was shown that I wasn't of consequence where I had supposed myself to be of great consequence. All my preaching didn't do an atom of good. I couldn't get rid of the horrid little ache just to the left of the third button of my blouse. All of a sudden it occurred to me that I could apply my new knowledge and stop the pain. I put all the force I possessed into my words, and I said four or five times, "You are not to mind this any more. You have wasted enough valuable life in being unhappy over it."

Real Cure in My Own Case

Strange to say, from that moment to this I have not felt a pang. The subject has come into my head only in the most casual fashion. I'll not deny that the moment for stopping caring might, unknown to me, have been just about to arrive and that I simply hurried it on. Even so, it was worth while.

In another field, however, the regulating of bodily functions, I have been successful past any question. By diet plus suggestion I have found it possible to cure certain physical ills of twenty years' standing when diet alone had always failed.

To practise on yourself psychotherapeutics, for so the new science is called, from two Greek words meaning *soul* and *heal*, if you are a woman of strong character it is not necessary that you consult any one. I myself have never been any one's patient. I became interested in the subject before the Emmanuel Church work was started, by reading Dr. Paul Dubois' "Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders" (translated by Doctor Jelliffe and published by Funk and Wagnalls of New York). Doctor Dubois is a physician of Berne, Switzerland, who for many years has been curing his patients of functional diseases without the use of drugs, by mind training only. His methods and the detail of these cures he sets down in the book, a very long one, but extremely interesting. It has had a tremendous effect, particularly on the doctors who have read it. No one could read it intelligently and not be influenced by it.

Going at It in the Right Way

As for myself, my health has improved steadily from my first reading of it. I have always been a neurasthenic, oppressed with a great deal more ill health than could be accounted for by any actual disease. I suffered particularly from the characteristic symptom of neurasthenia, fatigue. I was absolutely good for nothing and had to waste an inordinate amount of time lying idle on a couch. Anything, everything and nothing, used me up completely. Months in a sanitarium did me no good. And yet I am not in the least a self-indulgent person. On the contrary, I have always taken my ill health lightly, disliking to talk or even to think of it, and forgetting it as if it had never been, in the rare intervals when I did find myself able to play my part in life. I always worked, whether I was able or not; I always took exercise; I never cherished grievances or brooded over troubles. And so, when people talked of the benefits of mind cure, I smiled to myself, thinking, "All these things have I done from my youth up." So I had, but I had not done them in the right way. I shall never be robust, but now I have strength enough for the day's needs, and often a little to spare.

My experience has given me a great desire to reach and help women who are suffering as I was. And yet I suppose I have received only the minimum benefit, because I had always trained myself so much. To women who have never practised amateur mind cure, who, for instance, have allowed themselves to be "downed" by circumstances, who have let trouble work its will, who, in short, have accepted themselves just as they were born into the world, on such women the teachings of psychotherapeutics, coming in all freshness, might have a miraculous effect. I do believe with all my heart that neurasthenics—that is, people who are ill without any adequate physical cause—have in psychotherapeutics an absolute cure, provided always that they have strength of will and possibilities of breadth of mind, any fulcrum of character from which to work.

There is No New Mystery in This Cure

The comfort of it is that it does not outrage common sense, makes no demands on one's credulity. There is healing possibility in it for all mankind, from atheist to Roman Catholic. There is no mystery about it, except the natural, inevitable mystery of the working of forces beyond our knowledge—God-made, not man-made mystery. It is a portion of the same mystery that is in the revolution of the planets around the sun, which no computing of their orbits and their relative speed can take away. We are not asked to believe a thing that the least credulous of minds cannot freely accept.

Of course, in the special development of psychotherapeutics that we find at Emmanuel Church, religion is introduced into the cure, especially prayer and the resulting spiritual exaltation, and these are most valuable allies, in that they provide the most effectual means of concentrating all one's forces on the desired end. Nevertheless, it is quite possible even there to abstract the methods and apply them in a purely ethical way. Jews and people of all Christian denominations are cordially welcomed into the classes.

What we hear most about is the effect of psychotherapeutics on health, but to my mind its effect on character is of even greater importance. It is on the moral, still more than on the physical, side that it arouses the deepest enthusiasm in lovers of mankind. Here we have a truly adequate motive to make bigger, better women of ourselves. Once we realize that not only our sins, but our petty faults and weaknesses, have the power to create actual definite disease in us (as Christian Science has so truthfully taught), we have taken the first step upward. Wise people have always known that selfishness, self-centered lives of all kinds, idleness, getting angry, brooding over grievances, and the like, have a bad effect on our health. What they have not known is that such things can cause definite disease of special organs; that, for instance, chronic dyspepsia is as often the results of a faulty outlook on life as of bad diet or insufficient exercise. Now, there are lots of people in the world who will make themselves over if they find that they can thereby rid themselves of pain and inconvenience, to whom the love of excellence in itself would never appeal.

Real Trouble and the Illness of Idleness

To be sure, the remedy for unhappiness, which I believe to be the commonest cause of neurasthenia, is not always within our reach. I do not believe any woman can be free from functional disease—that is, disease connected with the workings of her organs rather than with their structure—who is living under constant anxiety for the welfare, bodily or spiritual, of those she loves. I do not believe it is possible for her to be well under continued strain of real trouble of any kind. No one in debt beyond her power to pay, no one who is leading a life she feels to be wrong, who is deceiving those who trust her, no one in constant anxiety about her daily bread, can be well. Neither can a woman who is unhappily married for real cause, nor one very much in love and hopeless or doubtful of the issue. Eliminating such cases as these, which can, however, be greatly helped, there are still a great many left that psychotherapeutics can cure.

A large percentage of women are ill because they are idle, because they have not learned to see life in any other aspect than a playground, out of which their sole duty is to get as much amusement as possible. This theory works very well up to the thirties, so long as one is not disillusioned as to the possibilities of life and still believes ideal happiness to be around the next corner. The thirties are a dangerous time for all women who are so constituted that they cannot find exclusive satisfaction in material things. Then, for the first time, the truth is forced upon our attention, though even then we mostly refuse to heed it, that happiness is rarely given gratuitously, least often of all to the finest natures, that it has got to be bought by work, above all by service to others. Now, also, we are finding out that we have got to pay a price for our health as well as our happiness, and that the same money will often buy both. Here is a splendid economy of function!

EDITOR'S NOTE—More articles on the Emmanuel Movement and the larger subject of psychotherapy will appear in later numbers.

MODERN GERMAN MUSIC

WITH INTRODUCTION AND PROGRAM

BY MADAME BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER

Moszkowski as a piano composer stands head and shoulders above his contemporaries. I do not mean this in the sense of composers generally considered, in every branch of composition, but in the sense of a composer for the piano. He understands second to none how to bring out the particular effects of which the piano is capable. His piano passages and embellishments make the instrument sound as none has succeeded in displaying its resources since Chopin.

Moszkowski's French education, German birth and Polish descent have made an elegant combination, and he is a man whose music should be played by every great artist, as should that of Grieg. It is for this reason that I have included an extended selection from his works in this present list of German compositions.

To play Moszkowski's compositions perfectly and to bring out their best qualities require more skill than many would think. To play the notes of many of them is easy, but to play them with the elegance, grace and the rhythmical charm of which they are capable demands a good technique and a perfect knowledge of the pedal, which many good players have not.

Gustav Mahler, one of the greatest conductors of German Opera, is known to American audiences through his work at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

D'Albert was only about sixteen years old when he wrote the suite of which his Gavotte in D Minor is a number. This suite is one of the most remarkable in the history of music.

Richard Strauss, though the two pieces by him included in Program No. 2 are poetic and beautiful, can scarcely be named as a piano composer, for he has written comparatively little for that instrument, but they are of special interest because he is a central figure in the music of Germany to-day.

Program No. 1

Fugue, Opus 5, No. 3, Rheinberger: Requiring, as all fugues do, that the theme be brought out clearly wherever it appears, in this instance it will not be hard to accomplish, the piece being written in only two voices, or parts, one for each hand.

The theme appears at the very opening of the composition for the right hand alone, and great care should be taken that it dominate the other voice, as a melody, on each appearance.

Menuetto Scherzando, Opus 5, No. 3, Stavenhagen: Delicate, graceful and brightly melodious throughout, it requires an absolutely clean performance, with not a note slighted, the runs should be clear and even, and the interpretation distinguished by simplicity, every expression mark necessary having been inserted by the composer.

Gavotte in D minor, from Suite, Opus 1, D'Albert: This can be performed by the player with a modest technique, but it is a composition of such really splendid breadth and power that the more advanced the performer, the greater the possibilities of its effectiveness.

Stately from the beginning, it builds up a fine climax, which, written in staccato chords in the right hand and staccato octaves in the left, gradually increases in power, closing with a fortissimo demanding the pianist's full strength.

Barcarolle, Opus 13, No. 3, Nicodè: Note that the tied chords in the bass are held by the pedal throughout the bar, leaving that hand free to play other notes; that the accented notes are of special importance in the rhythm, and that melodic passages in the left hand, as in bars ten and twelve, should be clearly brought out.

Romantic Episodes (Romantische Episoden), Opus 65, No. 5, Philipp Scharwenka: Quiet and melodious, requiring mainly good tone and legato, it is not difficult technically.

At the Spring, Herrmann Scholtz: The best edition is the one fingered by Scharfenberg, and in correctly fingering it lies the secret of quickly mastering this brilliant, but only moderately difficult, number.

The tone should be firm and even. Let the pianos and pianissimos be what is called for, let the crescendos and diminuendos be made evenly and gradually, and all the shadings well defined.

The Chase (Die Jagd), Impromptu in E flat, Rheinberger: Opening with the call of the hunter's horn, the number enters at once upon a picture of the chase, the rhythm throughout indicating the galloping of the steed.

The middle portion of the piece is a short melody gentle in contrast, like a reverie in the midst of a scene. The ending is made more brilliant by a hurrying of the tempo in the seven closing bars.

Guitarre, Opus 45, No. 2, Moszkowski: Lightness and grace are the points to be observed in the performance of this charming and insinuating melody. The melody itself, in the right hand, above a guitar-like accompaniment, should sing out in all the varied shadings that Moszkowski has elaborately indicated in the expression marks.

Love Waltz (Liebeswalzer), Opus, 57, No. 5, Moszkowski: Moszkowski declares that grace and elegance are two of the principal qualities demanded in the performance of his compositions, and these are required by this number, characteristically flowing and melodious.

The long runs for the right hand, and the shorter ones divided between both hands, should be taken with firmness, force and bravura, which will not only add to the brilliancy in performance, but prove effective in contrast with the quieter, flowing passages of the waltz.

Tarantelle, Opus 11, Gustav Schumann: It might have been written by an Italian, so strongly is the melody of that character. Although brilliant, taken in the quick tempo indicated for its performance, and melodiously attractive, its technical demands are not great.

Program No. 2

Ballade, Opus 20, Reinecke: The delivery of the principal melody when it first appears, after a page of introduction written in arpeggios, is of special importance. It is the theme on which the piece is founded, and must be played in a clear, broad, firm manner to impress it upon the hearer, and following strictly the expression marks.

In the edition carefully edited by William Mason, the veteran pianist, the student is aided in bringing out the melody with greater certainty by fine lines marked from one melody note to the next. Having fixed the melody firmly in mind and fingers, the performer will be the better able to give it as if sung by a voice, as the character of the piece requires.

The Enchantress (Die Zauberin), Opus 44, No. 2, Jensen: One of a book of seven pieces, named by the composer Eroticon, and each founded on a poem or descriptive of the title given it, The Enchantress is a passionate melody of unusual beauty.

Nocturne, von Fielitz: The syncopated rhythm, and the melody in both the right and left hand, should be well mastered before any attempt is made to play the number with expression. The composer has written expression marks in every bar of the piece, and the player cannot well go astray.

Tarantelle, Opus 13, Nicodè: The main points to be observed are evenness of tone duration and smoothness, both qualities attendant on good scale playing, and a full development of the crescendo and diminuendo. The crescendo developed to the full power of the performer's fingers, crisp, brilliant, ringing, is the kind that makes an effect.

Dreams (Träumerei), Opus 9, No. 4, Richard Strauss: The number demands not technical skill, but musical thought, for

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 44]

EDITOR'S NOTE—The two programs of the piano pieces were carefully selected for the Companion by Madame Bloomfield-Zeisler, the first of these being made up of numbers of a very moderate difficulty, while the second is for performers of more advanced ability; both include compositions of wide range and variety in style.

Madame Bloomfield-Zeisler, preferring to confine her selections entirely to those for the piano, to which she has devoted her life study, deputed to Mr. Armstrong the selection of songs by German composers. These songs may, if desired, be interspersed in the piano recital programs, or given separately as a song recital program. All the songs in the list may be had with English words.

PROGRAM NO. 1

Fugue, G Minor	Rheinberger
Menuetto, Opus 5, No. 3.	Stavenhagen
Gavotte, D Minor,	D'Albert
Barcarolle	Nicodè
Romantic Episodes, Opus 65, No. 5,	Philipp Scharwenka
At the Spring	Herrmann Scholtz
The Chase	Rheinberger
Guitarre	Moszkowski
Love Waltz	Moszkowski
Tarantelle	Gustav Schumann

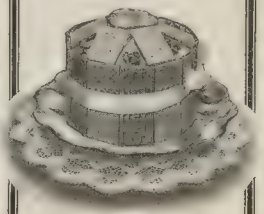
PROGRAM NO. 2

Ballade	Reinecke
The Enchantress	Jensen
Nocturne	von Fielitz
Tarantelle	Nicodè
Traumerei (Dreams)	Richard Strauss
Auf Stillem Waldespfad (On Still Forest Paths)	Richard Strauss
Staccato Study	X. Scharwenka
Menuett	Moszkowski
Etincelles (Sparks)	Moszkowski
Valse, Opus 34, No. 1	Moszkowski

SONGS

The Gardener	Hugo Wolf
Romance	Humperdinck
Wild Rose	Weingartner
Cradle Song	Ries
Night	Richard Strauss
Within My Heart a Song I Found	Bungert
Swabian Folk Song	Meyer-Helmund
Messenger of Love	Pfeffer
O Irmingard	von Fielitz
My True Love is a Weaver,	Hildach

Charlotte à la Princesse
Made with
NABISCO
SUGAR WAFERS



No other dessert confection has ever so satisfied that wholesome desire for a delicate sweet as

NABISCO
SUGAR WAFERS.

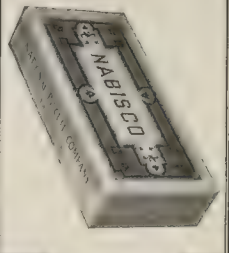
In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins

RECIPE

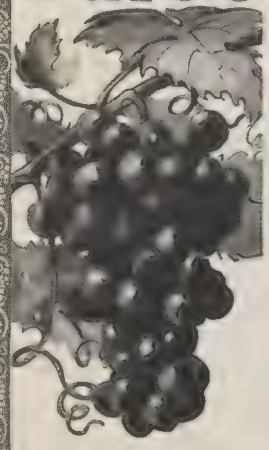
Remove center from a six-sided fruit cake and fill with Cocoanut Macaroons that have been soaked in lemon syrup, then spread over layer of apricot preserve. Cover edges with NABISCO Sugar Wafers. Keep in position with Royal Icing. Ornament corners with almond paste. Tie around with pretty ribbon. Before serving fill up center with whipped sweetened cream. Decorate with Festino and chopped Pistachio nuts.

FESTINO
Another dessert confection in the form of an almond enclosing a kernel of delicious cream

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Welch's Grape Juice



Purity in grape juice means plain grape juice; that is, juice as you find it in the grape.

Purity is lost by putting in preservatives or by adding coloring matter, or by diluting the juice or by lack of care in any step in manufacture.

Welch's Grape Juice is pure. The juice from the grapes we use needs nothing to prevent spoiling, nothing to heighten its color and nothing to enhance its food value.

The grapes are inspected before they are washed, washed before they are stemmed and stemmed before they are pressed.

They are the choicest Concords grown in the famous Chautauqua vineyards. We have learned how to transfer the juice from the luscious clusters to the bottle unchanged in any way.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send $3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice free. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Co.
WESTFIELD, N. Y.

BEAUTIES OF A THOUSAND YEARS

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

THE ILLUSTRATIONS, FROM RARE PRINTS AND PAINTINGS, ARE ON PAGES 32 AND 33

IN SELECTING these beauties of a thousand years the great galleries searched were: The Royal collections at Vienna and Berlin; the Prado, with its splendid treasures, at Madrid; the galleries that hold in Florence the heydey of Italy's art glories; the Louvre in Paris, for which Napoleon sacked the world as tribute to his victories; the Royal Gallery at Windsor; the National Gallery in London; the Gallery of Beauty at the old palace in Munich; the Hermitage Gallery in St. Petersburg, with a display of art almost barbaric in its opulence; the Museum at Frankfort; the Brugger collection, and many private sources.

Not the least interesting part of the result is revealed in the biographies of the subjects themselves, which show that in nearly every instance, while their great beauty may have placed or helped to place them in their exalted positions, it was in reality their charm of manner, of intellect or of nobility of character that sustained them there, and in the affections of their time.

Matilda of Scotland

The three earliest beauties in this collection are notable proofs of these loftier qualities. The first, Matilda of Scotland, was one of the foremost women of all time. Descended from Alfred, the daughter of Malcolm III., King of Scotland, and Queen Margaret, she was born in 1080. Left an orphan while very young, she was sent for safety to England and put in the care of a relative at the convent of Rumsey, and later at Wilton, where she was exceedingly well educated for her day.

Many offers of marriage were made her, but she finally accepted Henry, son of William the Conqueror, though not until the Saxons had plead with her to unite in marriage the families of Alfred and William, and thus put stop to further conflict.

Crowned queen of England, her nobility of mind and intelligence made her the king's best influence in life, and history pays her this great tribute: "It is to Queen Matilda that all constitutional blessings of England may be traced, for it was through her influence that her husband, Henry I., granted the important charter which formed the model and precedent of Magna Charta."

Berengaria of Navarre

The story of Berengaria of Navarre, Queen of Richard Coeur de Lion, is as royal a romance as the world ever held. They first met in Navarre at a tournament given by her brother Sancho the Strong. Richard, in the height of his power, was engaged to Princess Alice of France, but this meeting with Berengaria resulted in love at sight.

For a long time their engagement was held secret. When, finally, it became known, the King of France, indignant at the insult of indifference to his sister, threatened to plunge his country and England into war. But after weary waiting all ended happily one fine May morning in the Isle of Cypress, of which Richard was also king, and our portrait, copied from her effigy which was preserved in the Abbey of Espen, shows in her wedding robes Queen Berengaria, beloved by her husband and her subjects for her virtues and keen intelligence.

Saint Elizabeth

The third in the group, Elizabeth, Empress of Hungary, wife of Louis, Landgrave of Thuringia, and daughter of Andrew II. of Hungary, was born at Presburg in 1207, and died in Marburg, Germany, in 1231.

Her brief life was a poem of goodness, and after seven hundred years its short span—for she lived to be but twenty-four—shines forth as freshly as it did in those far-off days. Many a poem and story has been sung and told of her, but none more charming than that legend of the day when her husband, angered at the constant charities from which she refused to desist, caught her on a mission to the poor, holding her dress full of bread. When, at his command, she let it fall, it had turned to a lap full of roses. And in that moment artists have loved to paint her in holy pictures, for she, too, is sainted, Saint Elizabeth.

Hedwige of Poland

Hedwige, Queen of Poland, daughter of Louis the Great of Poland and Hungary, was born in 1371, and married Jagellon, Grand Duke of Lithuania. Of another type, firm, intellectual, strong and wise, she proved capable of guiding a government and holding the throne of her illustrious father, which she was called upon to ascend by the nobles of Poland, passionate in their enthusiasm for her beauty.

Bella Simonetta

Simonetta Vespucci, called by her contemporaries Bella Simonetta, presents a peculiar example of what each particular age regards as perfect type of beauty. But in considering the standard of judgment of that day we have this to remember, the exquisite coloring of her hair, eyes and lips, and the soft tinting of her face, as the painter depicted them, and also the charm of manner and gentle sweetness she is chronicled to have displayed toward all.

No triumph through beauty and charm was ever more complete than hers. Named the Beautiful Simonetta, Giuliano de Medici bore her portrait into tournament on his banner; she was his ideal and inspiration, as was Laura to Petrarch and Beatrice to Dante; Duke Lorenzo the Magnificent, encourager of a glorious period of Florentine art, like his younger brother Giuliano, loved her with fraternal admiration; for them the great Boticelli, the painter of saints and angels, painted her portrait.

When she was cut off in early life, in 1476, her body was carried uncovered to the grove that was to be its resting place, "that all might see her beauty, which was still greater in death than in life," and vast crowds following, filled the air with lamentation.

Mary Queen of Scots

A hundred years later another beautiful woman inspired supreme love and admiration: Mary Queen of Scots, whose tragedy has ever since made for her a place in the world's heart. Her charm of manner, her gentle refinement, her appealing womanliness, are more clearly conveyed to us by the painter of this rare portrait than by any other of the many who depicted her. It was this combination that made for her so many devoted adherents. Her great beauty helped, perhaps, to make her enemies, as it helped in a measure to wreck her life. But those rare charms that accompanied it held the hearts of men and women alike, even to the moment of her death, in 1587, by the headman's ax, when faithful ladies in waiting followed her to the scaffold with faltering feet and tear-blinded eyes.

Beatrice de Cusance

Beatrice de Cusance, Princess de Pontecroix, through her wonderful portrait by Van Dyck, sustains for all time her claim to great beauty, distinction and grace of mien. The daughter of Baron de Beauvoir, she was married in Brussels to Prince Pontecroix in 1636, and one short year later was left the loveliest widow in Europe.

The joy that Van Dyck had in painting so perfect a being is fully conveyed in his remarkable work, which hangs among the chief treasures at Windsor Castle today. But for all her beauty, her history is among the saddest here recounted. Charles, fourth Duke of Lorraine, saw her in her early widowhood, only to become passionately enamored, and married her. Through one military campaign after another she devotedly accompanied him, braving the dangers of the field in those uncertain days.

She died in 1663, knowing that her husband, who was fickle in his affections, no longer loved her.

Maria Joseffa

Strange in its sharp contrast in fortunes is the life of the beautiful Archduchess Maria Joseffa, daughter of Joseph I. of Austria.

A calm, proud face, with eyes that seem made only to look on the joy and pomp of a world to which she was born, her portrait depicts her in budding youth, full of that hope and happiness that youth should ever bring. Married to Augustus, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, hers was the fate to know what power, great beauty and high position could bring until the bitter experiences of the Seven Years' War wrought keen reverses and finally despair.

Augustus fled to Poland on the entry of the Prussian troops into Dresden, which they occupied during the entire war. Left in the Saxon capital, she died in 1757 from grief and the hard treatment of the King of Prussia.

Eugenie of France

The Empress Eugénie holds a close interest to us and our times, for though her long life began at Granada, Spain, in 1826, it has overlapped the twentieth century.

Her great beauty brought to her feet Napoleon III., and though of humble birth, she had within her powers that aided to make her court a brilliant one.

Married to him in 1853, it was not her reign as the most beautiful of contemporary sovereigns that proved her highest qualities, but her desolation. Making her flight to England after the defeat of the French armies and the capture of her husband, she was destined to be henceforth a woman of many sorrows. The great blow of 1870-71 was followed two years later by the death of Napoleon III., and it was but six years after that the Prince Imperial was killed in South Africa in a campaign against the Zulus. Through all her long tragedy she has borne herself with dignity and gentle sympathy toward those about her, showing in her old age a tenderness for the humblest in their suffering, her own adversity arousing and developing in her these noble traits, and for these she will be loved long after her reign as Empress of the French will have been forgotten.

Katherine Elkins

Miss Katherine Elkins, whose history is so freshly in mind that it needs no further chronicle, is a beautiful representative of the noblest type of American young womanhood that so radiantly graces this twentieth century.

With an intelligence quickened by a fine education, with dignity in a situation which princesses have with difficulty sustained, her gentle womanliness and her graces of heart and mind, as well as her peculiarly American type of beauty, have made her a splendid example of the many American girls fitted to reign in the home and in any station, no matter how exacting or how exalted.

TWO SENSIBLE CLUBS

A Music Club for Children

A BRIGHT girl heard her married sister and another young matron complain of the bashfulness of their children when called on to play the piano for strangers. She promptly procured from her nieces a list of their little friends who were studying music, and the next afternoon made a round of calls upon their mothers.

Thus the children's music club came into existence with a membership of ten, and dues of twenty-five cents a week. It met every Saturday, with the young woman as hostess. Each child, on entering the drawing room, drew a number from a bag, and when all had arrived, the hostess began by calling for Number One. Thereupon the child holding it seated herself at the piano and rendered her contribution to the afternoon entertainment. The other numbers were called in order, and when the musical program ended, a social half hour followed and simple refreshments were served.

Parents and their friends were invited, so no meeting was without two or three adults, and the audience was constantly varied. It was wonderful how soon the training of the club became apparent in its members. Children who had at first hung back, and needed coaxing to play, now walked to the piano as a matter of course. Those who at first played nervously and hastily, gained poise and self-confidence.

Before long the club attained a membership of twenty-two. Then only half the children played on one afternoon.

The club was not only successful in its social and ornamental side, but stimulated the children's interest in their music, and robbed the daily practising hour of its tedium.

The fees accrued to its originator.

"The Decimo"

THIS is the name taken by ten women who have made a unique arrangement for mutual improvement during the winter. The members of The Decimo are numbered, and on a certain day of the first week of club work Number One sends on a postal card a list of ten words to each of the other members.

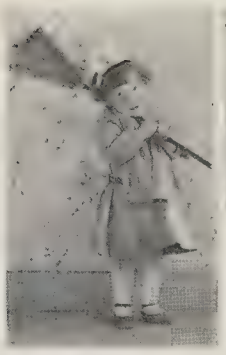
These words are either new words to her, found in reading, or words commonly misspelled or mispronounced. These are all studied as to meaning, derivation, pronunciation, spelling and use. The next week Number Two sends out a list, and so on until fifty words have been mastered. Then the words are pronounced for them to spell, either orally or in writing, and various ways are devised by the hostess to test the ability of the members to use the words in sentences, and giving concise definitions. A great deal of profit is obtained in this way, with little expenditure of time and study, meeting, as they do, only once in five weeks.

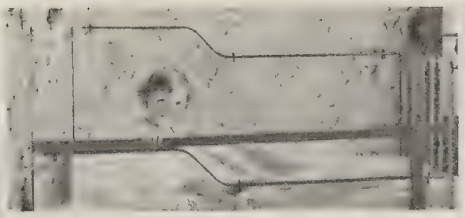
Each one of these ladies is sure of nine friends who will bring her to account if they hear her mispronounce or use a word incorrectly, which they consider a better way than passing it by at the time and telling later to some one else.

The original ten are firm in the determination not to receive more members, but they are kindly showing their lists to their respective families and friends, and so giving many times ten a good course in word study.

Here are a few of their words:

Bouillon, paraffine, enervate, calliope, raconteur, chic, proletariat, ensemble, cuisine, memoir, cicerone, alias, coadjutor, clique, onyx, bizarre, acclimate, palmistry, vignette, turquoise, precedence, precedent, interstices, address (noun), sacrilegious, maintenance, contumely, peony, wistaria, gladiolus, menu, tête-à-tête, scenario, eleemosynary, schism, inquiry, envelope, program, depot, either, vase.





SNAPSHOTS

How to Make Child Pictures Indoors

BY C. H. CLAUDY

THE limitations of photography in the hands of the amateur are sometimes in the instrument, but more often in the lack of knowledge of the one who uses it. And as the great majority of the articles and books of instructions aimed to pierce and shatter this ignorance are technical, and therefore, to non-technical readers, dull, they fail of their purpose.

If you care to take your camera into a land where it has never penetrated before, and will *follow instructions*, you can make some child pictures indoors with little trouble, no more expense than any pictures call for made anywhere, and without reading a mass of technicalities.

The great trouble with the majority of photographs of children made indoors is that they are hard—hard, staring whites, deep, somber-looking blacks, no middle tones, and nothing lifelike about the print, as a result. They are hard because they hadn't enough light. There are two ways of getting enough light in an indoor picture. One is by taking some time—several seconds—to making the exposure in the camera, which allows the relatively weak indoor light time to act; the other way is to provide enough light in the first place to allow a quick exposure. To the first way of doing it there is an all but insurmountable objection. When several seconds are taken for the making of the picture, it is required that the subject be still. If the subject moves, there will be a duplication of the subject on the plate or film, and the picture is spoiled. With grown people it is easy enough—but children, particularly little children, cannot or will not stay still for even one second, let alone several.

So the problem of making an indoor picture of a small child resolves itself into the question of light—how to get enough light to make a quick-enough exposure to secure any one pose before the little sitter can think to change it. Now this story is written for those with the average type of kodak or camera possessing what is called a rapid rectilinear lens. "Rapid rectilinear" is a fancy term. The "rapid" means that the lens possesses an opening, or "stop," which is numerically at least as small as the number 8 preceded by the letter f, or the number 4 preceded by the letters U. S., which are the distinguishing marks of the optician for this form of lens. I mention this only that those who possess the fixed focus or box type of cameras—usually instruments costing five dollars or less—will not attempt to follow these instructions with that type of instrument. A lens at least as fast as the "rapid rectilinear" which "works" at "f 8" or "U. S. 4" is essential. And that is all the technical terms that will appear in this story.

There is an old, old rule in photography—a rule so old its origin is lost in the shades of the early daguerrean days, when photographs took half an hour to make in bright sunlight and the victims had to have hair and face covered with flour! This rule is, "Expose for the shadows, and let the high lights take care of themselves." Therefore, if the exposure is to be a fast exposure, we mustn't have any deep shadows! And now we are getting down to the meat of the question. We know we want to make a quick exposure, we know we want a soft, nicely graded picture, we know we must have plenty of light, and we know we mustn't have any deep shadows.

So you will find it essential to do your child picturing at home in a room in which the sun *can* shine, but at a time when the sun is shining at an angle into the room, and not directly. For instance, in a room facing south the picture making should be done between ten and eleven in the morning or two and three in the afternoon; in a room facing east the picture making should be done between eleven and twelve in the winter, when the sun is in the south, etc. A room facing south is best of all. It should be a large, bright room, and the brighter in colors the walls may be, the more nearly approaching a white, the better.

The first question, after the location of the "gallery," is the background. Here you have a choice only between equally light and bright materials. You must use white, cream, light blue or some combination—you must not use red, green, deep yellow or black. A light wall paper, a white wall, a light shawl, some blue dress goods—anything light and bright—may be tacked up for a background. Have it on the wall so that one edge is not more than two feet from the side of the window.

The subject's dress must be either white or blue or cream, light blue preferred. If possible, it should be different from the background. The little blue jumpers now made for children photograph beautifully.

Next the screen. A screen is as essential as the camera, since it is the screen which does away with the shadows. If you have a handy man in the house, or a mother who can drive a nail, make a light wooden frame, not less than four by five feet, and better, six by six feet. If you haven't the conveniences to do this, make shift with a clothes horse. Take any old sheet, but a white one—not one so old it is yellowish—and tack as tightly as possible, so that all the wrinkles are out, to the frame or the clothes horse.

The next thing to do is to decide what kind of a picture is to be made. Try a simple one first. Leave formal portraits to future times, when there is more experience to guide you, and have your subject sitting or standing on something—a chair, table or couch—so that he or she is nearly or quite as high from the floor as the window sill. If you can make the picture by a French window, of course the floor is high enough. Have the subject close to the window, just as close as possible without having the sunshine directly on him. Then put the screen or the sheeted clothes horse as close to the subject on the side opposite the window as possible without having it actually in the picture (see diagram), and have the screen parallel to the window.

If the camera has a ground glass on which to focus, use it. If it focuses by a scale, set the pointer to the distance you are away from the subject—probably ten or twelve feet. Set the shutter pointer to B, which means bulb. When the time comes for making the exposure, press the bulb hard and let go just as quick as you can. Work your hand as fast as it will go. You will thus get an exposure of a fraction of a second, probably about an eighth of a second. It is not fast enough to stop fast movement, so it is essential to wait until the little sitter is reasonably quiet. Indeed, given the correct conditions under which to work, the only skill in the whole operation consists in choosing the quiet instant.

That is all there is to it. Now, as a general rule, such pictures indoors require from two to four seconds, so that in taking it in one eighth of a second you have been obliged to command, seemingly, from sixteen to thirty-two times as much light as ordinarily is available. As a matter of fact, you have done nothing of the sort, but you have reduced the contrasts so that a much shorter exposure than normal has yielded you a negative with no dark shadows. There lies the whole secret—to make the picture before you take it, to provide something to take which is light in color and full of luminosity, and which has no dark corners, shadows or shades which will require the longer exposure.

If you have the work finished by a professional, your chances of success are much less than if you do the work yourself in what is called a tank. The films or plates, as you know, must be submitted to a process called development, which makes the negative from which the positive is printed. Development is usually carried on by hand in the shops where they are done by the thousand every day, and a strong developer is used, to make the operation as quick as possible. A tank for films or plates can be bought for a few dollars, and the operation of development is entirely mechanical and requires absolutely no skill beyond an ability to read directions and follow them. There is no room for individual judgment. The films or plates are developed for a certain time in a solution of certain strength (the powders come ready prepared for a definite amount of water) at a certain temperature. The results are absolutely assured to be as good as could possibly be obtained by hand, and better in nine cases out of ten. Forced development, as the quick work in a strong solution is called, is fatal to delicate tones. Tank development, which is slow—it takes twenty minutes—is the best both for these pictures and all others.

It is not to be imagined that every time you make an exposure you will have a success. Sometimes your subject will move just as you "press the button." Sometimes you will forget some one of the particulars of position, screen, light, time of day. And they are all important. You MUST have a bright, sunshiny day, you MUST have a good large white screen, and you MUST, MUST, MUST have small contrasts and light clothes, backgrounds, etc., for the picture, otherwise the time you can give and not get movement will be too short for the securing of details in shadows, and the resulting picture will be hard, of the "soot and whitewash" variety.

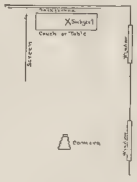


Diagram of Camera Position

When you get a little more familiar with the work, some charming variations of the lighting can be made, by pointing the camera to the shadow side of the face—lighted, of course, by the reflection from the screen—and in other ways of changing the various relative positions of camera and subject. But remember, the subject must be close to the window, it must be a bright day, and the screen must be large and close, otherwise failure is sure to result.

This little story is not written from the making of one or two such indoor portraits. I have made hundreds. The failures I have had were all from one of two causes—failing to live up to the instructions here set down, or choosing the wrong moment for my slow snapshot. What I have done, others can do, and I presume the pleasure I find in such indoor portraits can be no greater than the pleasure others will find in similar use of the camera.

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Old Dutch Cleanser
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Avoid caustic and acid cleaners, which eat into and destroy the surfaces they touch. Use
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the handy all-around cleanser which is entirely free from acid, caustic or alkali, and cleans mechanically, not chemically.
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This natural cleanser takes the place of soap, soap-powders, scouring-bricks and metal-polishes, and does all their work in a better way.
Old Dutch Cleanser
takes all the hard work out of keeping things clean, and saves housewives labor, time and money.
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The porous particles of the Cleanser quickly absorb and carry off all dirt, leaving the surface clean and spotless.
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cleans, scrubs, scours and polishes, keeping the whole house spick and span from cellar to attic.
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For cleaning marble and painted walls, scrubbing wood floors, woodwork and enamel tubs, nothing equals
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Sold by grocers everywhere, 10c
in large, sifting-top cans,
Dutch Hand Soap is made with the same mineral used in Old Dutch Cleanser, combined with pure vegetable oils. Superior for toilet, bath and kitchen use. Removes most obstinate stains from the skin, whether from grease, ink, metal, paint or varnish.
Large cake, 10c.
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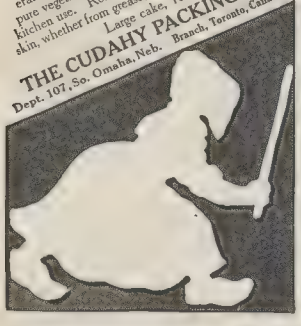


A PROFITABLE HOME

BY KATE V. SAINT-MAUR

PART III.—THE SITTING HEN AND THE INCUBATOR

LOOKING back over the memories of my farm initiation, it seems as if I had not fully realized the possibilities of my new undertaking until the first incubator was inaugurated. As I have already told you, I did all the first year's hatch under hens, and still set every hen that evinces any desire to assume the cares of motherhood, because it seems Nature's plan to keep the egg machine in good working order. If a broody hen is not allowed to sit, it takes several days of incarceration to break up her desire, then several days more after she is freed before she commences to lay, and invariably the sitting fever will attack her again within a few weeks. Now, incubation takes only three weeks; brooding of chicks, another four or six weeks, and Mrs. Biddy has had a complete rest, followed by vigorous exercise while scratching for her babies. So when she is returned to the yard she is in perfect condition to produce eggs. Let Biddy sit whenever she wants to, but don't wait her pleasure in the early spring, for you might have no young chickens to sell when they bring good prices.

The Selection of the Incubator

There are a great many incubators on the market, some heated by hot air, others by hot water. If you select any one of the standard makes advertised in the COMPANION you will get a good, practical hatcher. Printed instructions for setting up and running are sent out with every machine, but they don't emphasize all the important points quite strongly enough for amateurs. Lots of people can't drive a screw home accurately, and fail to realize that if the head is slightly to the right or left it throws the fixture which is being attached to the machine out of plumb, and a hair's breadth makes a difference when such delicate appliances as thermostatic rods (the power which controls the heat) are concerned. A blunder supplies much knowledge. I should never have realized the necessity for absolute exactness if one of the screws used in attaching the lamp support to our second incubator had not gone slightly awry. It caused the chimney almost to touch one side of the socket into which it fits. That, in turn, drew the flame to one side, and caused it to smoke at night when turned up for extra heat. It was a very little blunder, apparently, but it almost spoiled the incubator, and quite spoiled the hatch.

To be sure that the incubator fixtures are plumb, use a spirit level, the only safe guide. After starting the machine, practise running it for a few days before putting in the eggs. When the heat reaches one hundred and two and one half degrees, with the escape dial hanging the width of a match from the opening, put in the trays, which, being cold, will lower the heat, and should close the dial until the trays become warm, and the thermometer in the machine again registers one hundred and two and one half, when the dial should once more be dangling the match width above the opening. Should the closing and opening not take place as the heat varies, the machine is not properly adjusted, and you must practise until it will bear the test before putting in the eggs.

The thermometers are supposed to have been tested before they are shipped, but it is well to buy an extra one and compare them; or get your doctor, who is sure to have an accurate thermometer, to do it for you. The egg tester comes with the incubator. It is a tin, funnel-like chimney that fits over the lamp, and has a projecting opening, bordered with black, before which to hold the eggs. The first test should be made on the seventh day; the second on the fifteenth day. Hold the egg, large end uppermost, in front of the opening. If it looks perfectly clear it is infertile and can be used to feed young chicks. If it shows a dark-red spot with spidery legs it is fertile, and must be returned to the incubator. Dead germs are rarely discernible at the first testing, except to the expert eye. By the fifteenth the veriest amateur will be able to detect them.

Ventilation of the Eggs is Important

Ventilating the incubator is quite as important as regulating the heat, and can only be gaged by the appearance of the air cell when the egg is held before the tester. The so-called "air cell" is a vacant space at the large end of the egg. In the new-laid egg it is very small, but by testing time it will be quite visible, and as evaporation progresses, it increases, until on the nineteenth day it should occupy one fifth of the entire shell. If there is not sufficient ventilation in the incubator, evaporation will be retarded, and there will not be sufficient room in the shell for the chick to twist its head around and break its prison walls; so it will die, though fully developed. The safest and simplest way to learn how to gage this point is to set a hen at the same time that you start the incubator, and then compare the development of the air cell in the egg every few days. If the development is too slow, open the ventilators at the side of the incubator wider, and air the eggs a little longer each day when you have the trays out to turn the eggs. Reverse affairs if the development is too quick. It is better to run the machine a degree or two above the given temperature than below it, especially during the last few days.

After the morning of the twentieth day don't open the incubator until the hatch is over, or until late on the twenty-second day, and don't get nervous if the temperature runs to one hundred and four or even to one hundred and five; it is caused by the animal heat of the chicks, and will do them no harm. Turning down the lamp slightly will of course reduce the heat; but be very careful not to let it run below one hundred and three during the last twenty-four hours. Low temperature prolongs the hatch, weakens the chickens and makes them susceptible to all sorts of ailments.

Individual outdoor brooders I think are the best, for in very cold weather they can stand in a light outhouse. I used to monopolize the summer kitchen from February to April, and then have them placed out in the orchard. Placing an outdoor brooder under cover is really only for the convenience of the attendant, for they are storm proof. If you commence with an incubator that holds one hundred and twenty to one hundred and sixty eggs you will require two brooders, and if in a cold or Northern locality, some small house which can be warmed during very cold weather, if you propose commencing to incubate in January. A brooder supposed to hold one hundred chickens will accommodate that number comfortably for about nine days, after which not more than fifty should be kept in it. Hence the necessity for two brooders. When the chicks are six weeks old in cold weather, and four weeks old in moderate weather, they can be removed to the small house (the temperature of which should be kept at sixty degrees during the night). Remember, incubation takes only twenty-one days, so you must allow at least three weeks to elapse before starting the incubator a second time.

Give the brooder a good coat of whitewash inside before using it. Cover the drum which furnishes the heat under the hover with two or three thicknesses of flannel, to make it soft for the little bodies to cuddle up against. Cover the floor of the hover compartment with a piece of old carpet or felt, and the outside compartment with sweepings from the haymow. Have the heat running steadily at ninety-five degrees for several hours before the chicks are to be put into it, and keep it at that heat the first seven or eight days. Then gradually let it fall to seventy-five degrees. Of course, I mean the heat under the hover. The rest of the brooder will be—and should be—several degrees lower.

The Care of the Chicks in the Brooder

Keep fresh water in vessels into which the chicks can get only their bills in the outer compartment. Never neglect seeing that they are all safely cuddled up to the heat at dusk.

During the bright, sunny hours in the middle of the day let the chicks have plenty of fresh air in the playroom; at feeding time, when they are all busy, give the hover compartment a thorough airing.

When Biddy is doing the brooding, remember she is pretty sure to need dusting with some good insect powder. The nest box she sat in should have been cleaned, and a handful of camphor balls scattered under the hay of the nest. Moreover, each hen should be dusted before setting, twice during the twenty-one days, three days after the hatch is out, and each week so long as she broods the chicks.

Fresh air, warmth and good food prevent many troubles almost impossible to cure if once contracted; so look to the little things.

Thirty hours must be allowed for the proper digestion and assimilation of the yolk, which is absorbed into the abdomen immediately before the chick breaks through the shell. When Biddy has done the hatching, do not move her to the brood coop for twenty-four hours, unless she is flighty and keeps getting off the nest, in which case it is better to keep the chicks in a covered box by the kitchen stove until some more motherly hen can be persuaded to adopt them. Always try to set two or three hens at the same time. Good hens that are well fed and have not been bothered with vermin seldom give any trouble about the last twenty-four hours.

How to Diversify the Daily Ration

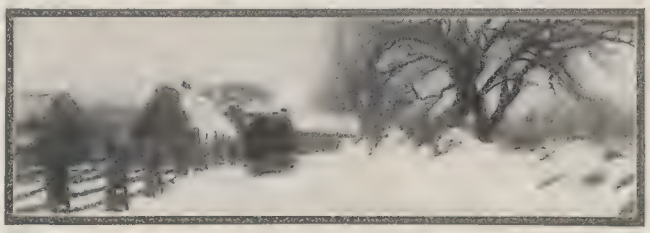
Now about the all-important question of feeding: For the first two or three days get ten pounds of rape and millet seed, pin-head oat meal and cracked corn, charcoal, and fine, sharp grit. Mix all together. If you cannot get pin-head oat meal, buy hulled oats and break them up fine. The grain must also be cracked quite fine; in fact, it is safer to put the mixture through a sieve which will allow nothing larger than millet to go through. Then there is no danger of chicks being choked. Feed the mixture by scattering among the sweepings, to encourage the chicks to scratch and take exercise.

Morning and evening make a mash by chopping a hard-boiled egg, shell and all, green onion tops or sprouts. Mix with stale bread crumbs, and feed on a flat pie plate or strip of wood. After the chicks are two weeks old the oats and corn need not be quite so fine—more the size of hemp seed, which can be added to the mixture; so can cracked wheat or barley, and the mash can be made of ground corn and oats, with onions and scalded liver, chopped, three times a week (about a small cupful to a quart of mash).

What I mean by scalded liver is liver dropped into a kettle of boiling water and let boil up once. Leave to cool in the water. Quite raw it is too strong for little chicks. For a change I mix the grain with scalding milk two or three times a week. Never make more at a time than will be fed within the next few hours, as it sours.

Pot cheese is a favorite dish with all poultry, and very wholesome. If there is any tendency to bowel trouble, give them rice water in place of the drinking water.

Keep brooders and brood coops clean and dry. The grass around the coops should be kept cut close, so that the chicks can run about easily. See that every coop is closed at night, and do not let the chicks out while the grass is dewy. Don't give the hens too many chicks to brood in winter, for if she cannot keep them close to her they will die of chill.



If any COMPANION reader wishes my help in her poultry-raising problems, she may write me freely, addressing me in care of WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Madison Square, New York City.

A HOUSE FOR TWO FAMILIES

BY A. RAYMOND ELLIS

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Companion has received many requests from subscribers for the plans of "duplex," or two-flat, houses. Sufficient interest being developed to warrant its interest to our subscribers throughout the country, we take pleasure in presenting this design, hoping it may materially aid those desiring a home of this type

THE two-flat house, although a popular investment in growing communities, has been badly handled by many speculative builders, who have erected them in monotonous blocks and rows, making no effort to vary the architecture. The result has been a cheapening of rents and a decrease in valuation of the property. A variance in front elevation would create an attractive street, and a better class of tenants or buyers with increased property valuation would inevitably follow.

This article treats the "duplex" house as an attractive residence and a good investment, on the premise that the owner will occupy one floor and rent the other for an income. Any first-class investment must guarantee first the safety of principal; second, interest or dividends at a higher rate than savings banks. Insured real estate, well built on restricted property, is a safe investment.

This house has a twenty-five-foot front and a depth of forty-two feet, exclusive of piazzas, and should occupy a lot fifty by one hundred and twenty-five feet deep. Presuming that a lot cost $800 and the house erected complete $6,000, on which a first mortgage of fifty per cent could be obtained from any bank (and possibly sixty per cent from a realty company), a man with a capital of $3,400 and a salary of twenty-five dollars a week can safely own his own house in that manner. The rents should equal ten per cent of the cost, or sixty-eight dollars a month, say thirty dollars a month actual income from one flat, the owner of course getting his rent free. This income minus taxes, insurance and mortgage interest, which in a year equals $324, against the rent income equal to ten per cent of the investment, or $680, shows a profit of $356. The owner's rent deposited in the bank monthly with the rent of the other tenant should credit the investment with this amount approximately, and at the end of five years $1,780, plus interest, $1,500 of which could be applied on the mortgage, reducing it to $1,900. At the end of five years more this could be paid and the property owned clear. Repairs for the ten years should not amount to ten per cent, and being in good condition, it could be sold, possibly allowing the owner a profit in increased valuation due to the development of restricted land. It is a good plan to sell this kind of property after it is ten years old, because the next five years will see it depreciate more quickly, unless built of concrete or brick, and the repairs eat up the profits.

To sum up—$3,400 permits an investment of $6,800 by a mortgage of $3,400. Interest at five per cent, repairs, taxes and insurance make up a minimum fixed outgo each year, offset by a possible return of ten per cent in rent, plus any increase in valuation if in a restricted growing residential section, against a ten-per-cent depreciation between ten and fifteen years.

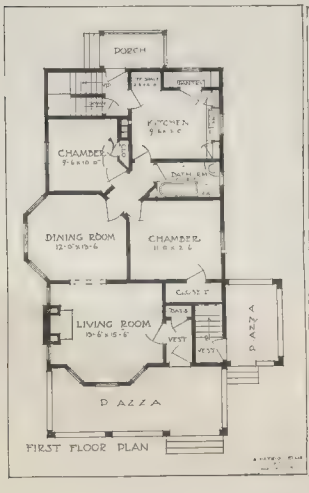
The arrangement shown here has been successfully tried, and the idea is to make both floors offer the same advantages. The entrance is made through the first-floor vestibule, as space for a hall cannot be spared. The coat closet might be eliminated, permitting a person to go through the chamber to the passage, but this is really no advantage. The large living room has a broad bay window and a fireplace, where the family life may center. The dining room adjoining, shut off by draperies, is a compact arrangement. The passage beyond gives access to kitchen, chambers and bath room, and can be shut off from the dining room when privacy is desired in the chambers and living room. The kitchen is fitted up with a wide working counter across one end, containing the sink; cupboards for pots and kettles under the counter on one side, drawers on the other, and cupboards with shelves on the wall above. A good-sized closet serves as supply pantry and for dishes.

Both floors have the same arrangements and requisites, and an independent staircase reached from the side porch by an entry leads to the second floor. Two good front chambers in the attic, for the use of the second-floor tenants, are reached by a flight of stairs ascending over the front stairs. The two rooms in the rear of the attic are for the first floor and are reached by the back stairs. This gives each flat seven rooms, four of which are chambers.

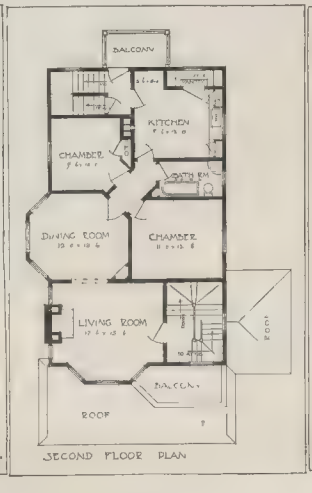
The cellar is divided into two equal parts, with a laundry, coal bins and vegetable closet in each. The heater is placed in the owner's portion, so that he may supply the heat.

This entire scheme as drawn is figured at prevailing rates in Hartford, Connecticut, to cost six thousand dollars, including plumbing, hot-air heating, electric wiring, fixtures and wall papers. It was figured in the country near Hartford for five thousand dollars. In the West, from comparisons made on similar houses, the cost would be greatly reduced.

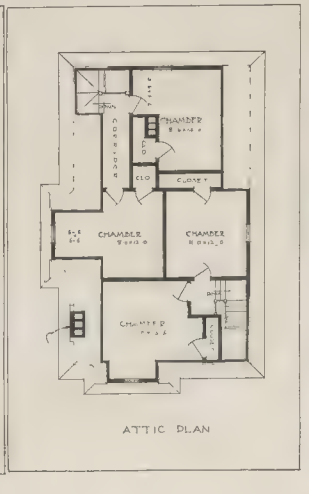
Our readers are invited to ask questions concerning the COMPANION plans. Address "The Readers' Building Service," WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Madison Square, New York City.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



ATTIC PLAN

Fresh-air heating

All fathers and mothers agree that if any of the family deserve or need a room that is just right to sleep in and to play in, it is the children. It means so much to their futures to surround their youth with the healthful conditions which come from well-warmed and ventilated rooms.

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for Hot-Water and Low-Pressure Steam Heating warm the air without robbing it of its purity. There is no scorched air, no ash-dust, no coal-gases, or cellar-gases to work injury to the health, as arises from the use of old-fashioned heating methods.

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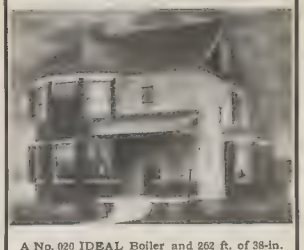

A No. 020 IDEAL Boiler and 262 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $185, were used to Steam heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

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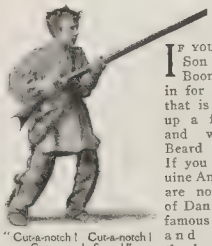
FOR·YOUNGER·READERS

CLUB NEWS AND NOTES FOR THE S. D. B.

MATTERS OF INTEREST FOR OUR ENERGETIC BOYS



"Cut-a-notch! Cut-a-notch! Cut-a-notch Soon!"

Join the S. D. B.

IF YOU are not a Son of Daniel Boone, and are in for all the fun that is going, get up a fort to-day and write Dan Beard about it. If you are a genuine American and are not a friend of Dan Beard, the famous woodsman and sportsman, the hunter of big game, the friend of the Indians, the all-round popular out-of-doors man, the friend of the American boy, then you should be. So start in to-day. Rally your chums and organize a fort. Elect your officers: Daniel Boone, president; Davy Crockett, secretary; Kit Carson, treasurer; Simon Kenton, keeper of the tally gun; Audubon, librarian; Johnny Appleseed, forester, and all the rest foresters and scouts. Write to Dan Beard, care of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Madison Square, New York City, and he will send you (free) a booklet explaining everything about getting a fort into the best shape.

For the nominal sum of twenty-five cents the Sons of Daniel Boone organization at Madison Square, New York City, will send to any one organizing a fort (with six members or more) an entire fort outfit, consisting of a beautifully engraved Constitution, signed by the Founder and sealed with the great red seal of the mystic campfire; a picture of the Founder's tally gun, around which official notches, standing for achievements of the fort, shall be grouped; special official notches in standard colors; an Indian totem shield button (the symbolic badge of the order) for each member; also the complete set of club literature, consisting of sixteen articles especially written by Dan Beard, Founder, for the Sons of Daniel Boone.

Officers of the S. D. B., Live Up to the Responsibility of Your Office

Have you been elected Daniel Boone of the fort and do you wear a powder horn sewed onto your sleeve? Live up to the responsibility of your office.

Are you Davy Crockett with a coonskin, or Simon Kenton wearing a tomahawk emblem? Is your emblem a bird, a tree or a log cabin? Live up to the responsibility of your office.

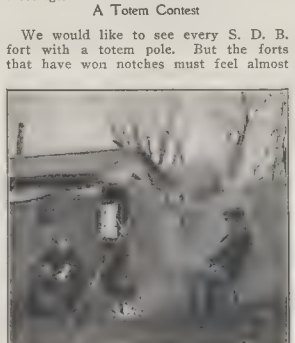
There is no unimportant member in an S. D. B. fort. With you officers rest the fort business, the interests, the success of the meetings. Much depends upon your heartiness, your promptness, the fidelity with which your duties are discharged. But also on the hearty enthusiasm and co-operation of the foresters and scouts depend the success of the entire organization. This is a responsibility. Live up to it, boys, live up to the responsibility of your office.

At the first S. D. B. meeting in January a reelection of officers would be a good plan. Officers elected in January should hold office until June. The old Daniel Boones should consider it an important responsibility to help the new Daniel Boones in every way that they can to preside with dignity and efficiency at the meetings.

A Totem Contest

We would like to see every S. D. B. fort with a totem pole. But the forts that have won notches must feel almost in duty bound to get up a totem pole of some kind. Send for Reprint No. 14, "Totem Boards for the S. D. B. Forts." This will give you plenty of suggestions. Pitch right in and make a totem pole. Every member should carve something on the totem pole. Take your time to make one, and then send me a letter about it and a photograph of your fort totem pole. We want to make a line of these S. D. B totem poles across the S. D. B. page in some month of 1909, and we want as many forts represented in that line as can be managed there. We want to send the record to President Roosevelt.

We will send a prize of a good, practical camping tent to the fort that makes and sends a photograph of the best-looking totem pole before June 1, 1909.



S. D. B. Campfire
Fort No. 238, Canton, Illinois

A Simple and Direct Plan for the Installation of Officers

A club member may make any nomination he chooses, his nomination to be seconded by another member, before the nominee can become a candidate. Appoint a chairman to present slips of blank paper to each club member, upon which to write the name of his choice for the candidate. Chairman, collect these slips and with Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett, count

The Wall-Scaling Team, Fort Spokane No. 781, Spokane, Washington
"We can go over a six-foot wall in eight seconds."—Davy Crockett (Howard Imhoff)

the votes. Chairman, announce to the fort the name of the boy receiving the most votes. All the officers are balloted upon in their order. When the offices are filled, a scout or a forester may "motion" that a scout and a forester be appointed a committee to escort Daniel Boone to the Chair. The temporary chairman and secretary (Davy Crockett) stand up to receive the new Daniel Boone. The old Daniel Boone takes his place back among the scouts. When the officers have all been elected and escorted to their positions, the fort gives three cheers and a TIGER for the new officers and the Boone yell for the organization:

Wow, wow, wow,
Row, row, row,
Gosh-all hemlocks!!
Buckskin and leather socks!
Waugh! Waugh! Waugh!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Cut-a notch! Cut-a-notch!
Cut-a-notch soon,
For we're the Sons of Daniel Boone!
Tiger long drawn out:
We—want—no—mollycoddles!

Notes of the Sons of Daniel Boone

Fort No. 1235, of Hollis, Oklahoma, has just bought an old musket which was used in the Civil War. They paid one dollar and fifty cents for it, and will use it as their tally gun. "Kit Carson has a pet coon that we call the Boone Rastus. It is our mascot." This energetic fort has a printed letter head which reads:

SONS OF DANIEL BOONE
A Society for the Promotion of Patriotism Among Boys
HOLLIS OKLAHOMA

The boys of *Fort Miami, No. 1634,* Cincinnati, Ohio, have built a weed hut for a council room. The hut is water proof and the boys have fixed it up inside quite comfortably. A tall, slim tree with a smooth trunk which stands quite near the weed house is used as a flag pole, and a tally on which to record their notches, as well.

"For we're the Sons of Daniel Boone"

Hurrah for *Fort Lincoln, No. 1184,* of Scranton, Pennsylvania. They write: "We have a fine club room. It is in the attic of the home of one of our officers. At the end the attic is fitted up, and the remaining space we use as a gymnasium. We had an entertainment up there and made two dollars and eighty cents. We had magic tricks, moving pictures, songs and recitations."

Fort No. 1403, Kingfield, Maine.

We have had a show at Kingfield and made $19.02. We are going to buy our suits now and have a grand parade.
DAVY CROCKETT (Alfred H. Crossman).

Fort Cody, No. 1411,
Allentown, Pennsylvania.

We are putting up a tent such as you described in Reprint No. 11. We have chosen the pine tree as our emblem. Our meetings are going on splendidly and we charge twenty-five cents a month for dues.
DANIEL BOONE (Jesse Eriche).

Official Emblems for the S. D. B.

Hundreds of S. D. B. boys are wearing now the S. D. B. emblem on their coat sleeves and sweaters. Aren't they just right, those emblems, boys? They are so dignified and the story they tell is direct and so rattling good. They look brave and fine anywhere you put them. These signs are more than ornamental, though, and when you wear them and carry them about with you they mean added personal responsibility. In the Sons of Daniel Boone we want no members who are not heart and soul in sympathy with old-fashioned American principles, with wholesome, clean sports, the hearty good times, the handicraft and outdoor fun for which we stand. Head and shoulders above the crowd, boys, we stand for those emblems, and they stand for the things that make for splendid American boyhood.

In sending for your emblems enclose three two-cent stamps to pay for each emblem—or a money order at this rate for large fort orders—and they will be sent you postpaid. Let the Daniel Boone of each fort write. Give your fort number, state clearly what emblems you want (Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, Audubon,

scout, etc.), and how many. Address Founder, S. D. B., WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Madison Square, New York City.

Some S. D. B. Top-Notch Winners

The Dewey Top Notch:

Fort No. 1609, Columbus, Ohio. George Grimm (Daniel Boone) rescued a boy from drowning. The boy had fallen from a railroad trestle thirty feet above the water, and had gone down the second time.

Fort No. 547, Rahway, New Jersey. Daniel Boone (Cuthbert Haasis) saved his mother from drowning.

The General Bell Top Notch:

Fort Pierre, No. 1190, Vermilion, South Dakota. Daniel Boone made a good ash bow four feet long that will carry an arrow one hundred feet, and carved out of wood a rifle three and one half feet long.

Fort No. 1549, The Cedars, Province of Quebec. Two boys of this fort swam one mile against a heavy wind and tide and came out ahead in a race.

The Buffalo Bill Top Notch:

Fort No. 875, Poughkeepsie, New York. Otis Noble tanned squirrel skins.

Fort No. 921, Neosho, Missouri. For tanning several muskrat skins.

Official Notches:

For Arbor Day tree planting—Forts No. 227, 294, 368.

For Handicraft (table with movable top)—Fort No. 1501.

FOR·YOUNGER·READERS

GOOD TIMES FOR THE "CLUB OF CLUBS"

A MOTHER GOOSE PARTY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE twelfth of January is Mother Goose's Day. Mother Goose parties of all kinds are the proper things for "olders" as well as little people in January, so I hope my boys and girls will plan to have one, especially my club boys and girls. The very prettiest one I ever saw was given for some little Boston girls last year. The invitations, on Mother Goose letter paper, read:

> Hey-diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon, the little dog laughed to see such sport, and Mother Goose invites you to a party on January 12th, from five to nine o'clock. Please come as a child of Mother Goose, and we shall guess the rhyme that you represent.
> R. S. V. P. MOTHER GOOSE.
> (Mrs. Dalrymple for Gladys.)

Mother Goose, dressed all in fluffy white, save for a high pointed cap, which was red, red boots and a tall staff tied with a great red bow, had a big cotton-batting white goose tucked under her arm, and received her boys and girls, calling each one almost immediately by her own chosen Mother Goose name. Of course, she was very clever, and recognized ever so many of her children long before we could. There was her own son Jack copied from the first picture in the Routledge edition of "Mother Goose Rhymes." There was little Boy Blue with a horn and a toy cow copied from an old print. Then there was a wistful Little Bo Peep with a crook and a woolly lamb. Simple Simons were there in plenty, with whales and pies, and sieves and pennies. The Little Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe carried a party slipper just bubbling over with tiny dolls. Tommy Tucker with a basket of white bread and butter was there; Humpty Dumpty, all white and fluffy, with curly ruffles sewed over his motley like beaten eggs, and a yellow cap, was too dear and funny; Marjorie Daw with only a bit of a looking glass to give away the secret; Curly Locks, Curly Locks, with long pine shavings sewed about a mob cap, bobbing, bobbing; Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son, piped away on a penny whistle; Jack and Jill with a wooden pail, and Jack with his head tied up; Jack Sprat and his wife rolled a clean, round platter between them; Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater, had "turned into a pumpkin," he said, and was dressed exactly like Humpty Dumpty, only all in pumpkin color; Hey-Diddle-Diddle, with a cat, a fiddle, and a moon cut out of cloth, and sewed on his blouse, said that he "brought a dog, a cow, a dish and a spoon to play with;" Mary, Mary, quite contrary, with a garden hoe and a basket of flowers, was easy to guess; Baa, Baa, Black Sheep, had three tiny bags of wool tied to the buttonhole of his jumper; Mary came with a toy lamb on wheels; Little Miss Muffet with the littlest tuffet and a bowl for her curds and whey; Little Miss Netticote with the tiniest of candles; the Farmer who sowed the corn, that kept the cock, that crowed in the morn; Hot Cross Buns; The Little Old Woman and her pig; old Mother Hubbard; Handy Spandy —all were there. One little girl went meowing quietly about under the tables and chairs—that was Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been. One funny roly-poly person curled right up on the sofa to pretend he was asleep. Mother Goose spied him in a minute, and called out, "'To bed, to bed,' says Sleepy Head," and set him a-dancing with Slow, whom she spied somewhere in that Mother Goose crowd.

It would take every bit of space in these pages to tell you all the dear, funny Mother Goose people who came, and all the dear, funny things that happened—the games they played, the rhymes they said, and the Mother Goose supper!

After that supper, which was a marvel of a supper, a big, plumpy college boy came in dressed as a jovial old monarch.

"Old King Cole!" called out Mother Goose. "Will you lead a Sir Roger de Coverley with me, please?"

"Sir Roger himself," said old King Cole, as he took off his crown and took on the ways of a courtier.

"Children, choose your partners and fall right in before I spank you all soundly and send you to bed," said Mother Goose sweetly; and accepting Sir Roger's gallantry on the spot, led the merriest, maddest, gladdest "reel." Only a Sir Roger de Coverley with Mother Goose and fifty little girls and boys together could do anything so beautiful, so wonderful as that "reel."

Just think how splendid it must all have been—the big ballroom lighted with soft candlelight, the music, the holly, the happy, lilting little people, a wee bit tired, perhaps, they had played so hard. The old clock in the hallway rang out nine, Mother Goose as lightly as a bit of down kissed them all roundly, and they vanished. The sleigh bells echoed:

> "We've had a good time,
> We've had a good time.
> Hurrah for Mother Goose."

Do get up a Mother Goose party, and write me all about it. Everybody, little people and big people, everywhere should —they really should—take part in a big Mother Goose party at least once a year.

Join the "Club of Clubs"

THERE are no dues nor expenses whatever connected with the "Club of Clubs." All young people's and children's bands and societies are invited to enroll. Don't wait—get up a club of any kind, and write and find out what it means to belong to Aunt Janet's Club of Boys' and Girls' Clubs.

AUNT JANET'S NEW-YEAR REMINDER

DO NOT forget the little shut-ins, will you, my boys and girls? I am going to hold the collection box I told you about in December open until the end of January. I trust the fund will have reached more than five hundred dollars by that time.

It has been my greatest Christmas pleasure to give the one hundred dollars with which the fund started. You boys and girls must feel the pleasure it is to give the rest.

It is going to make us feel mighty good to start the new year knowing that hundreds of boys and girls who otherwise would never see our pages in the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, or know anything about the "Club of Clubs," nor have Aunt Janet for a friend, will be joining our ranks and rejoicing because we have thought of them and because they know that we want them among us, too. For with this fund, you know, you and I are going to send the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION for 1909 to hundreds of shut-in boys and girls, just as I told you in our Christmas pages.

Here is a fine chance for you girls to prove that you are each one glad to be of some service and to do some good in the world, a chance for you "Club of Clubs" boys and the Sons of Daniel Boone branch to show us the manly, generous fellows you are. I want to publish a list of the names of my boys and girls who help me, and I want the list to be a very long one. In the history of Aunt Janet's "Club of Clubs" your names will stand as pioneers who took part in this our first big plan to do a good, big work in the world. Be sure to send the name of a "shut-in" along with your donation if that donation is twenty-five cents or over. Send your donation to Aunt Janet, care of WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Madison Square, New York City.

AUNT JANET'S JANUARY PRIZE NOTICES

OUR prizes this month are for:

Stories in less than four hundred words, the title to contain the word "March" or "Heroine."

Verse. Subjects: "The Wind," "The Daffodil," "The March Hare."

Drawings or Photographs. Subjects: "Friends," "The Goose Girl."

For the best work under any of these heads we will give a first prize of $5.00. For the next best five, in order of merit, we will give prizes of $1.00 each. There will also be many charming supplementary prizes of books, pictures, toys, etc., as usual for good work of any kind sent in.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 54]

LITTLE PEOPLE'S CORNER

A GOOD IDEA—BY JOHN RAE

On rainy days like this I like
My Picture Book the best;
The colors all seem brighter 'sif
The Picture People dressed
In gayer clothes on darker days.
Look, here on page fourteen,
This wrinkled little man, all dressed
In yellow, red and green,
Smiles even pleasanter, I'm sure,
Than when the weather's fine;
He never seems to notice when
The sun forgets to shine!
I'd like it—and I'm very sure
It would improve their looks—
If people *all* wore clothes as fine
As those in Picture Books,
And if they all (especially
On rainy days, I mean)
Would smile just like the Picture Man
Who lives at page fourteen.

Who Else Wants Our $3 Gift?

Silver Butter-Spreaders like this picture.

To you who get your first spreader now—we will hold the offer open until you get a full set.

They are Wm. Rogers & Son's beautiful Lily pattern made in their extra plate. They can be had only from Armour & Company.

These spreaders in this popular style are today, all the rage.

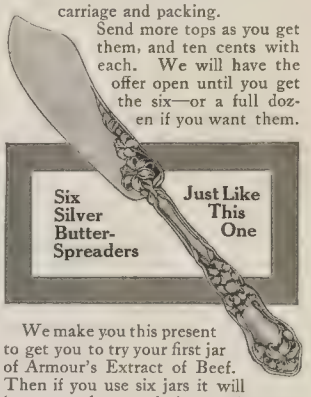
If you could buy them in the stores, they would cost $3 or more for the six.

To our customers they cost nothing.

To get your first spreader just send us one top from a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. Or send the paper certificate you find under the top.

Send with it ten cents—the cost of carriage and packing.

Send more tops as you get them, and ten cents with each. We will have the offer open until you get the six—or a full dozen if you want them.



We make you this present to get you to try your first jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. Then if you use six jars it will be as staple as salt in your kitchen. You will never be without it.

You see we return you by our gift a great deal more than you pay. But we will have you a customer for life. That's how we can afford to make this offer.

It will surprise you to learn what a help this extract is in your cooking.

There is hardly a day goes by but what it will add a flavor to some dish.

You can use it in soups, gravies or chafing dish delicacies. It is splendid to utilize left-overs. To any meat dish this Extract gives a new flavor and zest.

The Germans and French use fifty times as much as Americans. Their fame as good cooks is due in a measure to their use of Extract of Beef.

Please don't be confused about Extracts of Beef.

There are many brands on the market—inferior and unknown, at a few cents less—but you mustn't compare Armour's with them.

Armour's is concentrated. It is rich and very economical. You have only to use a fourth as much as other brands because it has four times the strength.

The instructions guide you that way so you see it's a fact.

For your next meal learn what Armour's Extract will do.

Order your first jar now—from your druggist or grocer. Send us the top or certificate with ten cents—then we will reserve you a full set of spreaders.

Do this again and again. We will send you your spreaders for each top until you get all six. Address—

Armour & Company, Chicago, Department F.

Armour's EXTRACT BEEF

The Development of the
Remington
is the History of the Writing Machine

New Models—10 and 11—Now Ready

Model 10
With Column Selector

Model 11
With Built-in Tabulator

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere

As a beauty clean-up in cold weather, when the pores are contracted and inactive, the skin needs the emollient cleansing effect of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream. Used regularly on a hot, wet cloth, it dissolves and brings out dustand impurities from the pores, leaving the skin soft, clear and supple, thereby preventing dryness, chapping and premature wrinkling.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
Perfect Cold Cream

is so delightfully fragrant, creamy and refreshing that if you try the above, you will not return to the soap habit. Ask anybody who uses it. Like all good things, it is imitated, so call for it by name. Sold in jars, 25c up and travelers' tubes 10c up at best shops. Sample gratis by post.

Daggett & Ramsdell
Dept. K.
D. & R. Building,
West 14th St.,
New York.

Your Boy's Reading

Give him reading that not only *interests* but *develops* him. Fiction, History, Biography by master writers—Photography, Mechanics, Electricity, Collecting, Sports and Athletics—all combine wholesome entertainment with beneficial moral influence when read in

The American Boy

Every issue is filled with beautiful illustrations and timely articles, every page presenting the finest kind of reading for your boy. $1 yearly—an investment that will yield bigger returns than any other outlay you could make. Subscribe to-day. Sample copy 10c.

SPRAGUE PUBLISHING Co., 87 MAJESTIC BLDG., DETROIT, MICH.

CANARIES

Two Thousand beautiful, hardy Canaries, with wonderfully sweet, clear, musical voices. Imported from the best breeders in Germany, and every one is a gem. Tested, guaranteed songsters in shipping cage only $3.00 each. Females $1.00 each. Handsome brass cages, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00 each.

PARROTS—Guaranteed talkers, $6.00 each and upwards. We ship everywhere. Largest mail order bird dealers in the world.

$3.00 each

Free Largest and handsomest catalogue of birds, fancy gold fish, etc., ever issued, mailed free if you mention this paper. Bird book, 25 cents.

IOWA BIRD CO., Des Moines, Iowa

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

AGENTS Easy Work—Good Pay. Represent a big Manufacturer. Best selling handkerchiefs, dress goods, fancy goods, laces, curtains, linens, etc., on the CREDIT market. Big catalog and particulars for 6c in stamps. FREEPORT MFG. CO., 351 & 353 Jay St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Dept. 58

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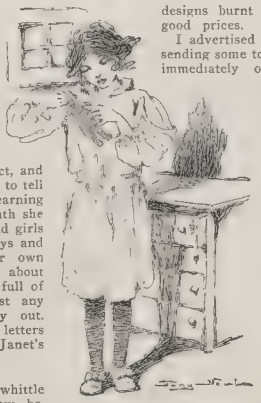
FOR · YOUNGER · READERS

AUNT JANET'S BOYS AND GIRLS TELL HOW THEY MADE SPENDING MONEY

Every day letters come to Aunt Janet asking for suggestions or for advice as to how to earn spending money. There are dozens of ways that Aunt Janet herself has suggested to the hundreds of boys and girls who have written her on this subject, and at some other time she is going to tell you a great deal more about earning spending money. But this month she wants to let all of her boys and girls see some letters from other boys and girls—letters which tell their own story; they are all of them about spending money, and they are full of good suggestions which almost any other boy or girl can carry out. Each of the writers of these letters has received one of Aunt Janet's special prizes.



I am a lame boy, but I can whittle better than most people I know, because, you see, I've had to stay still so much. Though I've had to spend most the time in bed, I have made quite a little money. I have a sharp penknife, and I use soft pine blocks and sticks. Out of these I whittle boats, and kites, and little wagons, and fishing bobs, and little windmills, and lots of other toys. I have more orders than I can fill.

Charles Knight, Age Fourteen,
Brooklyn, New York.

I have earned pin money by making and designing post cards. Blank post cards, either cream or white, can be procured for very little at almost any place where stationery is sold. Sometimes I could not get these, so I bought sheets of stiff white drawing paper, and cutting it into post-card sizes, printed with pen and ink the usual inscriptions on the back. On the blank sides of some of them I drew in pencil or pen and ink, scenes, flowers, heads or comic pictures. On others I painted scenes and flowers in water color. These sell for five and ten cents and are easily made.

With a pyrography outfit one can also make leather post cards. The leather is bought in sheets of different sizes and cut to the desired size. Original ones are much in demand and sometimes sell for fifteen cents each. Small leather cushions about eighteen inches square and pocketbooks made in different shapes with appropriate designs burnt on them brought good prices.

I advertised my post cards by sending some to my friends; they immediately ordered some to send to their friends, and I soon had all the orders I could fill.

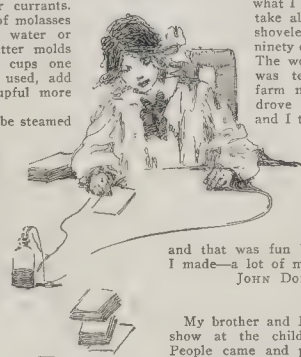
Luella L. Cloutier,
Age Seventeen,
Goodland, Indiana.

I made pin money by going to several housekeepers and getting orders for suet pudding, which is made from this recipe:

One half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, one fourth of a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one fourth of a teaspoonful of nutmeg, one half cupful of flour. Sift together. To this add one cupful of chopped suet and one cupful of raisins or currants. Beat in one cupful of molasses and one cupful of water or milk. Steam in butter molds three hours, or in cups one hour. If water is used, add one fourth of a cupful more of flour.

This pudding can be steamed in cups, removed when done, wrapped in oiled paper, and sold for five cents each. As the pudding is served hot, the housekeeper puts it in the oven a minute to reheat, makes some kind of sauce, and the dessert is off her hands.

Florence A. Culver,
Age Fourteen,
Detroit, Michigan.



One day, as I was ransacking my drawer, I came across some jointed paper dolls. I also found a pattern for making dresses for the dolls. Then an idea struck me. I purchased some crêpe and tissue paper of various colors. With that material I set to work and made dresses for the dolls. For each dress I made a hat. The costumes were not difficult to design. For each doll I fashioned four dresses and four hats. Then I got some boxes for the dolls and fixed them up just as attractively as I could. I placed them in the window of a leading stationery store, where they were quickly disposed of. Each set of dolls and her dresses were sold for twenty-five cents.

Hazel R. Sanders, Age Fourteen,
Trinidad, Colorado.

Selling plaster-of-Paris articles furnishes me a little spending money. I mold the articles in saucers or some fancy dish. When it cools it slides off the dish and is ready to be painted with any design that I fancy. I sell these articles for twenty-five cents each.

Ruth Cohee, Age Fifteen,
Frankfort, Indiana.

I bought three yards of India linen and six yards of lace. The linen cost fifteen cents a yard and the lace three cents a yard—in all, sixty-three cents. I hemstitched six handkerchiefs and edged them with lace, selling them at fifteen cents each, which made a little profit.

Ruth Macken, Age Thirteen,
Springfield, Missouri.

I decided to make some spending money even if my brother said I was too young to begin. I began by collecting on a newspaper route, and I got five per cent of what I collected. This didn't take all my time, though. I shoveled snow and made ninety cents at it in one week. The work I liked best of all was tending animals on a farm not far from town. I drove the cows to pasture and I took care of the horses—fed them and watered them—and I'd lots rather take care of animals than anything else I've ever tried. The horses got so they followed me around, and that was fun besides the $8.85 that I made—a lot of money for me.

John Donnelly, Age Ten,
Quincy, Illinois.

My brother and I gave a magic-lantern show at the children's home near us. People came and paid ten cents admission, and we made six dollars, which we gave to the home. After that we gave a puppet show. We read the puppet show article in the November Children's Pages in the Woman's Home Companion, and we followed the directions it gave. We used the Aunt Janet Punch and Judy which Aunt Janet sent us. We made eight dollars, which we used for the benefit of our club, No. 1513.

Ross Cannen, Age Fourteen,
Chicago, Illinois.

Almost every girl knows how to make some kind of candy, and if she does not, she can easily get a good recipe from a cook book. I bought five cents' worth of sugar, which made about a pound of fudge, which I sold at twenty cents a pound. It was an easy matter to get orders, and after a short time I had more orders than I could fill. I wrapped each pound in a dainty paper napkin and tied it with baby ribbon, then wrapped it in white paper.

Kathrine Morton, Age Sixteen,
Mansfield, Ohio.

AUNT JANET'S NEW-YEAR MESSAGE

Dear Boys and Girls:—

January is the time of beginnings, the time of splendid new resolutions, when every one, big and little, says to himself, "I'm going to do" this, "I'm going to do" that, the time when nearly all of us, for as much as a week, sometimes, creak with being good. Most of it wears off, though, and we get agile again in the old year's ways. I firmly believe that this slipping back happens because we make *too many* resolutions. Two or three good resolutions well stuck to are worth forty made and broken.

Well, it has occurred to me that this January would be an excellent time for each boy and girl in the homes where the Woman's Home Companion goes to make as many as three resolutions: One which you shall think out for yourself (and perhaps you will write and tell me about that one, for I would love to know about it); one that your father or mother shall suggest, and one good resolution that Aunt Janet is going to ask you to keep for her. And here is the resolution in a nutshell:

Resolve:

To enter at least one competition in our Boys' and Girls' Department in the Woman's Home Companion each month; to examine carefully every story, poem, picture, invention and puzzle published on our page of boys' and girls' own work; to compare your work with these, and to try to make your work equal or better than the work done by boys and girls of your own age; and if you belong to Aunt Janet's "Club of Clubs," to make your club work equal to the best.

Resolve to keep such a resolve as this, and your New Year will be on the fair way to becoming one of the happiest you have ever spent. The good things and privileges, prizes and personal letters and help that Aunt Janet gives constantly to the boys and girls of this big land of ours—all these things are for you, for every boy or girl who reads this message. My own big New-Year resolve is to have this the happiest, richest year that you and I have ever spent together.

But I do not want to fill a New-Year letter only with resolves to work. Resolves to play are just as important. All through the year I shall have plenty to tell you of our play time together. To begin with, is a "Mother Goose" Party on page 29, so I shall leave you now to read that. But first of all I want to extend a hearty welcome to all the new boy and girl readers that the New Year will bring us. Thousands of boys and girls join our ranks each year who were never in them before. A happy New Year to you, dear girls and boys. Not only I welcome you, but all of our thousands of young people, from Maine to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, call out to you, "We are glad you have come to be one of us! A happy, happy New Year!"

Very affectionately,
Aunt Janet.

FOR·YOUNGER·READERS

GOOD WORK FROM OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

PRIZE WINNERS IN CONTEST WORK

"A Soldier Boy"
By Donald Ryel, Age Twelve, Austin, Minnesota

"The New Year"

"Now what is that noise?" said the glad New Year.
"Now what is that singular sound I hear?
As if all the paper in all the world
Were rattled and shaken and twisted and twirled."

"Oh, that," said the jolly old Earth, "is the noise
Of all my children, both girls and boys,
A-turning over their leaves so new,
And all to do honor, New Year, to you."

BERTHA DIPMAN,
Age Thirteen,
Gibsonburg, Ohio.

January

OTHERS may praise the months more fair,
That bring blue skies and balmy air,
Green fields and woods, plum, peach and berry,
But I shall praise bluff January.

The first month of the glad New Year
Brings not south winds and skies so clear,
But brings north winds and skies of gray,
Snow, ice and—happy New Year's Day.

The joyful shouts of young folks sound
From ev'ry pond and hill around,
Where they are having winter sport
Of ev'ry kind and ev'ry sort.

And merry winter games are played,
Snow houses and snow forts are made;
Cheeks are rosy and eyes are bright,
Hearts are care free, footsteps light.

The happy sleighing parties dash
By with the tinkle and the clash
Of sleigh bells of all diff'rent sounds;
Their jingle through the air resounds.

So I shall sing of January,
Not of the months of plum and cherry,
But of the month of outdoor sport
Of ev'ry kind and ev'ry sort.

FLORENCE MAYNE, Age Thirteen,
Weiser, Idaho.

Sir Galahad

HAVE you ever heard the story
Of Sir Galahad, the true,
The noblest knight who ere rode horse,
Or sword from scabbard drew?

If asked who was the best-loved knight,
The answer, without fail,
Would be, "Sir Galahad, the chaste,
Who sought the Holy Grail."

Upon his charger, brave and bold,
With armor, sword and spear,
The fair young knight rode all alone
In weather bright or drear.

He wandered over all the earth,
O'er mountain and o'er vale,
Oh, pure in heart he sought and found
At last the Holy Grail.

THELMA KELLOGG, Age Thirteen,
Vanceboro, Maine.

Snow

FLOATING, floating, light and airy,
Each a white and kindly fairy,
Every one and all together
Friends of mine this frosty weather.
Oh, I like the winter so,
For it brings the welcome snow.

Here they come and there they go,
Jolly, merry flakes of snow,
Pure white winter fairies playing,
Coating highways for our sleighing,
Turning all the earth to white,
Ah, they fill me with delight.

MARVEL MARTIN, Age Thirteen,
Bluffton, Indiana.

Sir Galahad

OH, SIR GALAHAD, so brave and true,
Kind and honest, and gallant, too,
Of never a duty did you fail—
At last you found the Holy Grail.

Many a knight, so brave and strong,
Sought it far and sought it long,
And every one but you did fail
To find the long-lost Holy Grail.

JAMES S. GOLDTHWAIT, Age Fourteen,
Marion, Indiana.

The New Year

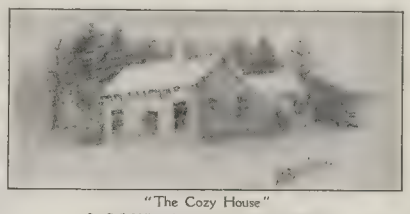
THE clouds hang low upon the sleeping world,
There's not a star to send its thread of light
To fall upon the silent frozen earth
And pierce the inky blackness of the night.

The wintry wind moans faintly through the trees,
And dies. Then all is silent far and near.
All Nature seems to reverently pause
And wait the last breath of the dying year.

The great clock's spectral fingers upward point,
Then all the bells in one vast city sound,
To give a welcome to the glad New Year.
And send the tidings all the world around.

The thick cloud curtains now begin to break,
As if parted by some unseen hand,
And one great golden star shines calmly down—
God's glorious New-Year promise to the land.

ELVA FULTON, Age Sixteen,
Table Rock, Nebraska.



"The Cozy House"
By Gail Miller, Age Fifteen, Detroit, Michigan

"The Winter Road"
By Edwin Walters, Age Fourteen, Circleville, Ohio

The Snow Storm

IT WAS a frosty night;
I woke up in a fright,
And saw a lovely sight—
It was a snow storm bright.

"Oh, mother, mother, come and see!"
I cried with glee.
"Oh, what a pretty sight!" cried mother with delight;
That was the first I saw at night.

HELOISE NEALE, Age Ten,
Chatham,
New Brunswick.

"Out for a Walk"
By Marjorie Williams, Age Ten, Scranton, Pennsylvania

My Dog

I HAVE a little puppy dog;
I think I will name him Beaut.
I got him but a week ago,
But he is very, very cute.

PAULINE DRESSER,
Age Ten,
Cleveland, Ohio.

The Christmas Angel

AN ANGEL comes to each of us
On Christmas Day.
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,"
We hear him say.
He tells of Jesus' lowly birth,
And of his coming to the earth,
And of his holy, priceless worth
To us to-day.

He tells us of that matchless song
The shepherds heard,
And sings it o'er again to us—
Yes, every word.
'Tis, "Peace on earth, to men good will."
It rings out over vale and hill,
And thrills our very beings, till
Our souls are stirred

O Christmas Angel, in my heart
Forever dwell,
And sing again that song of songs
I love so well.
May I be like that heavenly King
Whose praises on this day we sing,
The One for whom we ever ring
Glad Christmas bells!

JULIET REEVE, Age Sixteen,
Liberal, Kansas.

The Christmas Angel

THE Christmas angel sits on the tree
As peaceful and sweet as she can be.
A golden bugle she doth hold,
Telling again the story old,
Rejoicing on this blessed morn,
As the Magi did when Christ was born.

JESSIE CORYELL, Age Thirteen,
Aspen, Colorado.

Billy

I HAD a dog, his name was Billy;
I tell you what, he wasn't silly.
He could run, and dance, and jump, and play,
And mind the sheep and cows all day.

SUSIE SHIVERS, Age Six,
Sparta, Georgia.

A Blessed New Year

A HAPPY New Year, you can make it, my dear,
By smiling and doing your best;
Be cheery and true the twelve months through,
So shall the New Year be blest.

HELESINE SODERBERG, Age Ten,
Lincoln, Nebraska.

Sir Galahad

SIR GALAHAD, a noble knight
And holy man was he;
And searching for the Holy Grail
He went o'er land and sea.
Of all King Arthur's Table Round
The gentlest knight—no love
Of ladies dwelt within his heart.
He served his God above.

The strength of ten was in his arm,
His heart was pure as snow.
His travel o'er the earth was like
The wind that 'round does blow.
The tawny lion's fiercest roar
Ne'er made him turn away;
He searched for the Holy Grail,
And found it, too, one day.

A maiden knight, a knight of God,
To him alone was giv'n
The power to find the Holy Grail—
He only, under heav'n.
He saw the holy Cup of God
Blood red, like shining star,
And found the victor's rest and peace
In God's own home afar.

ROBERT S. RAYSON, Age Thirteen,
Kingston, Ontario.

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"A Word to the Wise"

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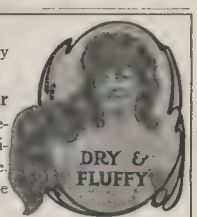

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The Dry Shampoo

keeps the hair in splendid condition.
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Eleventh Century

Berengaria of Navarre
twelfth century

St. Elizabeth, Empress of Hungary
Thirteenth Century

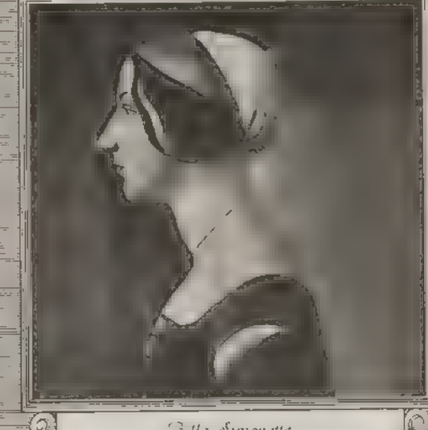
Beatrice de Cavanese
Fourteenth Century

Archduchess Maria Josefa
Eighteenth Century

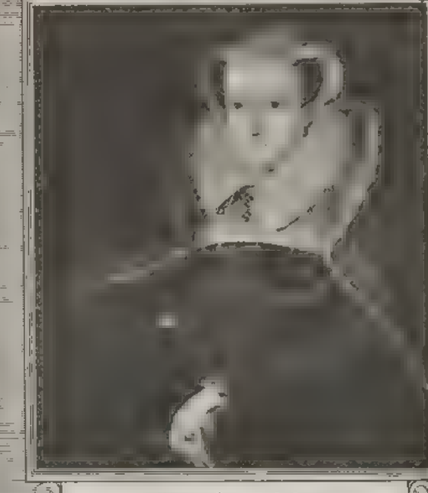
Eugenie Empress of France
Nineteenth Century

Miss Katherine Elkins
Twentieth Century

Hedwige Queen of Poland
Fourteenth Century



Bella Simonetta
Fifteenth Century



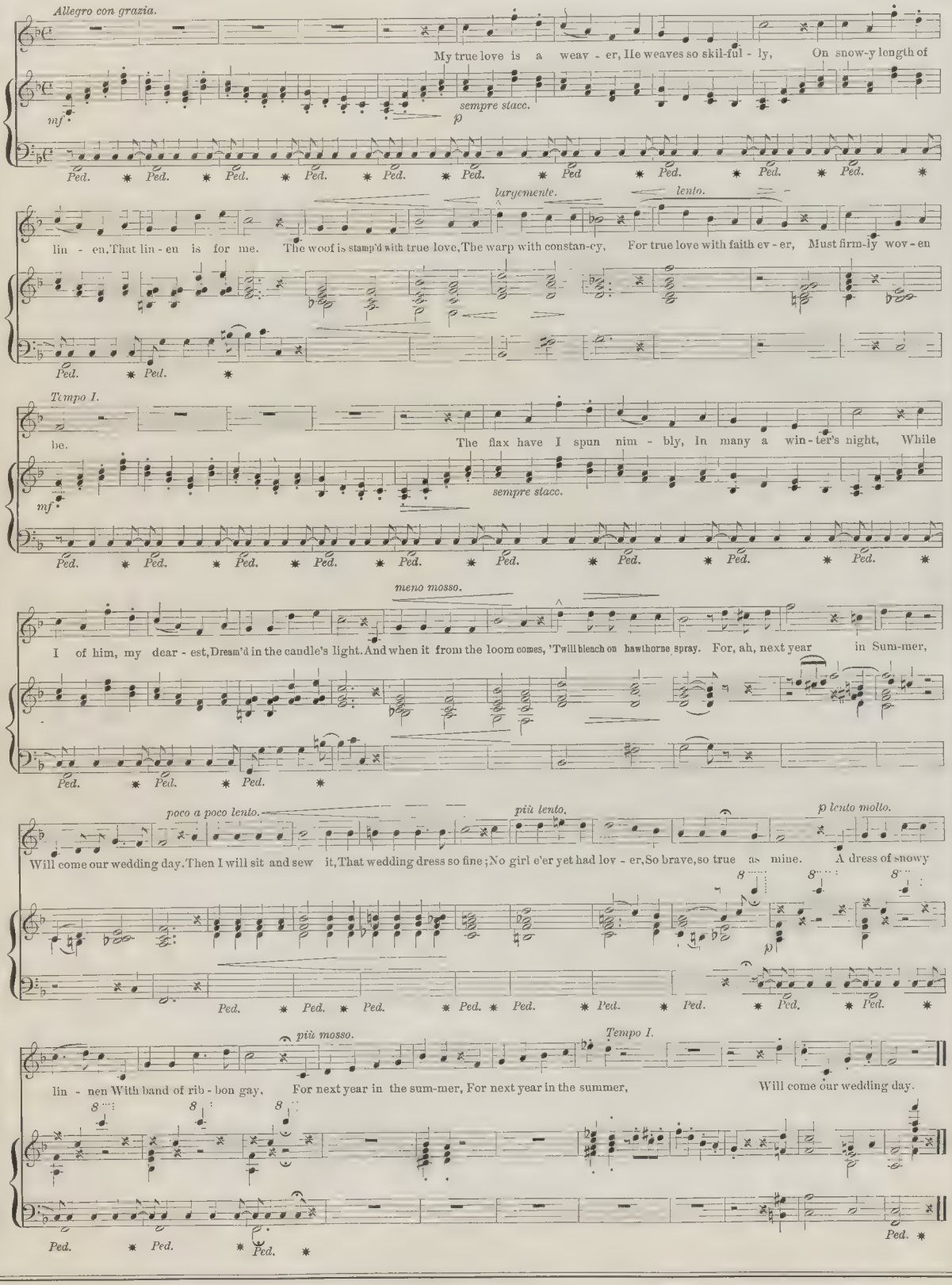
Mary Queen of Scots
Sixteenth Century

"MY TRUE LOVE IS A WEAVER"

A GERMAN LOVE SONG

BY EUGEN HILDACH

THE WORDS ARE TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG. A NOTE ABOUT THIS SONG IS ON PAGE 44


Allegro con grazia.
My true love is a weav - er, He weaves so skil-ful - ly, On snow-y length of
mf
sempre stacc.
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
largamente.
lento.
lin - en, That lin - en is for me. The woof is stamp'd with true love, The warp with constan-cy, For true love with faith ev - er, Must firm-ly wov - en
Ped. * Ped. *
Tempo I.
be. The flax have I spun nim - bly, In many a win - ter's night, While
mf
sempre stacc.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
meno mosso.
I of him, my dear - est, Dream'd in the candle's light. And when it from the loom comes, 'Twill bleach on hawthorne spray. For, ah, next year in Sum-mer,
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
poco a poco lento.
più lento.
p lento molto.
Will come our wedding day. Then I will sit and sew it, That wedding dress so fine; No girl e'er yet had lov - er, So brave, so true as mine. A dress of snowy
8
8
8
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
più mosso.
Tempo I.
lin - nen With band of rib - bon gay, For next year in the sum-mer, For next year in the summer, Will come our wedding day.
8
8
8
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Ped. *

TRAINED AND UNTRAINED NURSING

BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

FOR THE GIRL WHO EARNS HER OWN LIVING

"I THINK IT WOULD BE JUST LOVELY to devote one's life to the care of the suffering, but I do not feel that I can give up three years to training for the work, nor am I strong enough to endure the rigid life of a hospital training school. Where may I gain a general idea of nursing without taking the regular course?"

This letter was written on heavy French gray paper which bore a beautiful monogram.

"I think I would make a splendid nurse because I am so sympathetic, and, having suffered myself, I would have patience with those in pain. But I am too nervous to enter a training school. Do you know of a correspondence course in nursing?"

This on ruled paper, evidently taken from a tablet and written in a wavering, uncertain hand.

"I love children and should like to nurse them, but I do not want to take a full course in general hospital training. Where can I secure an abbreviated course? Are there such places as babies' hospitals?"

This on violet paper, written in a long, angular hand with purple ink.

"I am doing general housework, but I want to be a nurse. I never got much education, but I am willing to learn. I am nineteen years old and have plenty of time to improve myself before I enter a hospital. Can I take a high-school course by mail and get ready to enter a hospital? I am not afraid of any work, and if you think it would be better, I will enter a hospital as a cleaner or dish washer and work my way up so they will take me on probation."

This on old-fashioned double sheet of lined paper with an embossed cupid in the upper corner and a rural free delivery address on the stamped envelope which accompanied it.

THIS QUARTET OF LETTERS fairly represents my daily mail from would-be nurses.

Three out of four correspondents think they would make fine nurses if there was any possible way by which they could escape the preparation! The fourth realizes that nursing must be built on the foundation of hard work and real knowledge—that the girl who cannot endure the training cannot endure the nursing itself.

IF YOU WERE SERIOUSLY ILL, would you intrust your life to a young man because he thought he would like to be a doctor, and had spent a few hours each day reading medical treatises? No! You would send for the physician who had had the largest possible amount of experience.

If he ordered a nurse, would you be satisfied to hear him say, "Oh, I'll send in Miss Blank. She's a pretty girl and knows how to arrange the flowers your friends will send in, and she reads aloud beautifully." No! You would demand a nurse who was skilled in making beds so you would be comfortable, skilled in administering medicines so you would be safe in the absence of your physician, skilled in preparing food so you would secure proper nourishment.

Think this over and you will realize why doctors and invalids have no use for the unskilled nurse. In fact, as medical science advances, the nurse plays a more and more important rôle in the sick room, and is intrusted with more and more responsibility. Therefore, if you want to become a trained nurse with standing in your profession and among physicians, you must devote your entire attention to the work of preparation. No half-way measures will do. You cannot escape one month of the training nor one jot of the manual labor it involves.

THE FOLLOWING CONDITIONS ARE ABSOLUTE. If you cannot meet them, do not attempt to become a nurse.

If you want to become a trained nurse you must have a high-school diploma or the equivalent thereof. You should not be less than twenty-two years of age nor more than thirty-five. You must be in sound physical condition and must have no defect of either sight or hearing. And you must be absolutely at the command of your training school for practically three years.

If any member of your family is dependent upon you for support, or may become so during the next three years, do not enter a training school. You will earn nothing during your course of training. You will need every penny the school allows you for current expenses.

If, however, you have perfect health, the steady nerves, the willingness to work, the freedom from home ties which will make for your successful training, ask your family physician what he considers the best training school in your vicinity. Then write to the superintendent of that school for an application blank. The questions differ in various hospitals, but you will be asked if you are "single, married, divorced or widowed;" your previous and present occupation; the place and date of your birth; your height and weight; where and how you were educated; and all possible questions concerning your health, past and present, and any hereditary tendencies. You will also be asked for references, including your family physician.

Having filled out this blank satisfactorily, and having been placed on the waiting list, you must prepare to respond directly probationers are needed. Here are some of the instructions to probationers issued by a well-known mid-West training school:

"WHEN COMING TO THE HOSPITAL, candidates should bring with them the following articles: Three gingham or calico dresses, made plainly; eight large white aprons, made of bleached cotton, two yards wide, meeting in the back, with bibs, without straps, plain at the top and gathered slightly at the bottom five inches in depth and two inches from the bottom of the dress; two bags for soiled clothes; one pair of scissors, a pin ball, a plain napkin ring with nurse's name; a good supply of plain underclothing—every article to be distinctly marked with pen and indelible ink with the owner's name. Twenty-one pieces are allowed for the laundry each week. Nurses must bring suitable outer garments for stormy weather, and they are required to wear boots that will be purchased on prescription of our orthopedic surgeon, after coming to the hospital. If the teeth are out of order in any way, they must receive attention before coming for the probationary months. Nurses are required to wear the training-school uniform after they join the school. Material for dresses will be sold at cost price; caps furnished at nominal price. Probationers should come prepared, on acceptance, to expend about twenty dollars for uniforms, books and other needful expenses."

In addition, I advise every probationer to take with her or leave on draft sufficient money to pay her expenses home from the training school, should she fail of acceptance. The probationer assumes all risks, the hospital training school none.

A GREAT MANY GIRLS WRITE TO ME, asking just what is expected of a probationer in the way of actual work. During the period of a probationer will they be given a fair test of their ability?

From a program of the first eight weeks' work laid out for probationers in a New England hospital I have made a list of the principal points covered, which will convey some idea of the scope and nature of the work. These are as follows:

Hospital etiquette and rules, nurses' ethics; washing nourishment dishes, care of refrigerators, gas stoves, cupboards, trays, serving meals, nourishments; care of lavatory and utensils in lavatory; bed making; bed bath; patients' morning and evening toilets; admitting stretcher cases, undressing patients, entrance bath, listing and care of clothing and valuables; filling and applying ice caps, hot-water bags, care of linen press; washing hair, care of back, mouth, teeth, etc.; feeding helpless patients; taking and recording temperature, pulse and respiration; mustard pastes, poultices, etc.; giving of medicines; special class instruction in printing, charting and diets.

This list is not complete, but it gives a fair idea of the probationer's duties.

ONCE YOU HAVE PROVEN YOUR WORTH as a probationer, and are accepted as a student nurse, you virtually turn yourself and your services over to the hospital for a term varying from two years and six months to three years. During that time you will be provided with lodging, food and care in case of illness. Either your uniforms, laundry and text books will be provided or you will receive a small allowance which will cover these expenses. Your hours will be practically twelve a day, with brief respites during each day for outdoor exercise, a half holiday each week and generally half of each Sunday. Two weeks' vacation is granted during the summer. You will live at the home for nurses connected with the hospital and will be subject to its rules and regulations, precisely as if you were a hospital patient instead of a nurse.

If you are not willing to give up this much time, this much strength, this much liberty to prepare for the profession, do not aim to be a trained nurse. Nothing short of this will prepare you.

Now, girls, once and for all, I beg of you, do not write to me for information about hospitals with "abbreviated courses" or training schools where you can pay your way instead of working for it. No such courses or schools exist for what is known as the trained nurse. Either she is *thoroughly* trained or she is untrained.

IF YOU CANNOT TAKE THIS COURSE, and you are still determined to work for the sick, then you must work along different lines from those followed by the trained nurse. You may become what is known as a convalescent nurse, or a trained nurse maid, or you can specialize on massage or cookery for the sick, or you can make a business of reading aloud to the sick. But do not imagine for one instant that among doctors you will have the same standing as the trained nurse, nor will you command the same salary.

Several organizations, notably the Young Women's Christian Association, offer courses in convalescent nursing. In this course you are prepared to take the place of the trained nurse when the patient is so close to recovery that scientific vigilance may be relaxed and mere attendance and entertainment substituted. Convalescent nurses are employed to relieve trained nurses while the latter take their daily outdoor exercise; also in some households to wait upon chronic invalids who have become fretful and captious, and require diversion as well as light attendance. Work of this sort is secured through registries and physicians, and pays from seven to fifteen dollars a week, according to the amount of attendance and work required.

TRAINED NURSE MAIDS ARE NOW IN GREAT DEMAND in the nurseries of the rich. They step into the shoes of the trained nurse, take complete charge of the new baby in the household and often assume direction of the nursery complete, ordering the meals and guarding the health of the older children. In such instances there is generally an under maid who performs the menial nursery duties. The semi-trained nurse wears a uniform and is a sort of upper servant in the household. Her salary varies from twenty to thirty dollars a month, together with board and lodging and laundry, according to her duties and training. Such training is secured in charity hospitals for babies, and the course runs from six to nine months. The responsibilities, however, are very great, as the woman who employs a semi-trained nurse generally has many outside interests and throws all responsibilities upon her employee.

AN EXPERT MASSEUSE can build up a good business in this day of nervous womanhood, of high-strung society women and overworked professional and business women. Either the Swedish system of massage or the Weir Mitchell system, I am told, should be mastered by the masseuse who expects to succeed. Both require many months of study, superb strength and that peculiar quality of personal magnetism which makes the exhausted patient respond to the efforts of her masseuse. A masseuse is paid by the hour or the treatment, and secures work through physicians, registries for nurses, Turkish baths and beauty parlors where tired women go to recuperate.

THE PROFESSION OF READING ALOUD TO THE SICK demands a pleasing voice, clear enunciation, an air of being interested in the class of reading demanded by the patient, knowledge of current literature and the ability to pick out interesting reading matter if the patient has no choice. Such work is secured through physicians, superintendents of sanitariums, registries and exchanges for women's work, and by advertising in the daily papers. It is paid by the hour, or in the case of a chronic invalid or blind person, under contract, so many hours at so much a week.

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"On my last case I received $20 a week." *Mrs. Elizabeth W. Streich, 774 N. 23d St., Phila., Pa.*

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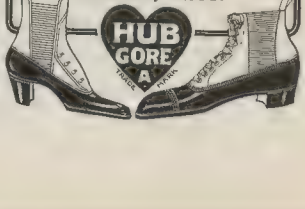

MRS. SANGSTER'S HOME PAGE

"LOOK FORWARD, AND NOT BACK"

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN we were children the stretch of the road from one year to another seemed interminable. Twelve months from one white New-Year's Day to the next made an interval that the childish imagination could not grasp. The other end melted away in the dim distance. To the child the present means everything. The future is so remote that it scarcely impresses him at all. Grown people are always talking to children about improving their opportunities, and making the most of their advantages, because by and by they will be men and women and the time for education in the school sense of the term will have gone by forever. How often have I listened to grave speeches crammed with good advice, and wondered how much of it was accepted and assimilated by the decorous rows of children sitting in front of the platform. A child's life is in to-day, not in yesterday, and not in to-morrow. A New-Year's Day to a child is like any other new and shining and splendid possession. It fills the little heart with gladness to the overflow. If a word is said about next year it is probably unheard and certainly it is not long remembered. If a word is said about last year, that, too, is unheard and unnoted, for last year to the child is as the pyramids and ancient Babylon to us.

When the roseate mists of childhood have cleared away, when we are in the thick of affairs with children of our own, our bread to earn, our work to do, the distance from year to year lessens swiftly until we think about it as if it were but a few steps. I have tried to analyze for myself the difference in feeling between the old days and the present. I find in my personal experience that I am as happy as ever in the coming of a New Year, and that there is no diminution of tenderness in my good-by to the year that passes away. Just as much as ever when a New Year comes I feel the desire to start again, repair mistakes and enjoy each flying moment.

I pick up my copy of "In Memoriam," and the poet whose music never loses its spell sings for me as for you the dominant mood of the hour:

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The Year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

January's Forward Movement

In the business world the beginning of a year is signalized by a careful taking account of the stock in hand, so that a new adjustment may be made. Bargains are offered to customers in the shops, so that room may be made on the shelves for fresher and more attractive goods. Merchants must know how they stand. Inventories and precise records show whether there has been advance or decline in profits. January ushers in and prepares for a forward movement in the commerce of nations.

Every individual who has anything to do with buying and selling, from the head of the firm to the boy in buttons at the door, from the little girl who purchases shoe strings at the notion counter to the great lady who arrives with coachman and footman and spends her gold with lavish hand, has a share in this forward movement of commerce.

Don't you think the season a good one for making an inventory of another sort of stock? Are we carrying any useless luggage? Are there closets in the mind that have harbored dark thoughts and old grudges, and that ought to be opened to the light of the new day? Have we been encumbered by a lot of prejudices and traditions that it is not worth our while to entertain longer? Have we been overconfident, a little vain, a little conceited where humility would have better suited our condition? This is not preaching, by the way, it is merely suggestion. Possibly we have been lacking in self-esteem, have been too diffident and too readily discouraged. We have stood at the side of the road and watched the procession as it forged along, drums beating, banners waving, eyes alight, lips sternly set, but we have been merely spectators.

Some of us have stayed outside, on the score that we were too young to be of use, and others have apologized for indifference and inertia because we thought we were too old. In taking stock of ourselves let us cease to accept excuses for idleness or laziness. Nothing so mildews conscience, so eats with rust into the tools that should be ours, as a foolish yielding to circumstances that we ought to conquer. I have known a man in the high noon tide of life, reluctant to make another beginning because he had suffered one defeat. I have seen such a man grow older and feebler till his fabric of life was moth eaten and fell to pieces, while his daughters toiled for him, and one by one died beneath the weight of their tasks. In taking stock of ourselves let us be candid. Whatever the blunders of the past have been, it is never too late to mend. Nobody knows what wonderful gifts are waiting for the brave heart and the willing hand just around the next corner. This is not a dark, gloomy world. It is full of sunshine, brightness and good cheer. Why indulge in the disposition of self-pity? Why grow morbid and melancholy? To be doleful is to be cowardly. Valor and honor are very near relations. To expect victory is more than half the battle. Be strong and courageous. Withal, watch for fun as you go along. No matter about yesterday. To-day is here, and it is a good day.

Outworn Prejudice

Speaking of prejudice, its influence is so narrowing and tyrannical that we ought to get rid of it if we can. For example, take the familiar prejudice against making acquaintances out of our own limited circle. Suppose we send our little girl to the nearest public school. It is a good school and we are satisfied with the instruction she receives there, but we have always had lurking in the background of our thoughts an idea, to put it plainly, of our own social importance. We would not for the world have the child snobbish, and yet we do wish that she may, so to speak, limit her intimate friends to the aristocratic portion of the town. If we see her walking up the street arm in arm with the daughter of the washerwoman we are not half so pleased as if she comes home from school with the daughter of the judge. The one girl may be as refined, as well mannered and as amiable as the other. Nevertheless, we wish Gertrude would select her friends from those whom her mother visits and whose mothers are on the latter's visiting list. This preference is not democratic nor is it American. It is in the minds of a good many women who shrink from the mere mention of allowing their children to touch anything common. I submit in the beginning of this year that caste lines among children based on distinction of wealth or any other purely artificial advantage are weak and sinful. We should train our children so that they may walk the world in purity and innocence, but we should avoid from the very first the teaching that will tend to make them selfish, sordid and snobbish.

Peace in the Household

Now let us look at something else—the foundation of household peace. You may be in apparently perfect health. You may not be aware of the slightest tendency to disease in the physical organism, yet if you have the misfortune to run a needle under your nail, or if you wear a shoe that is a trifle too short, and it gives you what the colored mammies call "a misery in your foot," you will discover that the body is out of gear and the machinery runs with a jar. Every one knows the extremity of wretchedness to which a sufferer may be reduced by an aching tooth. We cannot be physically contented if the least thing in the whole system is out of harmony with the rest of the parts. Very much like this it is in the household. One member of the family who is unreasonable, irritable and difficult may mar the felicity of parents, brothers and sisters, and set the sweet bells jangling out of tune, day after day. Perverseness anywhere in the home, from the kitchen to the drawing room, is a seed from which grows dissension and downright quarreling. The foundation of household peace is laid in equal rights and liberal privileges for every one and in continual forbearance in little things. Some of us have a genius for setting things right. Others are endowed with an eye for defects and we blame more than we praise. "When I go away for the day," said a mother to me, "I never leave Helen in charge if I can help it. I am sure to return in the evening to hear complaints and redress grievances. The boys have misbehaved, the girls have been trying, the baby has cried herself to sleep, and the maid is ready to give warning. There is no exaggeration in this statement, though Helen is a very pearl of discretion and a daughter of whom I am proud, but she dictates and domineers and is deficient in tact. If I can leave Louise to engineer affairs, the exact opposite happens. The day passes charmingly, every one is happy and I am told that I might have stayed a week." Upstairs, downstairs and in my lady's chamber let us make a place for the genial spirit of good comradeship, and let us live by the beautiful rule this year, written for us long ago by our revered and beloved Dr. Edward Everett Hale:

Look up, and not down;
Look out, and not in;
Look forward, and not back;
And lend a hand.

Solitude and Society

At the opposite poles of our inner being are two imperative needs. One is for solitude, the other for society. My correspondence with the friends who read this page gives me repeated proofs that women never reach their best development if they live in loneliness, or if they spend their whole lives in the social whirl. For our soul's growth in goodness we require time in which to be alone. To the busy mother with her little ones around her, to the woman who prepares three meals a day, to a third who is driven by social engagements, it seems idle to insist that she shall have an hour or two by herself between sunrise and sunset. Without this little space of quiet, let it be ever so hard to attain, let me tell my sister that she will cease to thrive mentally and spiritually. She must think enough about herself to claim this privilege and hold it fast, but no one should shut herself up and live apart from her neighbors unless neighbors are so remote that to reach them she must drive miles across country. In this case the best plan is to find society in books and to cultivate in the family a habit of playing games and uniting in evening amusements.

The Youngest Child of Time

The clock struck twelve in the tall church tower,
And the old year slipped away,
To be lost in the crowd of phantom years
In the House of Dreams that stay
All wrapped in their cloaks of gray.

Then swift and sweet o'er the door's worn sill
Came the youngest child of Time,
With a gay little bow and a merry laugh,
And a voice like bells achime,
Challenging frost and rime.

Thrice welcome to our homes and hearts is Nineteen Hundred and Nine, the youngest child of Time. Neither the little New Year nor ourselves can begin to tell the work that is cut out for him to do. He will be a grown-up year long before the winter is over, ready for the spring planting, the summer ripening and the autumn harvesting. He brings us gifts and opportunities, and we care more for the latter than the former. He will not at once give us everything, nor at once reveal to us all our opportunities. Hour by hour and day by day the Year and we will fare along together. To the children the road looks very long; to us it seems very short. Let us take the road bravely and let our sturdy grown-up progress not shame the dancing foot of childhood.

Farthest North—

This picture is a reproduction of actual photograph taken at Hammerfest, on the North Cape, within the Arctic Circle, in the land of the Midnight Sun.

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THAT BOY

BY EVERETT T. TOMLINSON

AUTHOR OF "FOUR BOYS IN THE YELLOWSTONE," "THE BOYS OF OLD MONMOUTH," "THE RIDER OF THE BLACK HORSE," ETC., ETC.

III.—HIS HABITS

There was an article of two columns in a recent issue of a leading New York paper which had the suggestive title, "The Old-Fashioned Office Boy." In reality the article was the result of an interview by an interesting reporter with a prominent business man of age and unquestioned standing. The old man (whether his conclusions were due to his advancing years or to his experience I cannot say) had no question in his mind as to the superiority of the boys of a former generation in reliability, if not in ability, as well as in their willingness to work and general habits of life.

The article referred to led the writer to seek the opinions of certain long-experienced teachers as to the comparative merits of the boys they were teaching now and those of a generation ago. One man, who for nearly fifty years has been principal of the same public school in a large city, unhesitatingly expressed himself in this wise: "Thirty years ago my boys could write a letter of application for a position, and it would be well expressed and correctly spelled. They could add a column of figures accurately and they knew the multiplication tables as they knew their own names. To-day not many of our boys can be relied upon for any of these things. They can tell the difference between certain shades of color, they know a little about the life of the squirrel and the bear, and they have committed to memory some very desirable bits of poetry; but they can't parse an English sentence, their spelling is 'simple' in the flattest meaning of the word, and any business house would soon be ruined which depended upon the accuracy of the boys."

The Modern Boy is Keen and Quick

And yet this teacher agreed with the opinions of all the others whom I consulted that the boy of to-day has not less brains than his forerunners, is keener and quicker in his mental processes, far better informed, at least concerning matters in general, and has many more sides of his nature appealed to than did his father or grandfather in their boyhood days. His lacks are due to the failures in the home, according to the teachers, and doubtless many a home retorts by placing the responsibility upon the scattering, superficial, "faddish" training which the boy receives from our modern educational system. It may be there is truth in each and faults in both. At all events, the habits acquired in boyhood form a subject that cannot be too widely considered.

Now, a habit is not something which the boy has, but something that *has him.* The very root meaning of the word is this. When impulse and suggestion cease to be the cause of the act, when what is done is done without the necessity of thought, the action is then *habitual.* It is acquired, not instinctive. It is second nature added to nature, or rather it is second nature absorbed by nature. The will is no longer the source of the deed. The boy is the subject, the *habit* is in control. And the boy is like a garden in which, if flowers are not cultivated, weeds will grow. If good habits are not formed, evil ones will be. No boy ever remains in a state of equilibrium. Good habits or bad will eventually *have him,* and the pity of it is that they have him before he, in his ignorance, understands, or those who are responsible, perceive. If he has the good habits it will be because they have been made for him as well as by him. It would be as reasonable to expect a boy to make his own clothes as his habits.

For example, take the matter of meeting and overcoming difficulties. The most of the men who succeed do so because first of all success is *in them.* Most failures are due not to difficulties, but to the spirit, the attitude—the lack of habitual thoroughness—of doing work to completion. It is safe to affirm that most successful men would succeed in anything, and most who fail would fail in everything. The fault is not in the "luck" or their "stars," but in themselves. The habit of mastering was never formed.

The Boy Should Finish What He Begins

The best mother of young children whom the writer ever met is a woman indulgent, gentle, always kind, but unceasingly firm and decided when decision must be made. Her one rule, she explained to me, was this: "Whenever my boys begin anything I insist upon their completing it."

The president of a New England college, a man who in school, college, or whatever he was doing, seemed to have acquired the habit of being first, was telling me of his own experience as a boy in a famous preparatory school, the name of whose principal of that day is still cherished and honored in the educational world. "I was a boy of fifteen when I entered ——," said this president. A few days afterward I went to Doctor —— to ask him to translate a tangled sentence in Cæsar. The old man looked down at me from his desk, not unkindly, and inquired, 'How old are you, my lad?'

"'Fifteen,' I answered.

"'So? Do you know, I have found that very sentence, which you are asking me to translate, has puzzled most boys of your age. But I have found, too,' he added quizzically, 'that most boys of fifteen have been able to work it out. If you really can't do it, my boy, come to me this noon and I'll read it for you.'

"I never went to him that noon or any other time," explained the college president. "I worked it out myself, and fell somehow into the habit of doing things. That lesson of Doctor ——'s was the most valuable one in all my life." To insist upon your boy doing what he ought to do and can do for himself is to give him what the highest-priced tutor can never impart.

It is astounding to find the numbers of men who say, "My life is a failure." The trouble is that "failing" became a habit, even though many of these men are not the "failures" they may believe themselves to be. Success is a matter of habit, too. In the last analysis there are just two classes of men—victors and victims. Which your boy shall be will depend on which he is trained to be.

Then, too, there is the habit of applying one's self. The failure of many a college graduate who was a king on the campus, when he begins the drudgery of his business career, is simply the disclosure of his habits.

Concentration as a Time Saver

"My one inflexible rule with my boys," explained a father, whose sons became an honor to his name, "was that in term time Friday and Saturday nights were free, but no outside call or invitation was to be accepted for the other week-day nights. Those evenings had to be reserved for school work. Oh, yes, I believe I did have one other rule," he added smilingly, "and that was that they must work while they worked. To have a book in the hands or sit at a desk was not necessarily 'working.'"

"How did you know they were 'working?'" he was asked.

"I judged by results—and they soon understood. The work had to be done, though the amount of time required to do it was their own lookout; but they soon acquired the habit of concentration. It was easier, as well as better, to apply themselves than it was to spend a lot of time—doing nothing."

Most healthy, normal boys seem to be born without a sense of orderliness. The boy's room is the despair of many a mother. Order may be heaven's first law, but the late arrivals seem to have lost it on the way earthward. It simply is not natural for most boys to be orderly.

"Mother, where are my books?" "Where's my school cap?" "Where did you leave my skates?" "What did you do with my book strap?"

And many a patient (or impatient) mother, with a sigh or a complaint, responds to these daily appeals. But her sighs and complaints are as useless as they are foolish. Has she not yet learned that her boy was born without any taste for order, and that it has to be cultivated like his taste for olives? The boy is not to be blamed for his inborn lack; it may be that she is the one at fault for her failure to develop the habit so essential to him in all his after years. It is not her mother love, but her own folly, that causes her "to be forever picking up after that boy." She has never taught, trained, insisted upon order, for perhaps it was "easier to do it herself than to insist upon her boy doing it." Easier? Of course it was easier, but was it better for the boy?

"Where's my hat, mother?" demanded a boy the other day in my presence, as he came bounding into the house.

"I haven't worn it to-day," she responded lightly. "Isn't it in the place where it ought to be?" It was not laziness, but the best interests of her boy, that led her to let him make his own search, although at the time "the fellows" were noisily shouting for him to "hurry up" and "come on."

"It is the hardest, the most difficult part of all the training of my boys," she explained to me after the lad had at last found the lost hat and gone to join his impatient "fellows." "But for his own good I must. Sometimes I feel almost discouraged, for his room looks, as his father says, 'like a whirlwind in distress.' Still I can see a little improvement. He is a little better than he was. But it is line upon line and precept upon precept. I have tried rewards and I've tried punishments, but neither solves the problem. But for my boy's best good I must have patience and keep on."

"What Difference Does It Make?"

And she was right. Not only for the sake of his future work, but also for his own character, the habit was essential. His question, "What difference does it make?" if not answered aright, will later be applied in other places than in his "room." "What's the difference between strict honesty and questionable measures, between uprightness and dishonor?" may soon follow. Essentially the habit of orderliness in the boy is not a question of housekeeping, but of character, and that it *is* a habit which must be formed and fixed is what many an unwise, not to say foolish, mother ignores.

Care of his person and even personal cleanliness are acquired habits, too, and there is slight innate love for either. "What good does it do to wash my hands? They get dirty again right away," protested a little fellow; and I fancy there are many mothers who with one accord would rise up to declare the boy was theirs. They are prone to forget that the boy is just a healthy little animal, though naturally he may be even more indifferent to his personal cleanliness than are some members of the animal kingdom. Water is repellent to him unless it be in the swimming hole or the spring.

The failure of a strong man as the representative of a great organization was declared by one of his warmest friends to be due to "a habit of appearing before gentlemen with his linen soiled."

Insistence upon neatness in appearance at the table, that boots shall be shined, and clothing and person shall at least be clean, is not "subserviency to conventionalities;" it is cultivating habits that are the foundation of all self-respect. Habitual self-respect is possible only when habits have made self respectable.

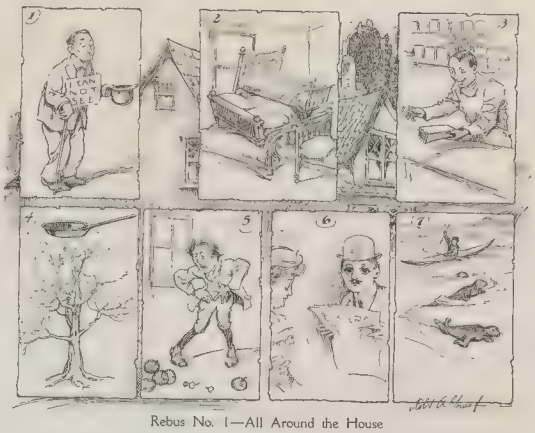
EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Tomlinson, for many years a teacher in boys' schools, a popular and sympathetic writer for boys, and the father of boys, is especially qualified to write intelligently and sympathetically about "That Boy." The first of his series, entitled "His Wrongs," appeared in the October number. The second, "His Rights," followed in November. "His Reading" is the subject of the fourth article, and "His Manners" and "His Companions" will follow later. It is hoped and believed that the articles will prove helpful to parents in the solution of that most fascinating and most important problem, the preparing of the young citizen for his place in the world

SAM LOYD'S OWN PUZZLE PAGE

REBUS NO. 1—ALL AROUND THE HOUSE

Here begins our new series of pictorial rebuses, which represents what the puzzle artist saw in his new house. This first rebus stands for seven of the general parts of the house. There is nothing here which belongs to any odd or peculiar style of architecture, for the puzzle artist says, "My house is just plain House." In later issues we will show some of the things characteristic of the different rooms.

Put on your thinking cap, get out your brightest spectacles, brush the cobwebs off your brain and sharpen up your wits! You'll have to do all these things to keep up with the puzzle artist



Rebus No. 1—All Around the House

DIRECTIONS FOR SENDING AN SWERS

The competition for this month closes on January 20th.

Write distinctly, in ink on only one side of the paper

Address all communications to Sam Loyd's Own Puzzle Page, Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

MONTHLY PRIZE OFFER

$10 00 will be awarded the best set of answers to the puzzles on this page.

$1 00 each will be given to the twenty next best set of answers.

One hundred copies of Our Puzzle Book will be distributed among those whose answers are worthy of honorable mention

Jimmy and the Sign Board

Jimmy Jones' back yard is next-door neighbor to Mary Snyder's. The fence around Jimmy's back yard fronts on a side street, and one morning there came a painter, who neatly lettered on the fence

a big sign for a down-town store. The next day, in a very strenuous game of tag, Jimmy broke one board and Mary another, and the result was a very curious sign indeed.

Now, if we tell you that Mr. Smith keeps only one article of attire, and that there are in all eleven letters missing from the sign in its broken state, could you tell us what it was originally?

Buried Cities

To conceal the names of places in short sentences has always been a favorite form of puzzle with the younger students, so we present a few simple ones:

1. A silver salver on a marble table.
2. I sent Sara to gather strawberries.
3. Mary asked me whether I ever saw St. Peter's church.
4. Beauty rewards the eyes, I do not deny it.
5. The child cried, "O, ma, has he come at last?"
6. The telescope of Herschel searches the sky for stars.
7. Permit me, madam, as custom sanctions, to salute you.
8. The foreign soldiers asked the general to naturalize them.
9. The Russian Dimitri polished his own boots.
10. The belle was dressed in buff, a lovely shade.
11. With the sabre, men fight on foot or on horseback.
12. From the island of Delos we go to Greece.
13. We saw Phillip arm a whole regiment.
14. As the gun went bang, "O, Richard," she cried.

Professor Hans gives a clever puzzle upon similar lines which conceals the names of the recent presidential candidates. See if you can discover them in the following comments on Professor Embry's explanation of the causes of electrical disturbances caused by the sun spots:

"General Embry announced dot after der sun spots kame, dat der vos much electoral disturbers on der earth. Is General Embry aware dot dose spots shows who dose electoral disturbers vas? Und can you find der names in dis reading matter.

Yours,
"Professor Hans."

Studies in Botany

Here are some elementary questions which will interest the botanical class of students, who, if they feel so disposed, might contribute a few similar queries of their own:

Which is the most comfortable tree in winter?
What tree prefers the ocean?
Which is the most melancholy tree?
Which tree is useful to the mason?
Which tree would you term the dandified tree?
Which trees go in couples?
Which tree is a person?
Which is the most active vine?
Which is the most venomous flower?
Which vegetable is dangerous to a boat?
What tree is always in debt?
What plants are used on railroads?
What is a good protection against thieves?
Which plants follow cats?
Which is the homeliest tree?
Which is the shoemakers' tree?
Which plant is always angry?

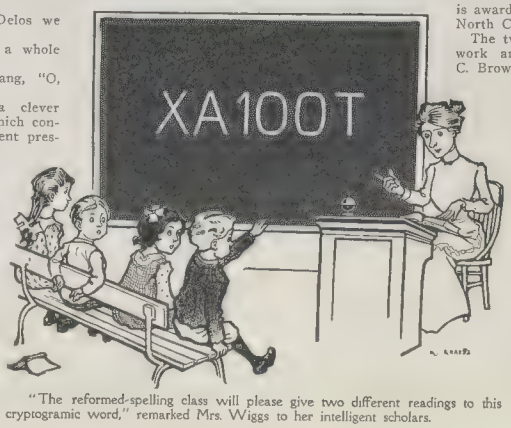
What's His Name?

This fellow whom
you gaze upon
Plays on *his name*
plus I and
CON,
But there's no pleasure standing by,
His music lacks
his name plus
Y.

A Quaint Old Rebus

BY HANNAH MOORE

I'm a strange contradiction: I'm new and I'm old,
I'm sometimes in tatters and sometimes in gold;
Though I never could read, yet lettered I'm found.
Though blind, I enlighten, though free, I am bound;
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm Dutch;
Some love me too dearly, some slight me too much;
I often die young, though sometimes live ages,
And no queen is attended by so many pages.



"The reformed-spelling class will please give two different readings to this cryptogramic word," remarked Mrs. Wiggs to her intelligent scholars.

Industrious William

A traveler, trying to reform a lazy fellow with an aversion to labor, recounts his discomfiture as follows:

"I asked Bill if he wanted to work, and he asked, 'Why should I work?' 'To earn money,' I replied. 'What's the use of earning money?' he said. 'To save it up,' I replied. 'But what do I want to save money for?' he asked. 'So that when you grow old you can rest,' says I. 'But I am growing old as fast as I wish now,' says he, 'and what's the use of working to rest when I can begin to rest right now?' I failed to convince him, but I got him to contract to just try for thirty days at sixteen shillings a day, but stipulated that he would forfeit twenty shillings for every day he idled. At the end of the month neither owed the other anything, which convinced Bill of the folly of labor."

And right here comes a very pretty problem such as those who solve puzzles love to tackle:

Can you tell just how many days Bill worked?

Answers to November Puzzles

As the root of Maggie's age is four, and she is in her teens, she is evidently thirteen years old.

The name Dresden is concealed in the first two words of that Revolutionary puzzle.

The Hidden Fable conceals the proverb: "Honesty is the best policy."

The presidential candidate toured the states via 21, 49, 43, 1, 7, 31, 10, 14, 44, 9, 42, 39 and back to 21.

Categorically the cats were: Caterpillar, catnip, catawba, catsup, catamaran, catarrh, cataract, catacomb, catamount, catbird, catapult, cat's-eyes.

Some new anagrams give the words veterinarian, fermentative, impenetrable, surprised, wearisome, restraining, antagonism, misinterpret, nonsensical and indemnified.

The Pi Puzzle reads:

"Lives there a man with soul so dead,
As never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land?"

Mrs. Wiggs' students find twenty triangles in the star.

October Prize Winners

The $10.00 honor prize for the best set of correct answers to all the puzzles is awarded to Mrs. C. O. McMichael, North Carolina.

The twenty $1.00 prizes for clever work are awarded to Mrs. Helen C. Brown, Pennsylvania; Mrs. C. D. Merriman, Connecticut; Mrs. L. B. McGregor, Missouri; Mrs. F. C. Hemeon, Massachusetts; Mrs. Wm. McElhoe. Washington; Florence O. Bean, Illinois; Mrs. J. J. Ratbun, Iowa; Mrs. Alberta G. Clark, Texas; Miss Eva Eagon, Ohio; Miss Del Pierce, New York; Mrs. Albert Saxton, Canada; Mrs. Wilber H. Griffith, Vermont; Mrs. Chas. Osborn, Kansas; Mrs. H. D. Coleman, Jr., Louisiana; Mrs. E. Goodwillie, Michigan; Mrs. D. W. Misener, California; Thos. Hellier, Florida; Miss Blanche Shackelford, Maryland; Mrs. Thos. F. Walsh, Jr., Georgia, and B. Richard, Ohio.

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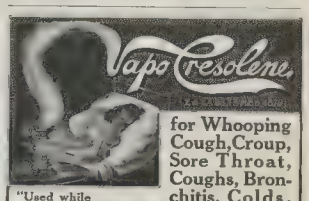

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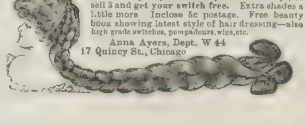

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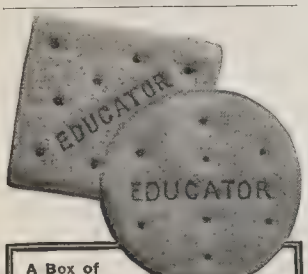

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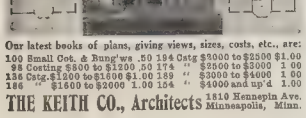

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THE KEITH CO., Architects 1810 Hennepin Ave. Minneapolis, Minn.

THE ENTERTAINMENT PAGE

PRIZES FOR IDEAS—If you have any clever, original ideas for entertainment, write them out in as few words as possible—we prefer contributions of less than three hundred words—and send them to us. Prizes for such contributions are awarded each month, as follows: $5.00 for the best, $3.00 for the next best, and $1.00 each for all other published contributions. Please keep copies of your manuscripts, as *no contributions will be returned*. Address "ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR," Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

A TWELFTH-NIGHT PARTY

By Juliet Hite Gallaher

THE sixth of January seemingly lends itself for merriment and gaiety out of the usual order, and certainly nothing could be so unique or furnish more real pleasure than an evening *en masque*, with the attractive addition of all manner of gaudy and startling costumes, the games indulged in being both amusing and hilarious.

In many sections, especially the far South, the Twelfth-Night German is heralded as the social event of the season, when, for the nonce, grave dignity and care step aside and the air is full of the spirit of good comradeship and merriment.

The decorations may be as fanciful as individual taste dictates, and the costumes ought to outrival each other in gaudiness and originality.

After all the guests have arrived, at a signal merry bells are jingled, the music starts, and all fall in line and march around the room, swinging hands in a circle; at another signal they arrange themselves about the table, on which reposes the wonderful "Twelfth-Night Cake of Mystery." The cake is always placed on a thick mat of holly, with twelve lighted candles arranged around it on the table, the shades of which carry out the special color scheme selected. Over the cake swings a large cotton bell, containing a small metal bell; the hostess rings this to signify that the cake is ready to be cut. Each guest cuts a slice; he who gets the one containing a pea is made King, and the one finding a bean becomes Queen.

The monarchs are crowned with much ceremony, and together they lead the dance or games of the evening and preside at the head of the festive board. The unlucky possessor of the slice concealing a clove becomes the King's jester, is supplied with the peaked cap and bells, and is expected to amuse the crowd.

The refreshments should be suggestive of the occasion, and all kinds of rich and palatable viands may be served. The centerpiece may be a Twelfth-Night pie, covered with cream paper, to represent crust, with a perforated slice for each guest. Through the crust pass a ribbon attached to a souvenir placed in the pie; have the ribbon extend to each plate, and fasten to a place card pinned to a tiny, grotesquely dressed doll. Belfano, the Santa Claus of Twelfth Night, should be standing on top of the pie; he may be represented by a tall doll, dressed in an odd hood and long red cloak, in which he is supposed to appear.

At the conclusion of the feast the hostess draws the first string, after which the others follow her example; the paper easily tears, and great is the excitement as Belfano's gifts are drawn out and unwrapped. These may be toy monkeys, clowns, bugs, lizards, alligators, spiders, bunches of tiny bells or anything ridiculous or odd.

THE LAST LEAVES

By Aldis Dunbar

A GIRL with five special friends evolved this idea for their mutual pleasure on last New-Year's Eve, an additional guest being added at the last moment, in the person of a lonely little clerk who boarded "next door."

The invitations read thus:

New Calendars for Old!
The Year 1906.
At Home, December 31st.
P. P. C.
(Collection of calendars for 1906 taken at the door.)

The guests were admitted by a little lass dressed in white trimmed with holly, who took from each one his or her worn-out calendar, gravely tearing off the last remaining leaf, and handing it back with the caution, "Don't lose your check!"

There was music, and fortune telling for the coming year, but the feature of the evening came when all gathered around the open fire, their hostess in the middle, with seven mysterious packets at her feet. By her direction each in turn recounted his or her pleasantest memory of the year that was passing away, laid the last leaf of the discarded calendar on the blazing coals, and received a new and dainty calendar for 1907.

When the little clerk's turn came, she flushed, hesitated, and looked up at her hostess.

"You want me to tell the pleasantest thing that has happened to me this year?" she asked. "Why—why, this party!"

A LITERARY GAME FOR GIRLS

By Marie Lorimer Graham

EACH guest was asked to draw or write on a small piece of cardboard what she thinks will suggest a well-known book. With the aid of little ribbons these badges were pinned to blouses, each girl then representing a book. Several guests chose the same book, and it was interesting to compare their badges. Others made puzzles on the titles, and those were most amusing. Prizes were given to those who guessed the greatest number of books.

This entertainment proved very successful when we tried it at school one holiday evening. We had stipulated that our school library should be the chief source of titles, unless it were a well-known literary work which all girls ought to know by name.

One girl had simply written "Me" on her badge. We puzzled our brains over it for a long time, and very few of us guessed it, for "Only a School Girl" was not one of our favorite stories, and we did not think of it. Another girl had scribbled "Richard IV." on hers, which we knew immediately to mean Charlotte Yonge's "Unknown to History." "The Heavenly Twins" was represented by two pretty little drawings—one of an angel copied from Reynold's celebrated picture, the other of a demon from Gustave Doré's illustration of Dante's Satan. Many other drawings were amusing, among which was "The Wide, Wide World," represented by a sphere of such breadth that the equatorial belt must have been stretched to twice its usual size.

MID-WINTER CARD CLUB MENUS

By Mary Wright

MENU I.

Oyster Salad. Potato Chips.
Hot Rolls. Coffee.
Blackberry Jelly.

OYSTER SALAD—Two small cans of cove oysters, one half cupful of cracker crumbs and one half cupful of chopped celery. Mix with rich mayonnaise.

MENU II.

Pea Salad on Lettuce. Cheese Balls.
Pimento Sandwiches. Lettuce Sandwiches.
Coffee.
Whipped-Cream Sugar. Marguerites.
Salted Almonds.

PEA SALAD—One can of peas, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, one half dozen sweet pickles and one small onion. Mix with mayonnaise.

For the pimento sandwiches use the long round loaves of white bread. For the filling, chop up the contents of a fifteen-cent can of pimentoes. To this add one cupful of chopped nut meats, one fourth of a cupful of chopped celery and five leaves of tender lettuce pulled into small bits. Mix the whole with mayonnaise, and spread between the bread.

Make the cheese balls out of fresh cream cheese, add a little onion extract, form into tiny balls, and place one on each plate.

Whipped-cream sugar is made with the yolks of four eggs, eight tablespoonfuls of sugar and one half package of gelatine. Cook until thick. When cold, beat in one pint of whipped cream and as many nuts as you like. Serve with whipped cream and cherries.

For marguerites, beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add one cupful of chopped walnuts and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Spread a thin layer on reception flakes, and put in a hot oven until lightly browned.

A NOVEL SHADOW DANCE

By Mary Dawson

A SHADOW dance makes a delightful idea for a subscription entertainment or any dance of semi-public character. Colored calcium lights are thrown on the dancers from the balcony, the color changing every few minutes. Under a pink light the company becomes rosy and fairy like; under a green one they are transformed into specters. During the dances confetti is showered down from the balcony, and at midnight, when the dance comes to an end, occurs a shower of little objects which serve as favors. Thus, for a patriotic occasion the midnight shower is of tiny United States flags; for March 17th, of shamrocks; for a flower dance, artificial daisies or violets; for a mid-winter dance, wee cotton or paper "snowballs," etc.

A NEW-YEAR LEAF

By C. E. C.

I LIVE in a community of relatives who still cling to the good old fashion of gathering under one roof to celebrate the special holidays. Last New-Year I used the following plan with success:

Into each Christmas package I tucked an invitation which read:

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Wayne
will entertain January 1, 1907,
from 2 to 6 P.M.
Come and turn over a new leaf!

Selecting a large, beautifully pointed oak leaf, I cut leaves from white cardboard. These were passed to the guests. They were certainly new, and of course, as was natural, the guests turned them over to see if there was anything on the other side.

When the laughter had somewhat subsided, they were told that each was expected to write a New-Year resolution on the leaf.

These were collected and read by the hostess and each given one guess as to the writer. The prize was a huge popcorn ball measuring twenty inches in diameter. This game afforded a great deal of amusement, as the resolutions ranged from the sublime to the ridiculous.

After music and readings by the younger guests, refreshments were served, consisting of chicken sandwiches, olives, coffee, ice cream and cake, fresh fruits, home-made candies and nuts.

The place cards were cut from cardboard, using an ivy leaf for pattern. These were tied to small fancy baskets filled with home-made candies and nuts.

TWO WAYS OF ANNOUNCING THE ENGAGEMENT

I.—By R. M.

ASK your girl friends to luncheon. Decorate the table with red and white, using for a centerpiece a large bouquet of red roses. From the chandelier have long streamers of red and white crêpe paper reaching out to different parts of the room and almost forming a canopy for the table in the center.

The luncheon need not be elaborate. One course that would give a very pretty effect when served would be fruit salad served in the shells of red apples, heart-shaped sandwiches, and fruit punch deeply colored with the juice of strawberries and raspberries. All sandwiches, cakes, bonbons and ices may be made in the shape of hearts.

After luncheon has been served, the guests retire to the parlor, where they see suspended from the chandelier two large red cardboard hearts pierced by an arrow. From between these hearts hang as many long red ribbons as there are guests, and immediately the most intimate friend of the bride-to-be takes one of the ribbons, suggesting that the others do the same. At the end of each ribbon they find two small red hearts pierced with an arrow; on one is the name of the hostess, and on the other the name of her fiancé. Then follow congratulations and good wishes.

II.—By a Reader

The guests are given sheets of writing paper and pencils. They are told to imagine themselves newspaper reporters and to write some item of news—social or anything they desire. Fifteen or twenty minutes' time is given for this, and then each one is asked to read what he has written. A friend that the bride-to-be has taken into her confidence is the last one called on to read, and she announces the engagement as follows:

"Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So announce the engagement of their daughter Lucy to Mr. So-and-So."

A VOCAL ORCHESTRA

By Marie Phelan

WE WERE visiting in the country where there was a large parlor, just the place for a dance, but not a musical instrument in sight. We were in despair, when one of the ladies suggested a solution of the difficulty. "We folks who don't dance will sing," she said, and started off with a popular waltz song. The others took up the air, and song after song followed, the dancers joining in, and at the end of the evening we all agreed that dancing had never been more enjoyable than with our improvised orchestra.

TEENS AND TWENTIES

A DEPARTMENT FOR OUR GIRLS

CONDUCTED BY LUCY NORMAN

Courtesy of The Century Company
"Dorothy"

Courtesy of Dodd, Mead & Co
"Janice"

OUR BIRTHDAY GUESTS

EVERY girl of "Teens and Twenties" has had her "golden hours" with some favorite heroine, and so many have been the letters that have come to me about these same girls of fiction, and so interesting, that I have felt selfish not to be sharing such reminiscences with all of you. Have I read "this and that," and did I, do I, will I always love "Jo," "Agnes Copperfield" and "Amy Robsart" as much as you do!

Oh, it has been splendid to get these letters of yours, and to find that you have all picked out some beautiful character to make a model of, and your choice has been of the best. I have always wanted to spend a half hour with you, talking of these "book girls," and along comes our first birthday and gives us a brilliant chance to do this, for a birthday is the time to be with old friends, so we will to-day take a peep into some books well worn with the fingers of Teens and Twenties of many lands.

"Nydia"

From "The Last Days of Pompeii," by Edward Bulwer Lytton

Stunned by his reprieve, doubting that he was awake, Glaucus had been led by the officers of the arena into a small cell within the walls of the theater. They threw a loose robe over his form, and crowded around in congratulation and wonder. There was an impatient and fretful cry without the cell; the throng gave way, and the blind girl, led by some gentler hand, flung herself at the feet of Glaucus.

"It is *I* who have saved thee!" she sobbed; "now let me die!"

"Nydia, my child—my preserver!"

"Oh, let me feel thy touch—thy breath! Yes, yes, thou livest! We are not too late! That dread door, methought it would never yield! And Calenus!—oh, his voice was as the dying wind among tombs!—we had to wait! Gods! it seemed hours ere food and wine restored to him something of strength. But thou livest! thou livest yet! And I—*I* have saved thee!"

This affecting scene was soon interrupted by the event just described.

"The mountain! the earthquake!" resounded from side to side. The officers fled with the rest; they left Glaucus and Nydia to save themselves as they might.

Courtesy of Little, Brown & Co
"Beth"

From "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott

They would have been still more amazed if they had seen what Beth did afterward. If you will believe me, she went and knocked at the study door before she gave herself time to think; and when a gruff voice called out, "Come in!" she did go in, right up to Mr. Laurence, who looked quite taken aback, and held out her hand, saying, with only a small quaver in her voice, "I came to thank you, sir, for—" But she didn't finish; for she looked so friendly that she forgot her speech, and only remembering that he had lost the little girl he loved, she put both arms around his neck, and kissed him.

If the roof of the house had suddenly flown off, the old gentleman wouldn't have been more astonished; but he liked it—oh, dear, yes, he liked it amazingly!—and was so touched and pleased by that confiding little kiss that all his crustiness vanished; and he just set her on his knee, and laid his wrinkled cheek against her rosy one, feeling as if he had got his own little granddaughter back again. Beth ceased to fear him from that moment, and sat there talking to him as cozily as if she had known him all her life; for love casts out fear, and gratitude can conquer pride. When she went home, he walked with her to her own gate, shook hands cordially, and touched his hat as he marched back again, looking very stately and erect, like a handsome soldierly old gentleman, as he was.

When the girls saw that performance, Jo began to dance a jig, by way of expressing her satisfaction; Amy nearly fell out of the window in her surprise; and Meg exclaimed, with uplifted hands, "Well, I do believe the world is coming to an end!"

Courtesy of Harper and Brothers.
"Jane Eyre"

From "Donald and Dorothy," by Mary Mapes Dodge

For an instant Mr. Reed was too astonished to speak.

"Tell me," implored Donald, "isn't Dorothy my sister?"

"Hush! hush!" was the response. "She'll hear you!"

"Is she or not?" insisted Donald, his eyes still fixed on his uncle's face. It seemed to him that he had caught the words "She is." He could not be certain, but he stepped hopefully forward and laid his hand upon Mr. Reed's shoulder.

"She is!" he exclaimed joyfully, bending over till their faces almost met. "I knew it! Why didn't you tell me the fellow lied?"

"Who? What fellow?"

"First, Uncle—is she or not? I *must* know."

Mr. Reed glanced toward the door, to be sure that it was closed.

"Oh, Uncle, do answer my question."

"Yes, my boy—I think—that is, I *trust* she is. Oh, Donald," cried Mr. Reed, leaning upon the table and burying his face in his hands, "I do not know myself!"

"What don't you know, Uncle?" said a merry voice outside, followed immediately by a light rap at the door. "May I come in?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Reed, rising. But Don was first. He almost caught Dorry in his arms as she entered.

"Well!" she exclaimed, "I thought I'd never get dressed. But where's the sense of shutting yourself in here, when it's so beautiful outside after the shower? It's the grandest sunset I ever saw. Do come and look at it!"

With these words, and taking an arm of each, she playfully led them from the room, out to the piazza, where they could see the glory of the western sky.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she went on, as they stood looking over the glowing lake. "See, there's a splendid, big purple cloud with a golden edge for you, Uncle, and those two little ones alongside are for Don and me. Oh," she laughed, clapping her hands, "they're twins, Don, like ourselves; what a nice time they're having together! Now they are separating—further and further apart—and yours is breaking up, too, Uncle. Well, I do declare," she added, suddenly turning to look at her companions, "I never saw such a pair of doleful faces in all my life!"

From "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Bronte

The parlor looked gloomy, a neglected handful of fire burned low in the grate, and leaning over it, with his head supported against the high old-fashioned mantelpiece, appeared the blind tenant of the room. His old dog, Pilot, lay on one side, removed out of the way, and coiled up as if afraid of being inadvertently trodden upon. Pilot pricked up his ears when I came in, then he jumped up with a yelp and a whine, and bounded toward me; he almost knocked the tray from my hands. I set it on the table, then patted him, and said softly, "Lie down!" Mr. Rochester turned mechanically to see what the commotion was; but as he saw nothing, he returned and sighed.

"Give me the water, Mary," he said.

I approached him with the now only half-filled glass. Pilot followed me, still excited.

"What is the matter?" he inquired.

"Down, Pilot!" I again said. He checked the water on its way to his lips, and seemed to listen; he drank, and put the glass down. "This is you, Mary, is it not?"

"Mary is in the kitchen," I answered.

He put out his hand with a quick gesture; but not seeing where I stood, he did not touch me. "Who is this? Who is this?" he demanded, trying, as it seemed, to *see* with those sightless eyes—unavailing and distressing attempt! "Answer me! Speak again!" he ordered, imperiously and aloud.

"Will you have a little more water, sir? I spilt half of what was in the glass," I said.

"*Who* is it? What is it? Who speaks?"

"Pilot knows me, and John and Mary know I am here. I came only this evening," I answered.

From "Janice Meredith," by Paul Leicester Ford

The ball had been in full progress for an hour, when a masker, who from his entrance had stood leaning against the wall, suddenly left his isolated position and walked up to one of the ladies.

"Conceal your face and figure as you will, Miss Meredith, you cannot conceal your grace. Wilt honor me with this quadrille?"

"La, Sir Frederick! That you should know me, and I never dream it was you!" exclaimed the girl, as she gave her hand and let him lead her to where the figures were being formed. "There have been many guesses among the caps as to the identity of him who has held himself so aloof, but not a one suggested you. The disguise makes you look a good three inches taller."

* * * * * * * * *

"I beg you to give me a word apart, for I have a message to you from Colonel Brereton."

Janice's hand dropped from the officer's arm. "What is it?" she asked.

"'Tis not to be given here," urged the man. "I pray you to let me order your equipage and take you away. Another dance will be beginning on the moment, and some one will claim you."

The girl raised her hand and once more placed it on her partner's arm; taking the motion as a consent to his wishes, the officer led her to the doorway.

"Call Miss Meredith's chair," he ordered of the guard grouped about the outer door, and in a moment was able to hand her into the vehicle.

"Where to?" he asked. "I mean—home!" he cried in a far louder voice, as if to drown the slip, at the same moment jumping in and taking his seat beside her.

As he did so, the girl shrank away from him toward her corner of the gig. "Who are you?" she cried in a frightened voice.

"Who should I be but John Brereton?"

"Are you mad," cried the girl, "to thus venture within the lines?"

Courtesy of Harper and Brothers
"Maggie Tulliver"

From "The Mill on the Floss," by George Eliot

Hanging diligently over her sewing, Maggie was a sight any one might have been pleased to look at. That new inward life of hers, notwithstanding some volcanic upheavings of imprisoned passions, yet shone out in her face with a tender, soft light that mingled itself as added loveliness with the gradually enriched color and outline of her blossoming youth. Her mother felt the change in her with a sort of puzzled wonder that Maggie should be "growing up so good;" it was amazing that this once "contrairy" child was become so submissive, so backward to assert her own will. Maggie used to look up from her work and find her mother's eyes fixed upon her; they were watching and waiting for the large young glance, as if her elder frame got some needful warmth from it. The mother was getting fond of her tall, brown girl—the only bit of furniture now on which she could bestow her anxiety and pride; and Maggie was obliged to give way to her mother about her hair, and submit to have the abundant black locks plaited into a coronet on the summit of her head, after the fashion of those times.

"Let your mother have that bit o' pleasure," said Mrs. Tulliver. "I'd trouble enough with your hair once."

So Maggie consented gladly.

With these words, and taking an arm of each, she playfully led them from the room, out to the piazza, where they could see the glory of the western sky.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she went on, as they stood looking over the glowing lake. "See, there's a splendid, big purple cloud with a golden edge for you, Uncle, and those two little ones alongside are for Don and me. Oh," she laughed, clapping her hands, "they're twins, Don, like ourselves; what a nice time they're having together! Now they are separating—further and further apart—and yours is breaking up, too, Uncle. Well, I do declare," she added, suddenly turning to look at her companions, "I never saw such a pair of doleful faces in all my life!"

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CONTEST NOTES

The six girls who won the prize books in the "Larger Classroom" Contest are: Maude Puckette, Canada; Florence E. Burnham, New York; Julia Shirley, Texas; Joyce M. Ricart, Pennsylvania; Jessie Dikeman, Texas; Milli Guerriero, New York

January Contest: How do you keep your books? Have you made or designed a pretty shelf, a stand for your table, a book rack for your desk, or something else more unique than any of these? The books of the girls of "Teens and Twenties" must be kept safe and sound, and we want to learn how we are to do it. For the six best ideas on this subject, with or without original drawings of your book shelf, etc., there will be the usual charming books as prizes.

Address letters in this contest, and all other regular "Teens and Twenties" letters, to Miss Lucy Norman, Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

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The intrinsic value of sterling silver calls for designs of true artistic merit and perfect workmanship. Alvin productions achieve this standard. The Bridal Rose Design shown above is made in over one hundred and ten different articles and is especially suited to Wedding Gifts. It is made in Sterling Silver, stamped with the above trade-mark, and can be obtained from any high-class jeweler in sets or single pieces to meet the requirements of complete service. Send for Pamphlet.

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Patty Irons for making dainty, flaky pates or timbales; delicate pastry cups for serving hot or frozen dainties—creamed vegetables, salads, shell fish, ices.

Wafer Irons for making deliciously crisp, melting wafers—a tempting dessert served in many delightful ways.

With these irons, twenty minutes time, and ten cents worth of materials, you can make 40 of either—patty cups or wafers. Caterers charge you 50c a dozen for them.

Dealers everywhere sell our Rosette Irons at 50c a set, either style. If you cannot get them, order by mail from us.

Patty Irons, 2 designs, with full directions and illus. book of recipes, packed in neat box, sent postpaid..... 75c
Wafer Irons, 2 designs, with full directions and illus. book of recipes, packed in neat box, sent postpaid..... 70c

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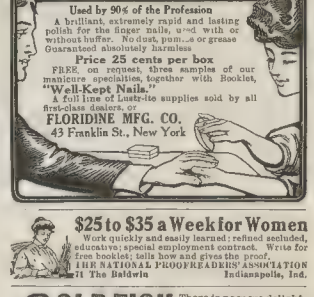

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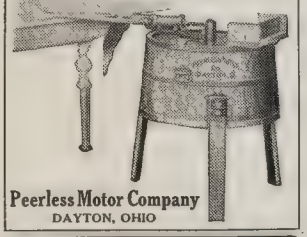
Washes Clothes by Water Power

Wife—What do you think of that?
Husband—Some advertised humbug, I suppose.
Wife—There you are again—skeptic! Always looking for the worst of it. Why, they are willing to give you thirty days' trial before you buy it.
Husband—Get one at once. You seem to have had nothing but trouble with the servants, who seem to think your washings are killing and you have an awful time keeping them.
By the way, my best shirt was torn, and what has become of the handkerchief with the initial on it? You must change your laundry, or do as you did before—have the washing done at home. I see they ask you to write for booklet.
Wife—I wish you would write at once for one to the



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AGENTS

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THE EXCHANGE

USEFUL IDEAS CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Exchange offers to the readers of Woman's Home Companion help in every housekeeping problem, in the helpful items from our friends all over the country. It answers cheerfully and promptly all reasonable questions asked It contains the Letter-Box feature, in which questions asked and questions answered are published from time to time. It acts as forwarding agent to those of our readers who wish to communicate with each other, keeping addresses and forwarding communications promptly from the central office. It offers the following prizes each month:

$5.00 for the best item of general interest and helpfulness; $3.00 for the second best item. $5.00 for the best description of a home-made household convenience or labor-saving device, accompanied by a rough sketch; $3.00 for the second best.

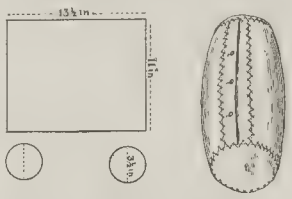
All other contributions published are paid for at the rate of $1.00 each. This month's competion closes January 20th. Contributions must be written in ink on one side of the paper, and must contain not more than three hundred words (preferably less). It is suggested that contributors retain copies of their manuscripts, as *no contributions will be returned.* Address THE EXCHANGE, care of Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City

Covering for a Flower Pot

An ordinary flower pot may be made to look very attractive by cutting a piece of green blotting paper to fit around the pot—either sewing the edges together, or joining them with little brass paper fasteners. Wall paper like that of the room may be used in the same way. Cheap and easily renewed. *A. D., New York.*

Traveling Case for Rubbers

A "football" made of linen, with seams feather stitched to imitate the stitching on a genuine football, will be found a very useful receptacle for carrying rubbers. It is made by taking three pieces of cloth of the shape and size illustrated. One end of the oblong piece is sewed around the outer edge of each circular piece and buttoned



where the oblong piece joins, as shown. The word "Rubbers" is embroidered on the side opposite the opening. As it is easily laundered, muddy rubbers can be taken off, placed in the football, and thrown into your traveling bag without harming its contents. This is especially handy for children who travel back and forth to school in electric cars or on the steam road. *Mrs. B. D. S., New York.*

Shellac for Cement

Dry shellac makes an excellent waterproof cement for repairing household articles where metal must be joined to wood, bone or porcelain, such as umbrella or cane handles, door knobs, knife handles, etc., also for many other things which must be cemented together. Five cents' worth of flake shellac will last for years. Fill the hole in the article to be repaired with it, or spread a thin layer of it over the flat surface; heat the metal until it will melt the shellac readily, press the two together, and when the metal cools, the job is done. *E. M. D., District of Columbia.*

For Extracting Honey

The illustration shows a simple device for obtaining pure extracted honey from comb honey. Cut the comb into a tin or granite pail, and hang the pail over two sticks crossed at the top of an iron kettle filled with water up to within three inches of the rim of the pail. Let the water boil until the comb is all melted. Then remove the pail to a cool place, and the wax will form into a hard cake at the top. The honey below is rich and clear and free from wax. This method is especially useful in reducing broken comb or wild honey to a presentable and attractive shape for table use. *Mrs. J. C. S., Michigan.*

Artistic Rug of Old Ticking

If you have a discarded mattress ticking, rip it apart, cut and sew as for carpet rags, and then have the strips woven with white warp. If your mattress was blue and white, have a border at each end of the rug made of plain blue rags and white rags. If your mattress was red and white, use plain red rags and white rags for border. *Mrs. J. L. R., Pennsylvania.*

To Clean Stovepipes

Clean the soot out of stovepipes and flues by placing a piece of zinc on top of a hot fire in the stove. The zinc melts and forms a chemical which destroys the soot. If it is not easy to obtain the zinc, buy a washboard and tear the zinc off—it will well repay the outlay. Worn-out zinc mats may be used. *Mrs. W. H. M., Alabama.*

Glossy Floors

To keep a fine gloss on your varnished floors, sprinkle with coarse salt; let remain for five minutes, then sweep off with a soft broom. The floor will look as if newly varnished. *Mrs. M. W., Ohio.*

For Holiday Decorations

To color electric-light bulbs, thin a few ounces of white shellac with wood alcohol, using a little more alcohol than shellac. If too little alcohol is used, the bulbs are apt to be streaky. Add some dye of the desired shade to the alcohol and shellac, and dip in the bulbs by means of a thread wound around the screw portion. Dip them only far enough to cover the glass. They dry in less than half an hour if you hang them up by the thread. For frosted, yellowish-white bulbs, dip before adding the dyes. To remove the shellac coating at any time, soak the bulbs in alcohol, and rub. *K. G., New Jersey.*

An Original Floor Finish

A good way to freshen up a room is to get a package of dark-colored dye, dissolve it in hot water, and after thoroughly cleaning the floor, apply the dye with a scrubbing brush. When it is perfectly dry, put on a coat of varnish, and you will be surprised at the floor finish. An advantage in this is that you can make a stain to match furnishings or carpets. I have found that this finish can be used also for home-made furniture or any woodwork. *Mrs. F. W. P., Pennsylvania.*

Proof Box

Take a common box twenty-four inches long and a foot square. Make a shelf half way up by taking wire a little smaller than clothes-line wire, cutting it an inch longer than the width of the box, and bending the ends back, at right angles, half an inch. Drive some carpet staple tacks on the inside of box at the desired height, and hook the wire in these, using five or six wires, according to the size of the box. Have a glass cut the size of the front, and put narrow cleats on each edge, thus allowing the glass to slip up and down between them and the front of the box. Have the box fastened to the wall in a convenient place close to your range, and place your bread in it to raise. Thus no draft can reach it and you can see through the glass when it has raised sufficiently. You will find your bread will have thinner crusts and be improved in general. The sponge will also rise better when placed in here, away from drafts. *Mrs. L. H., Nebraska.*

Thrifty Palms and Ferns

A neighbor whose healthy-looking ferns and palms were the envy of her friends told me she watered them frequently with weak cold tea left from a meal, afterward working the wet tea leaves into the soil at the roots. Since, I have tried this treatment on ferns and other foliage plants with marked success. *A. N. P., Illinois.*

To Repair Japanese Lamp Shade

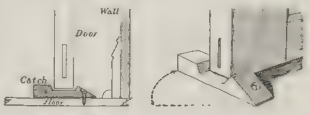
The intense heat from the lamp chimney often causes the paper of a Japanese lamp shade to become charred. To prevent the shade from becoming not only mutilated, but useless, buy a roll of white mending paste or gummed tissue paper half an inch in width. With this secure the shade to the frame by pasting it underneath, half on the frame and half on the paper rim, just where it meets the frame. Simply dampen a mending tissue as you would a postage stamp, and with one hand underneath and the other hand over the outside of the shade, place the tissue in the proper position, and stick it firmly. The mending tissue is transparent and will not disfigure the shade, which will be as good as new. Handle the shade very carefully, as the Japanese paper is easily punctured if any ungentle pressure is brought to bear upon it. *Mrs. L. L. H., Massachusetts.*

A Handy Hook

Take the handle of a child's broom, or any smooth stick, and insert into one end a good strong screw hook, right-angle shape. Now you have an article that is useful for various purposes: To draw hot utensils from the oven, to pull down window shades that have jumped beyond one's reach, to pull windows down from the top, to reach anything tucked away in the corners of shelves, etc. *Mrs. H. W., Ohio.*

A Practical Door Stop

A home-made contrivance to hold the door open may be made from a small piece of wood cut like the illustration and screwed loosely to the floor where the edge of the door comes when open. When the door is opened, the stop can be brought around with the foot, so that the



notch is slipped under the door; then the ends prevent the door moving either way. This can be used only where the door swings back against the wall. It may be painted the color of the woodwork, and when not in use it fits back to the wall, thus making it scarcely noticeable to the casual observer. *P. V. L., Indiana.*

Use for Old Bicycle Tires

A threshold after being worn has a tendency to leave an opening under the door sufficient to admit both rain and cold air. To remedy this, take an old bicycle tire and cut it lengthwise on that side which was nearest the felly; cut a piece to fit the width of the doorstep, and tack on the latter in such a way as to have the curvature turned up, and thus snugly fill any opening when the door is closed. *Mrs. A. O. G., Minnesota.*

To Tie Your Dress Shields

Instead of sewing or pinning shields in a waist, sew a thin piece of tape or baby ribbon at each end of the shield, and sew similar pieces at the proper distance apart in the armholes of all your waists. The shields are quickly tied in place, they are easily changed in wash waists, and there are no pins to rust or prick.
Miss G. E. M., Pennsylvania.

To Fill Salt and Pepper Shakers

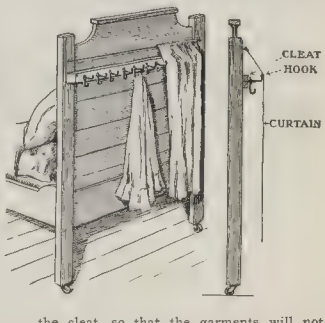
Roll a piece of paper, three or four inches square, into funnel shape, insert the small end in the shaker and the salt or pepper can be poured in easily without spilling. *Mrs. A. P. McC., California.*

To Clean Vinegar Cruets

The vexatious task of cleansing vinegar cruets may be made very easy by dropping a piece of soap and a handful of tiny cinders from the cook stove, with some rather hot water, into the cruet; shake vigorously, and rinse several times, and set to drain. Water bottles may be successfully treated in the same way, and without the use of tacks, eggshells, shot or potato scraps. *Miss L. B. M., Kentucky.*

For a Room With No Closet

Fasten with good strong screws to the posts on the back of the head of the bed a cleat one inch thick. Screw into this a dozen double clothes hooks. Set the end hooks some distance from the end of



the cleat, so that the garments will not hang far out, to show the front of the bed. A curtain will keep all the garments free from dust. *A. B. G., Vermont.*

A Practical Nursery Rug

For a good all-round rug in a room where children run about, an army blanket is just the thing. It clings to the floor, and dust does not go through it. It sweeps easily and washes without any shrinking or wrinkling. *Miss F. C., California.*

THE EXCHANGE

USEFUL IDEAS CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS

A Convenient Clothes Drier Make an oblong frame of strips one inch square. Across the frame lengthwise, one foot apart, nail pieces one inch wide and one half inch thick. Fasten the lower side of the frame to the kitchen wall with large staples, and put two large hooks in the ceiling about five feet from

the wall. By tying a piece of clothes line to each end of the upper side of the frame, and slipping it over the hook above, the frame may be let down to fill and drawn up out of the way while the clothes dry. The size of frame depends on the size of the kitchen. *L. W. B., Texas.*

Uses for Old Velvet A bit of velvet is a fine cleaner for brass, and for polishing silverware it is better than chamois. It quickly removes the dust from woodwork, and if used to rub the stove after it has been blacked, it will produce a high polish. There is nothing better to dust a felt hat, and silk gowns and other silk articles should always be dusted with it, for it cleans perfectly without cutting or otherwise injuring the silk. *Mrs. L. O'B., California.*

To Remove Odor of Fish Put a teaspoonful of mustard in the dish in which fish has been cooked, partly fill with warm water, and let stand for a few minutes. Scrape and rinse, and no odor will remain. If the hands are first rinsed in a little mustard water, and then washed, the disagreeable odor that remains from washing dishes in which fish have been cooked will at once entirely disappear. *Mrs. A. S. W., Michigan.*

Pumpkin Pie Without Crust Prepare the pumpkin in the usual way. Butter the pie tins, and sprinkle granulated corn meal thinly over the tins, but leaving no bare spots. Pour in the pumpkin mixture, and bake. Pies made in this way are more delicious and more wholesome than when made with the usual style pie crust. *J. L. F., California.*

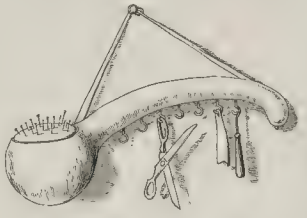
To Ring a Change Instead of the Japanese gongs, which have so long been popular, a novel fad just now is to use a string of half a dozen or so old-fashioned sleigh bells. Polished, and hung in the dining room or hall, these afford a quaint ornament and a pleasant way of summoning the family to meals. A string of them would make a charming Christmas gift and would not be expensive. *Mrs. L. S. H., Massachusetts.*

To Tie Christmas Packages I have found that raffia of a bright red shade is even prettier than ribbon with which to tie Christmas gifts. It is also stronger than ribbon, and much less expensive, as a bunch costing ten cents will tie a dozen packages. Most fancy-goods stores keep it. *L. A. B., New York.*

To Make Panne Velvet Any velvet may be made like panne velvet by first dampening it slightly on the right side, then stroking it the way of the nap with a damp cloth, and finally pressing it with a hot flatiron the way of the nap. *Mrs. H. K. B., Wisconsin.*

Pie-Plant Juice for Rust Stains A young girl had her graduation dress ruined (as she thought) by rust stains. She removed the stains entirely by soaking the dress in pie-plant juice, secured by boiling the pie plant in a quantity of water. It made the dress pink at first, but this came out at the first washing, and the stains were all effectually removed. *Mrs. N. C., South Dakota.*

Grandmother's Gourd Pincushion A very useful kitchen article may be made by cutting the top from a grandmother's gourd—the long-handle variety. Stuff, and cover for a pincushion. Place several



screw hangers in the handle at intervals, and suspend to the wall by a chain or cord. These are attractive for a bungalow or summer home. *M. L. N., Arkansas.*

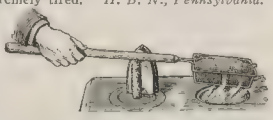
Eggless Pumpkin Pie Instead of using an egg in a pumpkin pie, use a heaping teaspoonful each of flour and corn meal, and it will baffle an expert to detect the difference in taste or color. Try it! *Miss C. L. S., New York.*

To Roll Out Pastry When rolling out short pastry for pie, try rolling it on waxed paper. You can then conveniently turn pastry onto the pie pan without its breaking, as will often happen when rolled out on the plain board. *Mrs. E. L., Louisiana.*

Growing Mint Fresh mint for cooking purposes may be had at any time by growing it in a glass jar of water. It will root in less than a week and grow rapidly. It is much stronger and bushier if kept short. Don't change the water. All that is necessary is to add a little fresh water every day or so and to see that the jar is kept well filled up. *J. L., District of Columbia.*

Green Pea Soup in Winter Plant some peas in a window box or hotbed very thickly. When the shoots are two or three inches high, cut them off. Make the soup as you always do with green peas, only add the shoots, which may be tied up in a bag. The soup will resemble that made of green peas in color and flavor. *Mrs. A. B. W., Colorado.*

When Popping Corn Set an old-fashioned flatiron on end, and slide the popper handle back and forth on the curve of the iron. This will prevent your arm from getting so extremely tired. *H. B. N., Pennsylvania.*



To pop corn over the flame of the gas stove, put the rack from the broiler over the largest burner. This makes a rest for the popper, and it is an easy matter to regulate the flame so that the corn may be popped as quickly as that prepared by street vendors over a gasoline flame. It is also equally white and tender and palatable. *Mrs. K. E. M., Washington.*

To Press Trousers and Skirts Use a large piece of light brown wrapping paper. This does away with water and damp cloths, and makes plaits and creases better. *Mrs. O. L. J., Tennessee.*

To Save White Kid Gloves Last year I hit upon the clever plan of drawing a pair of gauzy silk gloves over my dainty kid ones when starting to a reception, tea or dinner, and removing them when I reached my destination. Thus protected, my kid gloves retained their freshness, and at the end of the year my glove bill had been reduced one half. *Miss E. G., District of Columbia.*

To Keep Fruit Cake Moist Keep a fresh, sound apple in the box with fruit cake. The apple shrivels without decaying, and its moisture is absorbed by the cake. *A. M. B., California.*

Child's Clothes Hanger A handy little clothes hanger for children can be made out of an old broom handle. Make a cross for a standard out of two pieces of wood about fourteen inches long, three inches wide and one or one half inch thick. Fasten together, bore a hole in the center, and insert the handle. Screw half a dozen hooks in the handle as shown. Paint or enamel any desirable shade, and the hanger is finished. Small children will enjoy hanging their own dresses on this hanger, which will teach them to be neat and tidy. *E. B., Wisconsin.*

THE EXCHANGE LETTER-BOX

We shall be glad to hear from any one who has a puzzling question about household matters to ask, or from those who can answer any of the queries asked here. There is no payment made for contributions to the Letter-Box. Address The Exchange Letter-Box, Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

QUESTIONS ASKED

How can I clean a blue-and-white fiber rug? *Mrs. C. H., Pennsylvania.*

Will some one kindly send a recipe for chicken and beef timbales? *Mrs. H. M. L., Oregon.*

Directions wanted for making a sugar pie. *E. G. S., Pennsylvania.*

Wanted—a recipe for dill pickles. *Mrs. E. B., Texas.*

Will some one please tell me how to make pebble candy? *N. L., California.*

What will remove the odor of iodoform from a suit case? *M. T. D., Georgia.*

How may violets be crystallized? *Miss K., Ohio.*

Dry cleaner wanted for comforters. Does changing geraniums around keep them from growing or blossoming? *Mrs. F. S., Illinois.*

Recipe wanted for making candied, crystallized or sugared pineapple. *Mrs. R. L. G., Florida.*

Southern recipe for cooking cranberries without their skins. *H. I. N., California.*

Recipe wanted for chocolate caramels. *C. L. S., Montana.*

How can cheese be made from goats' milk? *Mrs. S. I., Colorado.*

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Table-Cover Cleaner, for P. C. K.

If your table cover is fast color it can be readily washed in a good suds of naphtha soap and lukewarm water. Do not rub hard, rinse quickly, dry in the shade, and iron while damp. A little oxgall in the water will keep brown or gray from fading. *E. V. E., Maryland.*

Ginger Ice Cream, for Mrs. A. J. B

Six ounces of preserved ginger, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one pint of cream and one fourth of a pound of sugar. Pound the ginger to a paste, adding gradually the lemon juice. Mix the sugar and cream, then add gradually to the ginger; press through a fine sieve, and freeze. *Mrs. V. M. N., Colorado.*

Carbon-Paper Stain, for M. S.

Try wetting the stain with a fresh solution of chloride of lime, and in about fifteen minutes dip the stained part in strong ammonia, and presently wash out. Or, try soaking in turpentine, then wash. Or, dissolve ten cents' worth of oxalic acid in a pint of soft water. Dip the stained part in quickly, then rub well in clear, cold water. Repeat.

We give all these methods, as it is doubtful that you can succeed in removing the stain, since you have already boiled the muslin.—EDITOR.

To Crystallize Grasses, for Mrs. C. H. R.

Dissolve as much alum in water as it will take up, and add a spoonful of gum arabic. Dip the grasses in the preparation, and stand away in bottles to dry. Repeat several times, adding more alum as needed, or until the crystals hang from the grasses like dewdrops. *Mrs. F. D. B., Virginia.*

Iron Rust Removed

Wet the spots with lemon juice, cover with salt, and hold in the steam from a kettle of fast-boiling water. Repeat if necessary. I have used this successfully on a handkerchief linen dress. No rubbing is necessary, but the lemon stain must be boiled out afterward. *Mrs. K., Ohio.*

Glace Nuts, for M. O. M.

Two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of boiling water, and one eighth of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Put the ingredients in a smooth sauce pan, place on the range, and heat to the boiling point. Boil without stirring until the sirup begins to discolor, which is 310° Fahrenheit. Wash off with the tips of the fingers the sugar which adheres to the sides of the sauce pan. Remove the sauce pan from the fire, and place in a larger pan of cold water, to instantly stop the boiling. Remove from the cold water, and place in a sauce pan of hot water during dipping. Take the nuts separately on a long pin, dip in the sirup to cover, remove from the sirup, and place on oiled paper. *F. M., New Jersey.*

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NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
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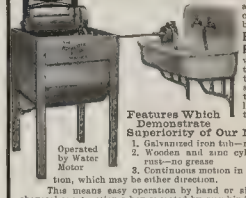

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MODERN GERMAN MUSIC

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

the development of its poetic, quiet charm. This piece and the one following were composed by Strauss in his boyhood.

The "Träumerei" of Strauss, however, is widely different from that of Schumann; it is more delicate and more spiritueIle.

The broken chords occurring are to be spread from the lowest note upward. The theme should be brought out tenderly; it recurs constantly, like an insistent hope surrounded by dreams of its fulfilment. Observe carefully the expression and pedal marks.

ON STILL FOREST PATHS (Auf Sullem Waldespfad), Opus 9, No. 1, Richard Strauss: A simple melody, capable of great tenderness in its interpretation, but easily marred by any attempt at sentimentality on the part of the performer.

STACCATO STUDY, Opus 27, No. 3, Xaver Scharwenka: Brilliant, good both as a study and bravura solo number, and with the work mainly for the right hand until the final page, lightness, certainty, and crisp evenness are necessary in its performance. To gain certainty it is well to play such pieces at first slowly, and only half staccato, until the notes are well in the hand.

VALSE, Opus 34, No. 1, Moszkowski: One of the most popular pieces that he has composed, it is difficult, but playable. It abounds in figures that are varied and brilliant, but every one of them shows for the work that may be put on it in practise.

The Valse may be procured carefully fingered by Germer. In all his compositions Moszkowski is particular in giving full expression marks, and by exactly following these, without exaggeration, the chief faults that one is apt to find in the performance of this Valse are obviated.

MENUETT, Opus 17, No. 2, Moszkowski: The melody, running through the composition, is capable of decided charm of expression, simply and gracefully played; the middle part of the piece calls for dash and finish, the fortissimos and crescendos needing to be not partially, but entirely, brought out.

SPARKS (Etincelles), Moszkowski: The main points to be observed in its study are: The even, brilliant playing of the staccato passages, which make up nearly the entire piece; an absolute legato in the runs, which should be given with crisp, snappy crescendos; and, of prime importance, an avoidance of any tendency to play the piece in fast tempo until it is thoroughly in the fingers.

Songs

THE GARDENER (Der Gartner), Wolf: This song, in the nature of a folk melody, needs simplicity of interpretation to make it effective. Telling, as it does, a story, the text should be delivered distinctly, and sung lightly and gracefully, the first half of the opening verse piano, and the second half pianissimo. The crescendo toward the close should be reached gradually. The accompaniment itself, from beginning to end, is to be played staccato.

ROMANCE, Humperdinck: A little monologue on love, let the expression follow the meaning of the text, without any attempt at dramatic effect, for the song is a simple and direct one, spontaneous in melody, with a touch in it characteristic of the composer of the fairy opera "Hänsel and Gretel."

WILD ROSE, Opus 28, No. 3, Weingartner: A delicate melody, to be sung lightly and with motion. The accompaniment, which is very light, for there are only enough notes to support the song, should be played staccato. The main point is to catch the spirit of the text, which tells the story of roses sent in the morning and seen at night glowing on the sweetheart's breast. A song of moods—coyness, tenderness and joy—put into the brief compass of two pages, the singer needs to study very carefully to fully develop the varied expression.

CRADLE SONG, Ries: A very charming melody, calling for tenderness and simplicity on the part of the singer, and fully marked with the necessary expression by the composer.

NIGHT, Opus 10, No. 3, Richard Strauss: One of the composer's most beautiful, yet, technically, least difficult, songs, though needing of artistic respose and deep feeling on the part of the singer.

The accompaniment, as in the case of all of Strauss' songs, needs great care in performance.

The haunting beauty of the melody, marked to be sung half voice, is capable of a wonderful tenderness of expression, which reaches a climax of feeling in the gradually ascending notes to the line "Night steals all that we behold." Note that the composer has produced this wonderful climax by indicating the passage sung pianissimo to the very final note, F sharp.

Care should be taken to observe the quarter rests written in the last three bars, and which produce the effect that, gradually ceasing, the song itself fades into the night.

WITHIN MY HEART A SONG I FOUND, Bungert: Not difficult even for the beginner, it is nevertheless capable of being given a decided charm by carefully following out the composer's expression marks. Simple and ballad like, it needs to be sung simply and softly throughout, there being but one very brief crescendo for the voice part, which fades away at the close double pianissimo.

SWABIAN FOLK SONG, Meyer-Helmund: Written in Laendler, or country-dance style (waltz tempo), a dainty melody, it should be interpreted with light gaiety and simplicity, by following the composer's few expression marks. The accompaniment, written almost entirely in staccato, should be daintily played, but with regard for the waltz rhythm.

MESSENGER OF LOVE, Pfeffer: Has the charm of German melody of an earlier day, and is written to an accompaniment, simple yet effective in its modulations. The earnest beauty of the song should be brought out by tender simplicity of style in singing it.

O IRMINGARD, von Fielitz: One of his best songs, it is so genuinely singable that it presents no marked difficulties. It should be sung with tenderness, not too quickly, a direction well kept in mind by the singer, as the flowing character of the accompaniment, written in arpeggios between the two hands, is apt to lead to a hastening of the tempo.

MY TRUE LOVE IS A WEAVER, Eugen Hildach: One of the daintiest melodies by this popular composer, especial attention should be given in the voice part to the alternating passages of staccato and legato, and to the groups of two notes slurred together, which lend such variety to its piquant grace.

The composer has marked the expression with care that affords beautiful musical contrast, but requires close attention for proper development. The climax at the close, which comes with the words "For next year in the summer," should be hurried in tempo, and given with a spirit of half-coy eagerness.

WOMEN ARTISTS OF TO-DAY

RECENT FEMININE SUCCESSES IN ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN SALONS

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

TO VISIT any one of the great spring or autumn exhibitions of painting and sculpture held in Paris, Berlin and London is to have the knowledge very firmly impressed that women to-day are astoundingly active in art.

In these exhibitions, in which they compete for attention with the foremost men artists of Europe, they are represented in every field of subjects, from still life to portraits and figures in painting, and from bas-relief sketches to the heroic in statuary.

While by no means all those reaching a certain art standard are represented in each exhibition in any one country, an idea of the numerical strength of that representation, and the activity needed to produce it, may be had from the facts that at the Grand Art Exhibition held in Berlin last spring sixty-three canvases and pieces of statuary by women were shown; in the Paris Salon alone of that season there were some two hundred and fifty-five pictures and ninety-four pieces of sculpture by women, and at the Royal Academy in London, which opened during the same period, there were upward of three hundred and fifty paintings, busts and statues by women artists.

In addition to these regular exhibitions, others are held by those who have seceded from them, and called Secession Exhibitions; in these, again, women made a numerically strong display.

Independent of such organized opportunities, many women artists give, from time to time, exhibitions made up entirely of their own pictures.

Yet another phase of woman in art today are the societies in Paris and Berlin, for mutual helpfulness. The Paris organization is called "Union of Women Painters and Sculptors," that of Berlin, "Union of the Women Artists and Art Friends," each holding its own exhibitions, where only the work of members is displayed.

The Paris society, of which the Duchess d'Uzès is president, showed at its exhibition last year, the twenty-seventh annual one, 1,425 paintings and examples of decorative art, and eighty-nine pieces of statuary, while the same organization was represented at the Paris Salon by two hundred and twenty exhibitors, and at the Beaux-Arts by nineteen.

The Berlin "Union of the Women Artists and Art Friends" was founded in 1867. A year later a drawing school for women students was opened in that city under its auspices. Prior to that men artists of note there had refused, except in occasional instance, to give lessons to women pupils.

To-day this Berlin society numbers two hundred and eighteen members from Berlin and its environs alone; one hundred non-resident members, and three hundred and seventy-two women friends of art, working in harmony to further the efforts of active associates.

Another department for women in art, the decorative—a phase of it for which natural taste, delicacy and deftness so peculiarly fit them—is receiving everywhere many recruits from ranks that have not been slow to perceive this congenial avenue to independence.

A department to which Berlin has given attention is lithography, one establishment of that order there being directed and run entirely by women, and from Berlin come, too, countless of the more artistic post cards everywhere displayed, and also in considerable proportion the work of women.

The entry of women into so many departments of art, and in such numbers in many countries, is readily ascribable to two causes: The strong art love and instinct of her sex, which must ever be reckoned as first incentives, and the fact that art offers a medium of self-support peculiarly congenial to woman's tastes. In this latter aspect special strength is given the movement abroad, because woman's field of self-support, in competition with men's, is there, though yearly growing less so, more limited than in America.

But whatever the reasons to which it may be attributed, the conditions remain that woman in art is now a factor, that she has come to stay, and that, at last, the charm of sex within her will find constantly widening scope for expression on canvas and in marble.

As first of the examples of woman's work in art (and specially selected in studios and exhibitions abroad) for the COMPANION, "Follow Me," painted by Helen Wrightson, of Cuckfield, England, is reproduced on page 4.

Retiring and modest in her personality, the artist allows for publication only the facts that up to 1901 she had intermittent lessons in water colors and landscape painting, doing also portrait heads in black and white, and oils; that in 1901 she took up art seriously, studying subsequently in England and in Paris, her English instructors, two Royal Academicians, and Mr. Spenlone-Spenlone, R.C.A., proving most helpful and valuable aids in her advancement.

Of her studies in Paris, her experience was that one learned from practise, and from watching cleverer fellow students than one's self, and that little was gained from the occasional criticisms of the professors.

"Follow Me" was painted in 1907, at a studio which she took in the Latin Quarter of Paris. Its exhibition last spring at the Royal Academy in London attracted wide attention, and the canvas had constantly before it interested and reverential groups.

In its gentle beauty of expression, its ineffable, pleading love, its enduring, merciful patience, the face of Christ in "Follow Me" embodies the ideal of feminine inspiration.

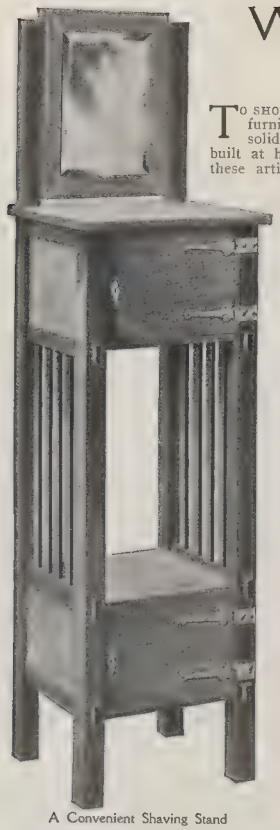
HOW TO MAKE A JIG-SAW PUZZLE

ALL the shops are showing the popular jig-saw puzzles in infinite variety, but they can be readily made at home by following these simple directions: Paste an attractive-colored print on a thin sheet of smooth wood, using a good flour paste spread evenly over the wood. After the paste has dried, cut the puzzle into small pieces with a jig saw in the way shown in

the illustration. Marking very lightly with a sharp pencil may help you with the first one. A pasteboard-box lid, a slate with wooden edges or discarded picture frame backed with heavy cardboard will serve nicely as a frame to work the puzzle out in, and it should be the exact dimensions of the finished puzzle picture. For the very little children select simple pictures and cut in rather large pieces, but for the older children a more complicated picture cut in quite small pieces is better.

WELL-MADE FURNITURE

With Working Designs by JOHN D. ADAMS



A Convenient Shaving Stand

To SHOW that simple, practical furniture of good style and solid construction may be built at home is the object of these articles, of which this is the third of the series, the others having appeared in the October and November issues respectively. Any one at all accustomed to the use of the simple tools of carpentry should be able to make the pieces described after a careful study of the working drawings.

Oak is the best wood to use, but white pine is good, too. The finish for this style of furniture is always dull and is given by first staining the wood the desired color, then rubbing with some reliable wax preparation. And when I say "rubbed," I mean rubbed hard and long. For upholstering, Spanish leather, pantasote, linen velour, cotton velvet or arras cloth in shades to harmonize with the stain may be used.

Your tools must be of the best and sharpest, and if you have not got it, you should buy a good steel try square, as all corners and connections must be absolutely accurate for good workmanship. The warning for accuracy holds good in all measurements.

The armchair illustrated was designed for the dining room. The only decorative feature is that of the straight parallel slats used in the back and on the two sides.

The two back vertical pieces should be sawed so as to give them a tilt backward of two inches, and the front verticals or legs must be cut down on their upper ends to one and one fourth inches square, in order to pass through and support the arm rests. The crosspieces which support the seat are one by three inches and are mortised into the legs. The six two-by-one-inch crosspieces should be mortised clear through the legs or vertical pieces and project beyond for about one fourth of an inch. A false bottom, made of three-fourths-inch boards, should be fitted in the space between the one-by-three-inch crosspieces and about one inch below the top. This bottom may be held from dropping down by resting it on narrow strips nailed on the inside of the crosspieces.

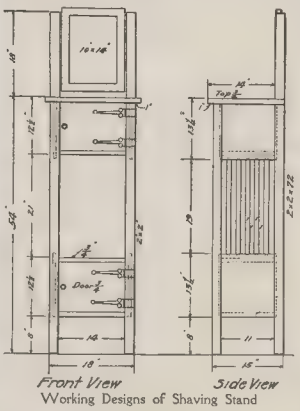
Arm rests are one by four inches and are notched on one end so as to straddle the back vertical pieces, to which they are held by a wooden peg passing clear through both pieces. In front the arms are supported by the front vertical pieces. The slats are all three eighths by one inch, and should be mortised in place, and in setting up the chair for gluing, care must be taken to see that they are placed in position at the proper time, otherwise they would have to be sprung into place. A good plan in working up the ends of the one-by-two-inch crosspieces is to select all those that are to be of equal length and work them up together. They should be clamped side by side on the bench and worked down so that they will be exactly uniform.

A Dining-Room Armchair

For upholstering, some good hair should be obtained from a furniture store and evenly spread over the false bottom. Spanish leather or pantasote should be provided for the seat, tightly stretched in place, and held there by temporary tacks. Large-headed, dull brass or iron nails should then be driven in about every inch, and the temporary tacks withdrawn.

A man must have used a shaving stand in order to appreciate its many conveniences. By tilting the mirror or shifting the stand around a trifle one can always get a good light and at the same time have everything right at hand. The top receptacle is a convenient place to keep the razors, mug, strop and shaving paper, and the lower one a good place for slipper or shoe brushes.

To start the construction, the four vertical pieces should be got out and mortised to receive the side and back boards of the lower and upper receptacles. These boards should be of three-fourths-inch stuff (the grain running horizontally), and should have a half-inch tongue on each end to engage the corresponding mortises in the vertical pieces. The slats are three eighths by one inch and the entire ten should be worked up together so that they will be exactly the same length. Before proceeding further it is a good plan to build up each of the two complete sides of the stand—that is, take a long and a short vertical piece, one side of each receptacle and five slats, and glue them together under pressure of clamps. The backs and bottoms of the receptacles can then be got out and the two entire sides connected together, after which the top can be fastened on with glue and screws from the inside.

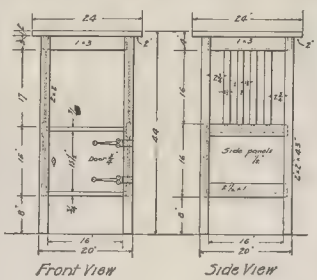


Working Designs of Shaving Stand

A Chafing-Dish Buffet, With Working Drawings

The doors may be made of good, clear, three-fourths-inch lumber, with the grain running horizontally, and having a pair of cleats on the back, to keep the door from warping. A more elaborate door, and possibly a better one, could be made by paneling or else by attaching a crosspiece on either end by means of glue with tongue and groove joint.

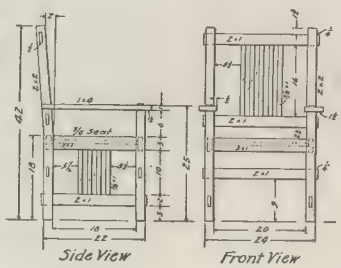
If beveled plate glass cannot be readily obtained either from stock or from some mirror already made, plain mirror glass may be bought at the hardware store, and will serve very well. The details of the frame require no explanation, as they are cut on the miter, glued together and carefully sandpapered.



Every lover of the chafing dish should have a buffet, upon which the chafing dish may be placed, and which at the same time will serve as a receptacle for the various articles used in its operation.

The stand shown herewith was designed to fill these requirements. In the construction of this piece of furniture it is advisable to first build up the two sides complete and then connect them by the top and top and bottom boards of the cupboard. First get out the leg pieces and trim them to the exact length, and then carefully mark off the mortises for the three crosspieces of each side. After cutting these mortises, the two lower mortises in each leg should be connected by a long slot one half inch wide and about as deep, in order to receive the side panels of the cupboard, which are one half inch thick. To correspond with the mortises in the leg pieces, a tenon should be cut on the ends of the six crosspieces, care being taken to make all six of uniform length. To hold the side panels a one-half-inch slot should be planed the entire length of each of the four lower crosspieces. The eight slats should now be made of uniform length and tenoned on the ends to one fourth by one and one fourth inches for a distance of three eighths of an inch, and corresponding

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 48]



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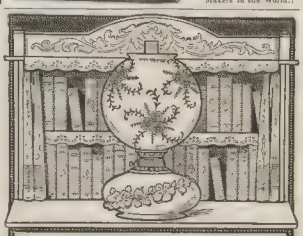

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"HOME OWNING" BY OUR READERS

THE PRIZE-WINNING LETTERS

THE editors of the COMPANION take the greatest pleasure in announcing the names of the prize winners in our "Owning Your Own Home" contest, started in the June issue of the magazine. This has been one of our most successful contests—successful because it brought response from almost every nook and cranny of our country, successful because it proved that the American family still hungers for the real home life and that the American father is willing to work to make that home, the American mother willing to sacrifice in order to enjoy the final fruits of home ownership.

In fact, the spirit of bravery and self-sacrifice which cropped out in the mighty harvest of letters was something to make us proud of our country, and particularly of the great family of COMPANION readers. Most of all were we impressed by the interesting part played by mothers, daughters and sisters in the task of acquiring a home. This goes far to disprove the oft-made assertion that the American woman is losing her womanliness and becoming too absorbed in money making to feel the stirrings of home love.

Hundreds of letters were written by women who had gone into business simply to earn a home, and hundreds more by salaried girls who are buying homes in which to establish their aged parents or their widowed mothers and younger brothers and sisters. The spirit of self-sacrifice and love of home is as strong in the girl who earns a salary at desk or loom as in the girl who helps her mother with the round of household duties.

We wish we could have offered more prizes—prizes for those who worked the hardest, sacrificed the most, prizes for those who best deserved the great joys of home owning without figures and statistics. But alas! we needed for our special purpose facts and figures, so many a splendid letter had to be cast aside because it did not comply with the terms of our contest. Many letters not mentioned among the prize winners were embodied in our series of articles. For these, each writer was paid at our regular rates. To all who won prizes we extend our congratulations. To those who for some reason did not secure prizes, but who wrote of the happiness and family pride in home ownership, we offer equally sincere congratulations. The number of COMPANION readers who have chosen the better part is a source of pride and pleasure to its editors. And to all who have helped us to make this series of articles about home ownership the best of its kind, the most convincing argument ever offered, we extend our gratitude and appreciation.

In the Town of Two Thousand Population

1. Is it cheaper to own your own home or to pay rent?

VILLAGE and country life differ so materially from city life that what is economical for the one is often extravagant for the other. True as may be the complaint of "A Contented Home Renter" in the June COMPANION, very unlike to those are the conditions in a town of two thousand inhabitants, where we have proved to our entire satisfaction that it is much more to the advantage of our purse to own than to rent a home.

We paid for the first two years of our housekeeping an average rent of twelve dollars and fifty cents a month. In that period we moved three times, at a cost for each change of not less than fifteen dollars, to say nothing of the damage to furniture, the misfit carpets, the extra work and the extra worry. The cost of our roof for those two years was three hundred and forty-five dollars.

For eighteen hundred dollars we bought a house as good as any in which we had lived, with the additional advantage of three acres of ground and good outbuildings. Had we made some other investment, that amount paying six per cent would have brought in our second housekeeping period of two years, two hundred and sixteen dollars. Our taxes for that time were fifty-four dollars, insurance twenty-five dollars, and we spent for repairs ninety-eight dollars and twenty-five cents. Of the last amount thirty-five dollars was for small changes in the house and new paper which was needed only because our taste differed from that of the former owner; fifty dollars was for new fencing and to make things better suit our convenience. We would of course have used a rented place as we found it; so really the necessary repairs, those a landlord would have made, amounted only to thirteen dollars and twenty-five cents, and so far as we can see, for several years to come there will be nothing more needed beyond a broken window pane or a new gate latch. But even allowing the whole ninety-eight dollars and twenty-five cents, our roof for this second period has cost us three hundred and ninety-three dollars and twenty-five cents—forty-eight dollars and twenty-five cents more than that of the previous year.

The satisfaction of our own possessions is well worth two dollars a month. But satisfaction is not all we have gotten out of it. My housekeeping expenses while renting (exclusive of rent) averaged thirty-five dollars a month. Since owning our home they have been eight dollars and seventy-five cents a month. This vast difference is caused by the increased home production and sale of vegetables, fruit and poultry which a permanent location and more roof enable. It takes a little more of my time than the old way, but so far as the actual work is concerned, I do less than I did before we bought. I kept no servant then. Now I have two—a boy for the outside work, and a woman who, besides her inside duties, helps with the chickens and garden.

In the first period our entire living expenses were eleven hundred and eighty-five dollars. In the second, six hundred and three dollars and twenty-five cents. Owning our home has saved us in two years five hundred and eighty-two dollars and seventy-five cents—twenty-four dollars and twenty-eight cents each month.

All of these prices will seem absurdly low to any city dweller, but they are those actually prevailing in our village, and again I must remind you that our lives are not as yours.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC HOME OWNER,
Tennessee.

On Twenty-Five Dollars a Week

2. If you or your husband is earning twenty-five dollars or more a week, can you or can you not afford to earn your own home?

MY HUSBAND earns twenty-two dollars a week, and out of that he gives me twenty. We have been married four years, and during that time we have spent two hundred and seventy dollars on doctor bills, have one child, and have moved twice and paid seventeen and then fifteen dollars a month rent for three rooms, also paying gas bills and insurance. In October, 1907, we bought a lot for five hundred dollars cash, which we had saved in three years. We built a house costing thirty-four hundred dollars, and mortgaged it for three thousand, and are paying in a loan association at the rate of thirty-four dollars a month. We have it insured for thirty-five hundred, and furniture for eight hundred dollars.

Out of the twenty dollars I receive every week I put eleven aside for our payment, and that makes forty-four dollars a month, so that I have ten dollars a month after the payment on the house is made. The ten dollars I keep putting in the bank to pay taxes, which were about sixty-four dollars this year. My nine dollars I have left every week, after deducting the eleven, pays for food and gas and electric light and other small things.

Just before we built I began to lay away every dollar I could spare, and I had eighty dollars when we moved in our own new house. Out of that I bought window shades and range, and oilcloth for my kitchen, and paid the fire insurance. We have been in our home about nine months and have never felt it to be a burden yet. My husband puts fifty cents a week in a building and loan association, and in three years he will get back about three hundred dollars. By that time our street will be paved and that will pay for our assessment.

We always look ahead for our debts, so as to be ready for them. We do not owe a bill (except our mortgage), and get along very nicely, and if in two or three years we can sell our house to good advantage, we will do so and build another.

Pros and Cons of the Building and Loan Association

3. What has been your experience with mortgages, loan associations or promotion companies?

A Satisfactory Experience

AFTER having finished paying for my lot, I decided to borrow money from the building and loan association. I had but two hundred dollars, and borrowed twelve hundred dollars on the seven-year plan. I was very cautious and had the business explained clearly to me until I knew exactly what I might expect. My dues were eighteen dollars a month. I had a seven-room house and bath, in a desirable part of the town. Knowing that location counts for more than anything else, I had been very careful in the selection of my lot. My first step was to furnish one of my rooms for rent, and I saw to it that it was always kept rented, for the ten dollars a month that I received paid more than half of my dues.

I was a public-school teacher, and my salary was small, and I had dependent upon me my five children, only one of whom—a boy of twelve years—could assist in his own support.

Every month I took my book to the cashier of the building and loan association and had my eighteen dollars entered to my credit. Nothing could ever interfere with that, no matter what sacrifice it entailed. Every member of the family felt the same inspiriting ambition and helped earnestly to make these payments, almost willing to go without the necessities of life to do so. The company was kind and considerate, ready at any time to make allowance—knowing, as they did, that we were making earnest efforts. I had no trouble whatever from first to last with them. As time passed and the children became older, each one contributed to his or her own support.

Of course we had taxes, water rent, fire insurance, which had to be met. Before the time had expired I sold my place for exactly double what it had cost me—property having advanced fifty per cent in that section. I was now enabled to pay out of the building and loan association, which, I can assure you, was one of the happiest moments of my life. I had now in my possession enough money to buy another home in the suburbs and pay cash for it.

Were I to go over my experiences, I would borrow again of the building and loan association, believing it to be the safest and easiest way to accomplish a home. In any event, one has to practise determination and self-sacrifice and be thoroughly in earnest.

EXPERIENCE, Georgia.

Against the Building and Loan

WERE I of a vindictive nature I could wish my worst enemy no harder lot than to become the victim of a building and loan association

In 1892, longing for a home of my own, I borrowed three thousand dollars from a building and loan association in New York State, for which I executed seventy-eight notes, one payable each month, the company *guaranteeing* that when the last note was paid they would release the deed of trust they held and my home would be mine.

When the three thousand dollars came, it had dwindled to twenty-seven hundred, ten per cent having been retained for some reason that was never satisfactorily explained.

My deed of trust was for over thirty-six hundred dollars, the company assuring me, as I was paying barely five per cent for the loan.

I built my house, and then came a desperate struggle to pay for it. I had a small school, and by dint of the closest economy, and by keeping boarders during the summer months, I managed to meet my monthly payments. When I had paid all but six hundred dollars, the association had trouble with some of its investors and its affairs were tied up in court for several months, so I borrowed from a bank enough to pay my remaining notes and asked for my release deed, but instead of getting it, I was coolly informed that I still owed over one thousand dollars.

There were others in my town who had a similar experience, and feeling against loan associations ran so high that an agent soliciting investors for one of them was warned to leave town without mentioning his business further.

But feeling did no good, for when a suit was brought against the association, the Supreme Court of Virginia decided that borrowers were stockholders and so liable for all losses of the association. There were never any gains, though each year's statement had a goodly amount to the credit of "undivided profits," but what became of the said "undivided profits" has always been a profound mystery.

By this time, by a convenient system of bookkeeping, my indebtedness had reached the sum of sixteen hundred and fifty dollars, not one penny of which I owed, but the company *magnanimously* compromised for eight hundred and fifty dollars, which I promptly borrowed and paid them, and I now hold in my possession seventy-eight notes which always remind me of gold certificates.

One agent informed me that most of the association officers were millionaires, and I could readily believe it. One thing I know is that some day they will have to give an account of eight hundred and fifty dollars taken unjustly from me. I know, too, that if I could truly picture the ten years of slavery I endured at their hands, there would be fewer investments in building and loan companies.

WISE THROUGH EXPERIENCE,
Virginia.

The Best Way for a Salaried Man to Earn a Home

4. What is the best way for a salaried man to earn his own home?

BEGIN by setting aside each month twenty-five per cent of the wages earned. If that proportion cannot be spared, it would be useless to attempt to earn a home.

Also begin to curtail expenses, and to prepare for a time when sacrifices may be made, to hasten the completion of a home without debt.

A man who earns one hundred dollars a month should, as soon as possible, save eight hundred dollars with which to buy a lot. He will be pleasantly surprised to find that he can buy an eight hundred or nine hundred dollar lot for six hundred dollars in cash. He should demand a guaranteed title, and if there is a title guaranty company operating in his town, the abstract should be examined by a careful lawyer.

There are various ways of hastening the work, each requiring some sacrifice; but one method is, as soon as possible to build upon the lot a small structure that can be occupied in camping-out fashion. If the removal occurs in spring time, the novelty will prove agreeable rather than otherwise, and the change will enable the owner to save the entire amount he has been paying for rent, besides reducing household expenses.

In three years' time it would be possible to accumulate eighteen hundred dollars with which to build a home. During the time of waiting the prospective builder has had time to make a study of construction of houses, and of materials and supplies used in building.

The best school for a man who is to build a home is a house in process of construction. One will afford a study of foundations, another of finish; owners are usually accessible and willing to discuss the virtues and faults of contractors, materials and the various details of the work; and the lessons of a plaster-bedaubed, sawdust-littered house are exceedingly valuable to the would be builder.

An architect will save an owner more than his fee; hence it is economy to employ one. Get a proposal from a reliable architect, stating his terms for furnishing plans and specifications, and for superintending construction. The architect will receive bids for the work, but the owner should reserve the privilege of holding a set of plans and specifications and of receiving bids for labor and materials and of assigning contracts if desired. There is an opportunity for an architect to collect commissions of contractors, and when the owner receives bids, he becomes certain as to the value of the work and that he is gaining the benefit of having the lowest prices, although sometimes it proves that the lowest bid is not the most desirable. The architect's advice in regard to contractors is valuable, and he knows all grades of materials and supplies that can be most readily obtained; and it is his office to prepare plans that require what may be bought readily, and to avoid expense of having odd lengths and sizes, as of windows, doors, etc., made.

Before receiving any bids for labor or materials, study the plans and specifications thoroughly, and by visits to places where the materials specified to be used are sold, identify all the materials to be used, and at the same time learn the meaning of all the terms used. Be sure that the plans are complete and that the specifications provide for a finished building; for, by so doing, a great danger may be avoided from charges for "extras" by contractors. The contractor looks for a chance to make a good profit in the "extras," for he is not obliged to furnish extra work or materials at prices named in his contract.

To gain the attention of contractors, furnish notices to such trade journals and builders' organizations as may be accessible, that you will receive bids from contractors for carpentry, brickwork, plumbing, plastering, etc. When all bids are in, the architect's advice should govern. A good architect can prepare contracts, but a perfectly safe plan would be to submit the contracts to a lawyer who is familiar with lien laws and building regulations.

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"HOME OWNING" BY OUR READERS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

It is well to examine the work constantly, and thus aid the architect in securing the proper fulfilment of the contracts.

All agreements, however small, should be in writing. Receipts should be taken for all amounts paid, however small. Each contractor should be required to show that he has paid for the materials he furnished. No labor should be permitted by the owner unless by an agreement in writing. Money should be paid by bank checks, if possible; for by these means controversies may be avoided and vicious attacks by those who would victimize an owner, averted.

Such a house should be completed in three months; and if built for twenty-four hundred dollars in cash, will be found to be far better than the loan association thirty-five hundred or thirty-eight hundred dollar house, and the house and lot a better piece of property than the professional builder's five thousand or six thousand dollar home; and it will be a home without debt.

A HOME MAKER, Washington.

How a Woman Did It

5. If you, as wife or daughter or sister, have actually earned money to build a home, how did you do it?

ALTHOUGH "only a woman," I earned my own home.

Nearly eight years ago I took the civil-service examination. Not long after I received my appointment and began work on a salary of five hundred dollars a year.

It is an old adage, but true, that it is not what you make, but what you save, that gives the increase to a bank account.

I saved only a wee bit of my first month's salary, but—and this is more to the point—I saved it. In the course of three months I made my first deposit of thirty-six dollars. Right here I should like to say to those who want to save a part of the month's salary, do not put it off because you can save only a small amount monthly—remember it takes only the "little sands to make the mighty ocean," and it will take only the small savings to have that home you desire.

The next year my salary was increased to six hundred dollars, and I took out five shares in the local building and loan association. At the beginning of the next year I took out five shares more. This stock matures at seventy-eight months, paying eight per cent interest.

The next year my salary was seven hundred dollars yearly, and in the meantime I had not forgotten the little bank account, and it slowly but steadily grew, despite the other expenditure.

One of our business men, who owned ten shares two years old in the same association as myself, was moving away and desired to sell his stock. Of course he lost the accumulated interest for the two years, but in this case his loss was my gain, so I bought his stock, using those same small bank-account savings. Thus my stock was increased to twenty shares bearing eight per cent interest.

This year my salary is eight hundred dollars, but living is higher and the support of four not less, so I cannot say my savings have increased much.

This fall I shall own my own home, and it is worth the knowledge that I have made the most of the little I had.

We have not the luxuries, but a bountiful supply of the necessities in our home. We have not always had what we wanted, but have always been happy and contented with what we had. Texas.

Earning and Saving—a Banner Record

6. In what ways have you stretched the family income during the process of buying, building or paying for a house?

I HELPED stretch the family income to pay for our home by doing all I could to either earn or save money. As I was an expert with the needle, I did needlework of various kinds, such as tailoring and dressmaking, making undergarments and millinery; I pieced and quilted quilts, tied comfortables and mattresses, made carpet rags; also shingled hair, drew up notes, mortgages, etc.; was school collector, cared for the sick, have corresponded for several newspapers for the past twenty years; in fact, I did anything and everything the neighborhood needed done. When I was able to do it, I also made butter, raised calves and poultry, peddled apples, peaches, grapes and garden truck, and helped raise them; took in schoolteachers to board for years, also other boarders when I could get them.

Two different falls, when my husband was away running a thrashing machine, I cared for our six cows, pigs and poultry for three or four months unaided. The third fall I had a boy to help. I studied medical books and treated our own stock, and saved two good horses after they had been given up to die (I suppose by *that* time the men thought a woman could not harm them!). I could not administer the medicine, but prepared and carried it where the animals were, and one hired man said he'd "just as soon do that as anything else, as his time went on just the same."

Above all, I saved everything. No pieces of bread, meats or left-overs were thrown out. If not relished cold or warmed over, they were made into something palatable. We always entertained our many friends, hospitably though not extravagantly; but simple food, well cooked and nicely served, is relished by all.

We have always helped toward church expenses and charitable works. I was church sexton four years—not for pay, but to save paying, as the society was small and poor, and at the time it was about all we could do to raise our pastor's salary and collections.

A READER, New York.

A DERELICT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

begged Ann, as Ronsard's agitated step approached. So Caspar affected to be absorbed in a glass of milk, playing the part with such marked lack of histrionic ability that she broke into nervous laughter. When the old chef had gone, she stole into the dining room for the carver, and brought it back concealed in her skirt, where it had to stay until Ronsard had set down a belated dish of olives and bowed himself off. The doctor held out his hand for the knife with whimsical anxiety.

"I had that ground the other day, young woman," he warned her. "Dropping it on your foot is no longer the harmless pastime you have usually found it. I wonder why you always drop things and Miss Joyce never?" he added meditatively. If this day held any suspense or pain for him, he gave no sign of it.

"Because I'm a loony," said Ann promptly.

"Perhaps because I never pretend to carry anything," suggested Cassandra.

"Consider the lilies, how they grow," he mused good humoredly. "Well, if carrying things is to you the worst evil, I suppose you are right to avoid it."

The reference of his words sent the blood back to her heart; she could not answer. "What else can I do?"—the question seemed to be dashing about her brain like a little animal in a trap. The way out was not through friends. Looking back, she seemed never to have made any. She had been too absorbed in men to trouble about women, too contemptuous of the men themselves—when she had "found them out," as she expressed it—to keep them. Pride and the restlessness in her blood had driven her like twin furies; she could no more have stopped for friendship than the famished could pause for wild flowers. The way out through marriage with Burnett had not seemed so intolerable, a month before; bitterly undesirable, to be sure, yet a possibility to be calmly reckoned with, since compromise was evidently to be her fate. Yet now every sound that might mean an arrival at the door behind her came like a signal to execution.

"I want another glass of milk, but Ronsard will be so distressed if I get up and so agitated if I ring," Ann was saying. "He's such a dear, I hate to bother him."

"Poor old boy," the doctor commented. "He must have had plenty of Gallic fire in his day. He was with you a good many years, wasn't he, Miss Joyce?"

She started. "With me— Oh, Ronsard! Yes, indeed. And he was always making special dishes for me; we were devoted friends. I know I cried when he went away, though I was fourteen. We all felt dreadfully."

"Wouldn't he stay?" asked Ann, still with her air of resolute and cheerful interest.

"Oh, he couldn't. Something dreadful happened to his daughter Emelie, I never knew what; I think she killed herself. She had been educated to be a typewriter, and my father had got her a position in a big leather house. Ronsard was quite off his head with grief and rage and did not work for a long time. I heard him crying, and it haunted me for years. I had not known before that men cried."

"Do they?" Ann turned earnestly to Caspar.

"They prefer not to," was the cheerful answer.

"But they sometimes do—when it is all too dreadful to stand?" she persisted. He would not take it seriously.

"Yes; then they go up to their rooms and have a good cry," he assured her. "He has often spoken of his great sorrow," he went on to Cassandra. "He is more broken than his years warrant, and I suppose that did it. You have been a great solace to him here. Talking French with him was a very real kindness."

"It was a comfort to me, too. We really are congenial souls, Ronsard and I." His praise wounded, it sounded so final. She was going, of course, but there was no need to see her off with parting tributes until she gave the signal. The clock struck, jarring on her nerves like a blow. She started from her seat. "Suppose we clear the table for him," she said, and hurried off to the kitchen with her hands full of cups. Lingering there to compliment Ronsard on his salad, she did not hear the stopping of an automobile at the gate. When she came back, Caspar had opened the front door to a big, well-dressed man who was asking for Miss Joyce.

Cassandra's courage, sadly wanting all day, came back with a bound. She paused for a moment's level scrutiny of George Burnett, her way out. His light brown mustache swept straight across his face, dividing it into two distinct halves. Above, in spite of retreating hair and dark marks beneath the eyes, there was a battered semblance of genial good looks, and the high dome of the forehead suggested brains; below, the sagging under lip and coarsened jaw told which half would eventually dominate. His unmodulated voice proclaimed him self-made and on good terms with his creator. Yet she had remembered him as far worse. She came forward almost with relief and introduced him to Doctor Diman. Ann had effaced herself with the luncheon dishes.

"I did it in thirty-seven minutes from the ferry." Mr. Burnett had an air of congratulating them all on the achievement. Caspar, who had never learned the necessity of small talk, stood silent and wholly at his ease, obviously waiting for some more interesting topic.

"Very good indeed," said Cassandra dryly.

"Rather! We nearly got arrested three times. But it's funny how the horses are getting used to it. We didn't scare one the whole day."

"Yes; the sporting element is quite dying out of motoring," Cassandra assented.

"Oh, no; I never saw any fun in making the horses bolt. It caused a lot of delay," he explained gravely, and her heart sank a little.

"I shall have to remember not to be funny," was her involuntary thought. Yet she felt curiously remote and unconcerned. All the passionate misery of the past hours had vanished; she was conscious only of a dull wish to get the business over with as quickly as possible.

Caspar was leaning on the back of a chair, looking at the caller with an intentness that brought out more clearly than ever his resemblance to General Grant.

"What is your opinion of the motoring laws? Are they too stringent, unfair?" he asked.

"They're all rot." Mr. Burnett threw back his shoulders and eased his neck in his collar. "Can't possibly keep them; but you don't need to if you have the price. Laws!" He flung it out with the air of one taking up a familiar challenge. "Most of them are made to be broken, anyway. You couldn't run a legitimate business a year if you changed your course for every little two-for-a-cent law that gets jammed through the legislature, and the fellows that make them don't expect you to. All they want is to be bought off next time. Government's a farce in America."

"Do you mean city government or national?" Caspar asked with non-committal mildness.

"Oh, both. Our politics are rotten clear through, and the high muckamucks are no better than the little boodlers. Why, look here! I can tell you something that all Wall Street is on to, but that you'll never see in the papers. Do you know why the President suddenly dropped his opposition to—"

"He happens to be a good friend of mine, the President," Caspar interrupted. "I saw something of him in Cuba, when I was down there as a medical volunteer. I have a great admiration for him."

"H'm. Well, I wasn't going to say anything against him, except that, like all the rest of us, he's got his price." Mr. Burnett had a short laugh for human fallibility. "I never found a man yet that hadn't, if you went at him right. The muckrakers and reformers put up a lot of high-class talk, but you give one of them a sniff of what he wants most greenbacks, or glory, or whatever it may be. Why, I could tell you a case—"

The telephone interrupted. With a relieved "Excuse me," Doctor Diman answered it, then came back hat in hand.

"I shall probably not see you again this afternoon," he said to Burnett, and shook hands; but for Cassandra he had neither word nor look as he went out.

"He seems a decent sort," Burnett admitted, moving to a chair nearer Cassandra's. "What in thunder are you doing here, anyway? Did you really mean what you said, that you are grubbing for your living?"

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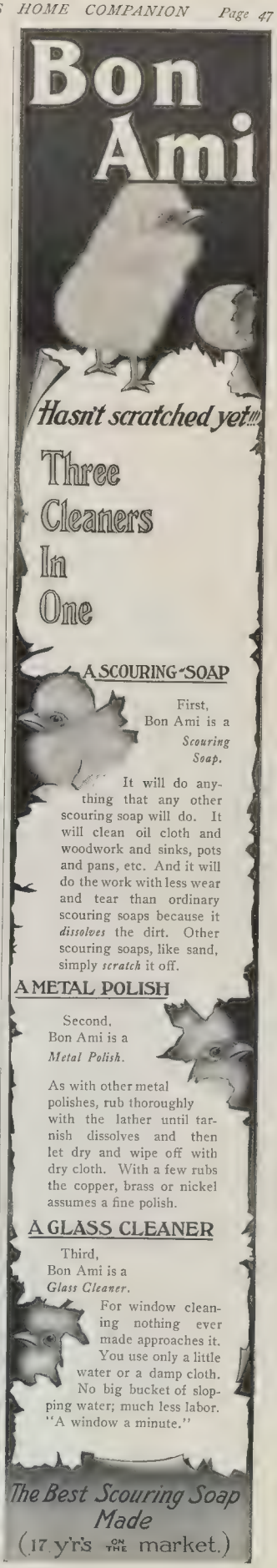
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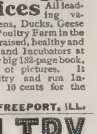


A DERELICT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

"I certainly did." Her eyes rested on him passively, neither inviting nor repelling.

"What do you do?" George Burnett was not one to hesitate over putting personal questions; he fired them unflinchingly, and Cassandra had learned that a point-blank refusal to answer was the only subtlety that could reach him on that head. But to-day she was prepared to answer even the most personal question of all.

"What do I do? Write letters, keep case-record books, look up references in the library, answer the telephone, receive patients—"

"Oh, Lord, stop!" He got up in exasperation. "You in penal servitude like that!" he muttered. She eyed him approvingly; righteous wrath became him, dominating for the moment the lower part of his face. "What does he give you?" he demanded, coming to a halt in front of her with the characteristic throwing back of his shoulders and sidewise jerk of his neck, "As if his clothes were not comfortable," she reflected.

"Thirty dollars a month and my board."

"Oh, Great Scott!" He went off into another tirade while she listened passively and wished it were over with. Presently he drew a chair up close beside her.

"Well, you let me come, anyway," he said, watching her narrowly. A defensive impulse made her protest.

"I did not happen to see your card until last night. I had no idea until then that you were coming."

"You could have telegraphed."

"Yes, so I could." After all, why should she defend herself now? She had told Caspar her intention, and he had not lifted his finger to hold her back. He had his Ann Blossom.

"And you didn't," Burnett insisted.

"No, I didn't," she admitted gravely.

"Well, you know why I am here;" and one of his hands closed down with practised caution over hers, lying helplessly on the arm of her chair. It neither responded nor drew away. "I'm wild about you. You can do anything you like with me—turn me around your little finger." There was a tremor of genuine feeling in his voice. "My wife's going to have everything she wants—house on the Avenue, horses, tiaras, everything. I'm lavish—it's my way. Plenty of self-made men, they hold onto their funds like grim death, by George, once they've got 'em. But I'm not that sort. If you wanted to travel, you'd just have to say the word and tell your maid to pack up. Now, honest, wouldn't you like all that?"

She was looking at him, not unkindly, but from such a long distance that his confident voice dropped a little; his bold blue eyes fell to the hand that still covered hers on the chair arm.

"I don't set up for a model of behavior and all that," he went on, evidently puzzled by her attitude. "I haven't been any worse than other rich men, I guess; but if I married you—well, you wouldn't have anything to complain of. I can promise you that. I—"

She drew her hand away. "I will marry you," she interrupted. He was startled, for the moment more bewildered than joyful.

"You—mean it?"

She folded her arms across her chest, her gaze fixed on the slim point of her shoe.

"I don't care for you, you know." She spoke slowly and distinctly, as though to a foreigner. "But it is no doubt as you say—one has one's price. And I don't seem to have any other way out. If, knowing this, you still want me—" She lifted her eyes to his and was surprised to find pain in them. But he answered as she had expected.

"I guess I want you any way I can get you!" He bent toward her, but her folded arms inexplicably kept him back. "You really meant it? You will do it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then!" He kissed her almost timidly and returned at once to his seat. "You'll like me all right when you're used to it," he asserted, confidence returning with the swelling realization of success. "I'm a good-natured fellow, you know; and I'll be awful proud of you, Cassie. Of course, I know I've got my roughnesses—I haven't been what you might call parlor bred; but I belong to two swell clubs, and they know me at Sherry's and Rector's and all those places—you ought to see 'em jump when I come in. And I've made every cent of my money myself. 'Tisn't such a bad record for a fellow who started in at twelve without a bean or a whole pair of pants, now, is it?" He bent toward her again, taking both her hands as they lay passively in her lap. She smiled faintly.

"I don't believe, you know, that I shall be much comfort to you," she said. "I am spoiled, and not at all good natured. If you were wise you would run away."

"I guess not!" He crushed her hands together with a force that brought a pang of fear. She had never questioned her power to dominate him, to keep him just where she chose to have him; through all their acquaintance he had been like a clumsy tame bear, eager to obey her little rod. What if he lost his fear of her? The fright passed, but it had shaken the apathy that had made this hour so drearily easy. Premonition of suffering to come drove her impatiently from her chair. He sat looking after her with a satisfaction that was still reassuringly humble. "When will you do it, Cassie?" he asked.

"Oh, any time." She was considering whether it was worth while to forbid the shortening of her name, but decided with a shrug that it was not.

"You mean—soon?"

"To-morrow, if you like."

"You're joking!" But he had risen to his feet, overwhelmingly tall. She turned to the stairs, not pausing to look back until she was several feet above him.

"Come with your motor at four to-morrow and you can take me away with you," she said. "There is a minister of some sort in the next street; he will do well enough."

"Cassie!" He sprang toward her, his face flaming, but she checked him with a lifted hand. The little rod was still all powerful.

"No; no more to-day."

"Oh, just one! That ain't fair, Cassie!"

She smiled a hard little smile, and shook her head. "Good-by. To-morrow at four," she said over her shoulder as she went composedly to her room. He called imploringly after her, but did not dare follow by so much as one step. Hope that she would relent kept him staring up at her door for a long time; but intense silence had settled over the house. Slowly and reluctantly he turned to go. Even with the front door open, he paused to look back and listen.

Ronsard, meanwhile, had been disturbed by lack of various dishes and implements which Ann, in her heedless table clearing, had left marooned on a side table. The sound of a strange voice had kept him from intruding; now that it had ceased, he ventured to come with the cautious, sidling tiptoe of one in fear of a lady's train just ahead, to the open door of the great hall and to peer in, a bow of apology tremulously ready. Burnett had just paused on the threshold for a last look back; the light falling on his upturned face brought out sharply the remains of good looks above the straight sweep of his heavy mustache; his hard blue eyes were for the moment almost boyish.

Ronsard stood unseen and motionless, one hand blindly extended, a look of terror on his gaunt face. When Burnett closed the door behind him, he stole swiftly to a window and watched him mount his car and ride away. The bony fingers clutching the old man's jaw shook; his dim eyes had shown a flicker of his ancient Gallic fire, but it burned away into helpless distress.

"Emelie, Emelie!" he whispered brokenly, and groped his way back as though the room had suddenly darkened.

As soon as the motor had disappeared, Cassandra set out feverishly for a walk, trying to deaden with weariness faculties that were showing terrifying signs of waking up. It was late when she came back, but all her miles of tramping had not done for her what was wrought by the sight of Caspar and Ann walking together in the garden.

"After all, what else is there?" she asked with a sudden return to apathy, as she entered the great hall and dropped down into the nearest chair.

"If I might speak to mademoiselle?" Ronsard, who had evidently been watching for her, was hovering in the doorway, one hand bent nervously over the other, his white head deferentially cropped.

"Come in, Ronsard." Her rapid voice always took on a shade of warmth in speaking to the chef. He stood hesitating before her.

"I am an old man," he began tremulously. "Mademoiselle will forgive if I take a liberty. The visitor that came to-day—I chanced to see him."

"Well?"

"I have seen that gentleman before, years ago. I am only the chef, I have no right to speak," his distressed eyes mutely begged her pardon, "but mademoiselle has no one to warn her and—" His voice broke, and he wrung his hands. "Ah, what can I do?" he muttered.

"You mean that you know something about Mr. Burnett?" The warmth had left her voice, but it was not unfriendly. He caught eagerly at her help.

"Ah, my God, yes! There are things that may not be told to a young lady; but if I might be permitted to speak a warning, I who know—"

She rose. "I think I understand, Ronsard, and I appreciate it. I really believe, you know, that you are fond of me." She let her hand touch his sleeve, then turned to go. "But I can't let you talk about Mr. Burnett."

He took an eager step after her. "I will say nothing. But there are dangers—mademoiselle will at least not go out with him?" She smiled.

"Mademoiselle is—going out with him to-morrow afternoon," she answered.

"Ah, no!" His lifted hands were eloquent of despair. "Mademoiselle has no knowledge—"

"That will do, Ronsard." And Cassandra went away, leaving the old man stricken helplessly dumb in the attitude of imploring speech.

[CONCLUDED IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE]

Outline of Preceding Chapters

Dr. Caspar Diman, a great nerve specialist, takes into his country home many patients. In most cases they are his guests, who perform slight duties in payment for his care. Ernest Cunningham, a professor of botany, whose eyes need a rest, cares for the garden; Ann Blossom, a teacher, recuperating after a breakdown, dusts and sweeps. Miss Snell, a "nervous prostrate," is the only "pay patient." Doctor Diman's long-suffering sister, Myrtle, the housekeeper for this assemblage of derelicts, is indifferently assisted by a superannuated French chef. Into this household is suddenly introduced Cassandra Joyce, daughter of a multimillionaire, who, finding himself penniless, has a short time before shot himself. The girl, brought up luxuriously abroad, finds a home in America with a cousin. This woman, one of Doctor Diman's patients, suddenly dies, and the doctor offers the girl a position as his secretary. Disdainfully she enters upon her new life, and at first pays but little attention to her duties. Doctor Diman reasons with her in a gentle but firm manner. Miss Blossom is evidently very fond of the doctor, and Miss Joyce, after various misunderstandings with Miss Snell, begins a mild flirtation with Ernest Cunningham. Cassandra continues to neglect her duties, and Doctor Diman encourages her to make a greater effort. She hints at a rich man named George Burnett, whom she can marry if she cares to. One evening an orphan asylum burns, and Doctor Diman brings home seven little boys. Afterward he and Cassandra drive about the neighborhood collecting clothing for the orphans. One of them, who calls himself "Villum," wakes in the night, and Cassandra takes him to her room, displaying unexpected tenderness. The children go away to another asylum the next morning, where Cassandra visits him several times. Shortly after, a Mrs. Thorndyke comes to consult Doctor Diman. She is highly nervous, with a touch of incipient insanity, but is harmless and fond of children. Cassandra tells her of Villum and gives her one of Doctor Diman's cards to the asylum. Mrs. Thorndyke carries Villum off unceremoniously to New York, and the doctor and Ernest spend half the night in finding them and bringing them back. Cassandra is deeply grieved over her part in the affair. Villum and Mrs. Thorndyke stay at Doctor Diman's until the latter's son and his wife come and take them both away. Shortly after a box of flowers arrive from George Burnett for Cassandra, and she gives them to Miss Snell for a birthday present, neglecting to remove a note signed simply with Burnett's initials. Miss Snell is very much upset and is enraged when Cassandra attempts to recover the note. Doctor Diman appears to blame her for rendering Miss Snell worse, and in sudden discouragement and anger at the doctor's seeming affection for Ann Blossom, she goes away for the evening with Ernest Cunningham. Coming back, they see Doctor Diman trying to comfort Ann Blossom over the behavior of Ernest, and both Cassandra and Ernest misunderstand.

WELL-MADE FURNITURE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

mortises made in the two upper crosspieces of each side.

The legs with the lower crosspieces and panels may now be set up, and then the right slats and top crosspieces placed in position. The front and back crosspieces, to support the top, should now be worked up similar to the others, after which the two sides already completed may be set up on the floor and connected.

The top and bottom boards of the cupboard must be trimmed to exactly such a length that will maintain the legs parallel and vertical, and then have the corners notched out, to pass around the legs. These two boards are held to the crosspieces by means of four strips, one by one by sixteen inches, one of which is placed at each corner inside the cupboard and is fastened by screws to both the crosspieces and to the boards. The back of the cupboard may now be boarded up and the door made ready, which may consist of a paneled door as shown or else a single board with the grain running crosswise and having a pair of cleats on the back, to prevent warping. To fasten on the top use screws, and put them in from underneath and at an angle. Strap hinges of the desired size and finish may be had at the hardware store and put on with appropriate screws. All joints should be set up with good fresh glue and clamped until set.

Shaving Stand

MILL BILL OF DRESSED LUMBER

No. of Pieces	Dimensions
2	2 by 2 by 72½
2	2 by 2 by 53½
1	1 by 14½ by 20½
3	¾ by 14½ by 15½
8	1 by 2 by 15½
1	¾ by 11½ by 14½
2	½ by 9½ by 12
2	½ by 10½ by 12
10	⅜ by 1 by 19½
2	½ by 11½ by 14½

Armchair

MILL BILL OF DRESSED LUMBER

No. of Pieces	Dimensions
2	2 by 2 by 25
2	1 by 2 by 23
4	1 by 2 by 25
2	1 by 3 by 22
2	1 by 3 by 20
2	1 by 4 by 24
8	¾ by 1 by 10½
5	⅜ by 1 by 16½
5	¾ by 4 by 19
For rear legs, see drawing.	

Chafing-Dish Stand

MILL BILL OF DRESSED LUMBER

No. of Pieces	Dimensions
4	2 by 2 by 43½
4	1 by 3 by 18
4	1 by 2½ by 18
2	½ by 12 by 17
2	¾ by 13¾ by 16¼
8	⅜ by 1½ by 16¼
2	¾ by 17¼ by 19
For top, see drawing.	

DATES, FIGS AND PRUNES

BY FANNIE MERRITT FARMER

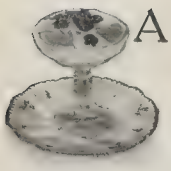
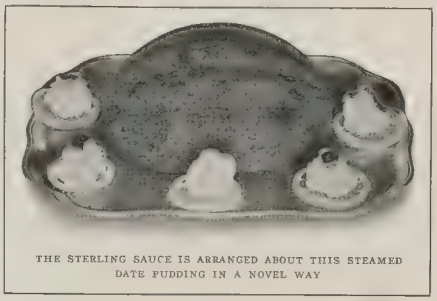


FIG ICE CREAM

AMONG the important foods, the fruits of the East, which are exported after being dried, deserve a high and prominent place. Here in the West, even though our own California and some other Southern states are showing interest in fig and prune culture, we place too little emphasis on the nutritive value of these Eastern fruits—dates, figs and prunes. If not enjoyed in their natural state, they are capable of being prepared in many delicious and savory ways of which I wish to tell you. These recipes will add a pleasant diversity to the winter menu and will be especially helpful to those who are far from market and cannot procure fresh fruits.

I am a firm believer in the serving of cereal with cream at the family breakfast—it is especially good for the children Little folks who do not seem to care for it often eat it with keen enjoyment if a few dates, say one half pound, stoned and cut in pieces are stirred into it about five minutes before serving time. When dates are introduced with a cereal one should use one of the fine wheat varieties, of which three fourths of a cupful should be allowed for the quantity of dates above mentioned. I know of one large boys' preparatory school where CEREAL WITH DATES accompanied by sugar and cream is used for a dessert one day each week, and the boys like it, too. Cereals should be cooked in a double boiler over hot water after the first three or four minutes, and remember that the time specified on all packages of cereal to allow for cooking is always insufficient.



THE STERLING SAUCE IS ARRANGED ABOUT THIS STEAMED DATE PUDDING IN A NOVEL WAY

DATE BREAD dough may be baked in a loaf or as muffins. When baked in a loaf it is well adapted for sandwiches. Mix one cupful of warm wheat mush, one fourth of a cupful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of butter and one half teaspoonful of salt. When lukewarm, add one fourth of a yeast cake dissolved in one fourth of a cupful of lukewarm water, and enough bread flour (once sifted) to knead. Cover, and let rise over night. In the morning cut down, and knead in one cupful of dates stoned and cut in pieces. Shape in a loaf or fill hot buttered gem pans two thirds full, cover again, let rise, and bake in a moderate oven. If twice the quantity of yeast cake is used, the time required for the process of making this bread is reduced to six hours.

A Hot Dessert for Cold Days

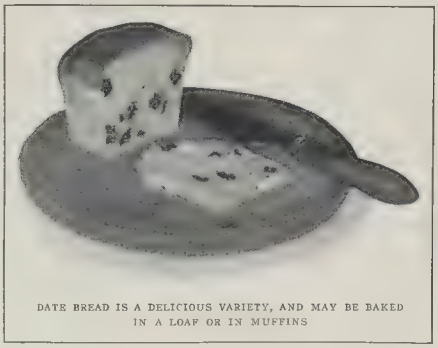
A STEAMED DATE PUDDING is an excellent hot dessert specially adapted for cold weather. Melt one fourth of a cupful of butter, and add one half cupful of molasses, one half cupful of milk and one egg well beaten; then add one and one half cupfuls of Graham flour mixed and sifted with one teaspoonful of salt and one half teaspoonful of soda, and one cupful of dates stoned and cut in small pieces. Turn into a buttered melon mold, adjust the buttered cover, tie down, place the mold on a trivet in a kettle containing boiling water (allowing the water to come half way up around the mold), cover closely, and let steam two and one half hours, adding more boiling water as necessary. Remove from the mold to a serving dish, surround with thin slices of lemon, and on the lemon pile sauce that has been forced through a pastry bag and tube; then garnish with quarters of candied cherries.

ORIENTAL CREAM MAY BE SERVED WITH OR WITHOUT THE WHIPPED-CREAM GARNISH

For the STERLING SAUCE, work one third of a cupful of butter until very creamy, using a small wooden spoon, then add very gradually, while stirring and beating constantly, one cupful of powdered sugar. Add one tablespoonful of rich milk or cream, and flavor with one third of a teaspoonful of lemon extract and two thirds of a teaspoonful of vanilla. Just a few grains of salt is a great improvement to any pudding sauce, only be careful not to add too much of it.

Dates are very popularly served stuffed with English-walnut meats or Brazil-nut meats, but DATES WITH NEUFCHATEL are a novelty. Make a cut the entire length of the dates, and remove the stones. Fill the cavities thus made with Neufchâtel cheese, and shape in original form. Pile on a plate covered with a pretty doily, and serve with unsweetened wafer crackers.

This recipe for DATE CAKE does not prove successful if the ingredients are added separately. It might well be called quick cake. Put in a bowl one third of a cupful of soft butter, one and one third cupfuls of brown sugar, two eggs, one half cupful of milk, one and three fourths cupfuls of pastry flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg and one half pound of dates stoned and cut in pieces. Beat all together for three and one half minutes, using a wooden cake spoon. Turn into a buttered and floured cake tin, and bake in a moderate oven from thirty-five to forty minutes. Sprinkle the top with powdered sugar, and remove from the pan.



DATE BREAD IS A DELICIOUS VARIETY, AND MAY BE BAKED IN A LOAF OR IN MUFFINS

NOTE—In my recipes all measurements are made level. Measuring cups divided into thirds and quarters are used, also tea and table measuring spoons.

Some Good Dishes With Figs

A STEAMED FIG PUDDING is simply delicious. Chop one half pound of beef suet, and work with the hands until creamy; then add one half pound of figs finely chopped, and again work with the hands until thoroughly blended. Soak two and one half cupfuls of stale bread crumbs in one half cupful of milk thirty minutes. Add two eggs well beaten, one cupful of sugar and three fourths of a teaspoonful of salt. Combine the mixture, beat vigorously, turn into a buttered mold, steam three hours, then remove from the mold, and serve with SHERRY SAUCE: Beat the yolks of two eggs until thick and lemon colored, and add gradually, while beating constantly, one half cupful of powdered sugar. Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff, and add gradually, while beating constantly, one half cupful of powdered sugar. Combine the mixtures, and flavor with three tablespoonfuls of sherry wine. If one objects to the use of alcoholic stimulants, one teaspoonful of vanilla may be used in place of the sherry.

For a FIG ICE CREAM, make a custard of the yolks of five eggs, one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and three cupfuls of milk. Strain, add one pound of figs finely chopped, cool, and flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla and two tablespoonfuls of brandy. Add the whites of five eggs beaten until stiff and one and one half cupfuls of heavy cream beaten until stiff. Freeze, using three parts of finely crushed ice to one part of rock salt. Arrange in coupe glasses placed on a small plate covered with a paper doily, and garnish each with thin slices of orange, two figs boiled in vanilla sirup and candied cherries.

A FIG FILLING to put between layers of cakes is good. Mix one half pound of figs finely chopped, one third of a cupful of sugar, one third of a cupful of boiling water, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and a few grains of salt. Cook in a double boiler, stirring occasionally, until of the right consistency to spread; then spread while hot.

Prunes Are Good in Many Ways

For NORWEGIAN PRUNE PUDDING, pick over and wash one half pound of prunes. Add two cupfuls of cold water, cover, and let soak one hour. Bring to the boiling point, and let boil until soft. Remove the stones, obtain the meat from the stones, and add to the prunes cut in quarters; then add one cupful of sugar, one-inch piece of stick cinnamon and one and one third cupfuls of boiling water. Again bring to the boiling point, and let simmer ten minutes. Dilute one third of a cupful of corn starch with one fourth of a cupful of cold water, add to the prune mixture, and let boil five minutes. Remove the cinnamon, turn the mixture into a mold, and chill. Remove from the mold, and serve with cream.

For PRUNE SOUFFLE, wash and pick over three fourths of a cupful of prunes. Put in a sauce pan, cover with cold water, and let soak two hours. Cook in the same water until soft, by which time the water should be nearly evaporated. Remove the stones, and cut the prunes in small pieces; then sprinkle with one half cupful of sugar. Beat the whites of four eggs until stiff, and add the prunes gradually. Pour into a slightly buttered pudding dish, and bake in a moderate oven until firm. Chill and serve with CUSTARD SAUCE: Beat the yolks of three eggs slightly, and add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a few grains of salt; then add gradually, while stirring constantly, one and one half cupfuls of scalded milk. Cook in a double boiler until the mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Strain, chill, and flavor with vanilla.

A cold pudding in which both figs and dates appear is called ORIENTAL CREAM: Soak one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine in one fourth of a cupful of cold water, and dissolve in one fourth of a cupful of scalded milk; then add one half cupful of sugar. Strain into a pan set in a larger pan of ice water, and stir almost constantly until the mixture begins to thicken; then add the whites of two eggs beaten until stiff, one half pint of heavy cream diluted with one third of a cupful of milk and beaten until stiff, one third of a cupful of cooked prunes cut in pieces, one third of a cupful of chopped figs and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Turn into a mold and chill thoroughly.

IF YOU have ever cut the fresh ripe fruit from a Hawaiian pineapple plant and sliced and eaten it on the spot we owe you an apology for the assertion; but if you have not done just this, we believe our statement that you have never tasted pineapple is true.

Most people say the flavor of pineapple is delicious, BUT

the fruit is so tough and so stringy; it bites the tongue and actually makes the mouth sore.

Yes; all this proves that they have never tasted pineapple.

Hawaiian Pineapple

is so different

The best variety of pineapple this earth ever produced, raised on a kindly soil which brings it to perfection; picked when perfect (and no fruit is perfect until it is fully ripened), sliced, cored and canned on the plantations almost the next minute and sealed before a tithe of the exquisite aroma has escaped.

Just open a can of it and see; yes and catch the fragrance and *taste a slice;* only one slice, and you will say too, "I never tasted pineapple before."

The flesh is tender without a trace of woody fibre; the flavor rich, yet delicate, and without a suggestion of the disagreeable "bite" which makes all the fresh pineapple that comes to our market so disappointing, and all the ordinary canned pineapple so thoroughly execrable.

Yes, our contention is that Hawaiian Canned Pineapple is better and more delicious than any fresh pineapple that comes to your table, because the fresh pineapple—seldom of the best variety—is picked green, to ripen as it may, while the Hawaiian is fully ripened and canned so quickly that all its luscious flavor is sealed up with it.

Hawaiian Pineapple contains nothing but fresh fruit and pure granulated sugar. It is put up only in sanitary cans preventing contamination by solder or acid. No human hand touches the fruit in peeling or packing.

You can buy Hawaiian Pineapple in three forms, Sliced, Crushed or Grated. The sliced pineapple is usually served just as it comes from the can; the crushed or grated kinds, somewhat lower in price, are delicious for sherbets, ices, pastry, puddings, and many other desserts.

Send for booklet **Hawaiian Pineapple,** containing tested recipes for this most excellent of all preserved fruits.

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KNOX GELATINE

The One Absolutely Satisfactory Solution of the Dessert Problem

From every point of view KNOX GELATINE stands out preeminently as the ideal, perfect dessert—the one absolutely satisfactory solution of the dessert problem for all occasions. It is so easily prepared, so easily digested and so delicious that it makes an ideal dessert for not only the children, but the grown folks, who think a luncheon or dinner is not complete unless finished off with a sweet. There is such an endless variety of ways of preparing it, and when it comes to the table it is a refreshing relief from the monotony of heavy pies and indigestible puddings. KNOX GELATINE can be used in making not only desserts, but salads, sherbets, water ices, creams, candies, etc. Here is a recipe for a very popular candy. Try it.

TURKISH DELIGHT

1 box Knox Sparkling Gelatine — 1 lb. granulated sugar
1 large, juicy orange — 1 lemon

Soak gelatine in ½ cup cold water 10 minutes. Put sugar on stove in ½ cup cold water, and when it comes to boiling point add the gelatine. Boil slowly but steadily for 20 minutes; add the grated rind and juice of the orange and the juice of the lemon (there should be ½ large cup of fruit juice). Wet tin with cold water and pour in the mixture to the depth of one inch. When firmly set immerse mold in warm water; turn out and cut in cubes and roll in confectionery sugar to which has been added a teaspoonful of corn-starch. Vary by using different fruit juices, flavorings and colorings.

My book "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," which I send free on request, gives recipes for making all kinds of desserts, etc., but I shall be glad to answer any questions about gelatine or any special desserts if you have any trouble and will write me.

FREE For the name and address of your grocer I will send my illustrated recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." If he doesn't sell Knox Gelatine, send me 2c. in stamps and I will send you a full pint package, or for 10c. a two-quart package, (stamps taken). A copy of the handsome painting, "The First Lesson," will be sent for one empty Knox Gelatine box and 10c. in stamps. The picture is a fine work of art and an ornament to any home.

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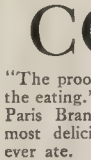

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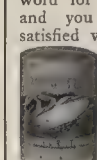

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FOR THE MID-WINTER RECEPTION

BY FANNIE MERRITT FARMER

So MANY times I have been asked for a menu suitable for somewhat formal entertainments, such as evening and wedding receptions, where the refreshments are served *à la buffet*, that I have prepared a plan for a delicious spread, which may be entirely prepared at home. Home catering is something of a task, but it is a great pleasure as well, more than worth the money and labor expended. The ambitious housewife likes to introduce something a bit novel in her entertainments and for this very reason it is my pleasure to furnish a few recipes somewhat out of the ordinary.

Reception Menu

Delmonico Lobster.
Chicken Mousse à la Windsor.
Reception Rolls. Roquefort Celery.
Spanish Sandwiches.
Pistachio Ice Cream. Strawberry Sauce.
Sponge Drops. Cherry Cakes.
Somerset Punch.
Salted Almonds. Bonbons.

Delmonico Lobster

Remove the lobster meat from the shell, and chop; there should be two cupfuls. Cook the lobster meat with two tablespoonfuls of butter five minutes, stirring constantly. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour, one and one half teaspoonfuls of salt, one fourth of a teaspoonful of paprika and a few drops of onion juice. Stir until well mixed, then add the yolks of four eggs beaten slightly, two thirds of a cupful of milk, two thirds of a cupful of heavy cream beaten until stiff, and the whites of two eggs beaten until stiff. Fill buttered timbale molds three fourths full of the mixture, set in a pan of hot water, cover with buttered paper, and bake until firm. Remove from the molds to a hot serving dish, pour around lobster sauce, sprinkle with lobster coral rubbed through a sieve, and garnish with pieces of lobster shell from the tail, and sprigs of parsley.

Lobster Sauce

Break lobster bones in pieces, and add one and one half cupfuls of chicken stock, one slice of onion, one slice of carrot, a bit of bay leaf, a sprig of parsley and six peppercorns. Bring to the boiling point, and let simmer until the stock is reduced to one cupful; then strain. Melt one fourth of a cupful of butter, add one fourth of a cupful of flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, the seasoned stock and one cupful of milk. Bring to the boiling point, and add one half teaspoonful of salt, one eighth of a teaspoonful of paprika and one half cupful of lobster meat cut in cubes.

Chicken Mousse a la Windsor

Beat the yolks of three eggs slightly, and add one half teaspoonful of salt, one fourth of a teaspoonful of paprika and a few grains of cayenne; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one cupful of hot chicken stock. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens, and add one and one fourth tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine soaked in two tablespoonfuls of cold water. When the gelatine has dissolved, strain, and add two thirds of a cupful of the white meat of a cooked chicken forced through a purée strainer, and one third of a cupful of blanched almonds finely chopped. Add more salt and cayenne if necessary. Put in a pan of cold water, and stir until the mixture thickens; then fold in one cupful of heavy cream beaten until stiff. Turn into a mold, and chill. Remove from the mold, surround with cubes of cucumber jelly, and garnish with crisp small lettuce leaves and mayonnaise dressing forced through a pastry bag and tube.

Cucumber Jelly

To two cupfuls of highly seasoned hot chicken stock add one slice of onion, one sprig of parsley and two cucumbers pared and grated. Cover, and let stand two hours. Heat nearly to the boiling point, and add one and one half tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine soaked in one and one half tablespoonfuls of cold water; then color with leaf green. Let stand until nearly cold, then strain into a shallow pan first dipped in cold water. Let stand until firm, and cut in cubes.

Reception Rolls

Add one fourth of a cupful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one teaspoonful of salt to two cupfuls of scalded milk; when lukewarm, add one yeast cake dissolved in one fourth of a cupful of lukewarm water, and three cupfuls of bread flour once sifted. Beat thoroughly, cover, and let rise until light. Cut down, and add enough flour to knead (it will take about two and one half cupfuls). Cover, and let rise again until the mixture has doubled its bulk. Toss on a slightly floured board, knead, and shape in small biscuits. Place in rows on a floured board, cover with a cloth and pan, and let rise until light and well puffed. Flour the handle of a wooden spoon, and make a deep crease in the middle of each biscuit; take up, and press the edges together. Place closely in a buttered pan, cover, let rise, and bake twelve to fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

Roquefort Celery

Wash and scrape celery, and cut in two-and-one-half-inch pieces; then chill in ice water, and drain thoroughly. If the tops of the stalks are gashed several times before putting in the water they will curl back and make the celery look more attractive. Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, and add gradually two tablespoonfuls of mashed Roquefort cheese, and work until thoroughly blended; then season highly with salt and paprika. Spread the inside of the celery stalks with the mixture, and serve on a bed of crushed ice.

Spanish Sandwiches

Work cream or Neufchâtel cheese with a wooden spoon until creamy. Season with salt and cayenne, and add one third the quantity of chopped olives; then moisten with cream until of the right consistency to spread. Cut sandwich bread in one-fourth-inch slices, and butter sparingly on both sides, then spread with the cheese-and-olive mixture, and put together, making four or five layers of bread. Of course, both the top and bottom slices need be buttered on but one side. Fold in cheese cloth wrung out of very hot water, and press under a weight. Cut in thin slices for serving, and arrange on a plate covered with a doily.

Pistachio Ice Cream

Mix four cupfuls of lukewarm milk, one cupful of heavy cream, one and one fourth cupfuls of sugar and one eighth of a teaspoonful of salt; then add one and one half junket tablets rolled and dissolved in one tablespoonful of cold water. Turn into a pudding dish, and let stand until set; then add one tablespoonful of vanilla and one teaspoonful of almond extract, and color with leaf green. Freeze, using three parts of finely crushed ice to one part of rock salt. Turn into a brick mold, filling the mold to overflow, cover with buttered paper, buttered side up, adjust cover, pack in salt and ice, and let stand three hours. Remove from the mold, and serve with

Strawberry Sauce

Drain the sirup from a pint jar of canned strawberries. Heat to the boiling point, and thicken with one teaspoonful of arrowroot diluted with two teaspoonfuls of cold water; then color with fruit red. There has never come to my notice any recipe for ice cream when so small a quantity of cream does apparently so large an amount of work.

Sponge Drops

Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff and dry, and add gradually, while beating constantly, one third of a cupful of powdered sugar, then add the yolks of two eggs beaten until thick and lemon colored, and one fourth of a teaspoonful of vanilla. Cut and fold in one third of a cupful of pastry flour mixed and sifted with one eighth of a teaspoonful of salt. Drop the mixture from the tip of a spoon on unbuttered paper, one inch apart. Sprinkle with powdered sugar, and bake eight minutes in a moderate oven. Remove from the paper with a knife.

Cherry Cakes

Work one half cupful of butter until very creamy, using a wooden cake spoon; then add gradually, while beating constantly, one half cupful of brown sugar mixed with one fourth of a cupful of white sugar. Beat two minutes, and add the yolks of two eggs beaten until thick and lemon colored, and the whites of two eggs beaten until stiff; then add one cupful of pastry flour mixed and sifted with one fourth of a teaspoonful of baking powder, one tablespoonful of brandy and a few grains of mace. Butter small tins and sprinkle with chopped nut meats. Cover the bottom of each with the mixture, put in each a candied cherry, cover with the mixture, sprinkle with nut meats and powdered sugar, and bake in a moderate oven.

Somerset Punch

Chop one pound of Canton ginger, and add two cupfuls of sugar and two quarts of cold water. Bring slowly to the boiling point, and let simmer fifteen minutes. Add one cupful of orange juice and one cupful of lemon juice. Cool, strain into a punch bowl, dilute with crushed ice, and garnish with thin slices of orange from which the seeds have been removed.

Salted Almonds

Cover one fourth of a pound of Jordan almonds with boiling water, and let stand two minutes. Drain, put into cold water, and rub off the skins. Then dry between towels. Put one third of a cupful of olive oil in a small omelet pan or sauce pan. When hot, put in one third of the almonds, and fry until delicately browned, stirring to keep constantly in motion during the cooking. Remove with a spoon or small skimmer, taking up as little oil as possible. Drain on brown paper, and sprinkle with salt. Repeat until all of the almonds are fried.

NOTE—In my recipes all measurements are made level. Measuring cups divided into thirds and quarters are used, also tea and table measuring spoons.

ASKED AND ANSWERED

This department is intended for questions of a general nature, and in no way conflicts with Mrs. Sangster's, Mrs. Richardson's and Miss Gould's departments, in which are answered questions relating to the home, the business girl's problems and fashions. Address "Asked and Answered," Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City. If a reply by mail is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

No addresses can be given in this column, but the names of coin dealers will be sent on receipt of a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

Referred to Our Readers

Can you help us find the poems "Whistling in Heaven" and "But Somebody Did"? Also a poem the first line of which is, "I watched my lady die."

Book Values

What is the value of Hannah Adams' "History of New England," 1807 edition?
READER.

This book is of comparatively little value, never bringing more than three dollars at auction. The edition of 1799 is worth from five to twelve dollars, according to condition.

Silver Half Dimes

What is the value of silver half dimes dated 1837, 1845, 1856, 1857 and 1880? Can you give the address of a coin-collecting company?
INTERESTED.

There is evidently some mistake in the last date mentioned, as silver half dimes were not coined later than 1873. None of the coins you have are worth more than face value.

"'Twas the Night—"

Can you tell me the author of that perennial poem:

"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all thro' the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

E. M. B., Rhode Island.

The famous old poem was written by Clement C. Moore, who was born in 1779 and died in 1863. It is called "A Visit from Saint Nicholas."

Maryland Sixpence

I have a Maryland sixpence issued by Lord Baltimore, and I am told that it is a rare and valuable coin. Is this true, and what is it worth?

If it is in good condition, the Maryland sixpence of Lord Baltimore's coinage is worth from five to ten dollars.

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Mrs. B. M., Mississippi.

Address the International Organ of King's Daughters, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Meissonier's "Friedland"

What does the painting "Friedland," by Meissonier, represent? Is it supposed to be after the battle or before?
G., New York.

The battle is raging in the distance, and the troops just going into action are passing Napoleon, and as they pass, rising in their stirrups and shouting, "Vive L'Empereur."

IN THE LIBRARY

BY J. S PORTER

AMONG THE BEST RECENT NOVELS, "The Red City" holds prominent place. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the oldest story teller now writing for the English-reading public, has with characteristic observation and insight once again written a typical American historical novel. Although "The Red City" may not, strictly speaking, be so great a novel as is the famous "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," to which "The Red City" is sequel, it is nevertheless a powerful story and a thrilling history of Philadelphia. The hero, one DeCourval, is a Huguenot emigrant of the French Noblesse who comes to Philadelphia, enters the employ of Hugh Wynne, and falls in love with a sweet young Quakeress. In the course of the story he comes in contact with Jefferson and Hamilton, becoming mixed up in political intrigues and is a hero of the great plague that occurred in '93. "The Red City" is decidedly one of the best of the very new novels. *($1.50.)*

"Kincaid's Battery" is the title of a recent novel by George W. Cable. Mr. Cable has been called the Hawthorne of the South, and is known from one end of the country to the other for his "Old Creole Days," "The Cavalier" and "The Grandissemes." For his latest story Mr. Cable has once more gone among his chosen people, the Creoles, the scenes being laid chiefly in New Orleans just befor and during the Civil War. The tale, which moves rapidly, is full of intrigue and adventure, love and jealousy, victory and defeat, and the author's description of the capture of New Orleans by Farragut is intensely dramatic and thrilling. The book is in every sense a romantic American novel, and is very sure to make far and wide appeal to the American public. *($1.50.)*

"The Strawberry Handkerchief," by Amelia E. Barr, goes farther back into history. The author has chosen old New York at the time of the Stamp Act in 1765 as the *mis en scene* for a delightful new story full of romance and politics and love. "The Strawberry Handkerchief," like "The Bow of Orange Ribbon" and "The Maid of Maiden Lane" by the same author, is a delicate bit of old romance that trails through it the scent of lavender and rosemary; albeit there is a smell of gunpowder there, too. *($1.50.)*

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," by John Fox, Jr., is romance, pure and simple. In "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," Mr. Fox's latest novel before this one, we followed Chad Bradford eagerly and lovingly through his career as mountain waif, student, lover, soldier. With just such eagerness and love we follow June Tolliver's lead through the trail of the lonesome pine. There is idyllic charm, simple-hearted sweetness and peace in this story, as well as feuds and struggles and ruffianism. Mr. Fox writes powerfully and with great simplicity as well. We have no writer who understands life in the Kentucky mountains as Mr. Fox understands it. "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is a good story for young people, and older people, too. *($1.50.)*

"The Fair Mississippian," by Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree), is the story of a fascinating little widow whose lines fall in pleasant places among the bayous and lowlands of the Mississippi. The floods come and disturb her house; tragedy and bravery and romance come, too, and the story ends in a thrilling, happy surprise. This is the best, as well as the most recent, of Miss Murfree's stories. *($1.50.)*

Outdoor Books

"The Wind in the Willows," a story by Kenneth Grahame, author of "Dream Days" and "The Golden Age," is a charming bit of idyllic writing and deserves among modern Nature books much the same place as "Peter Pan" has among recent fairy tales. *($1.50.)*

"The Lay of the Land," by Dallas L. Sharpe, a series of Nature essays in which the author, Mr. Sharp, reminds us of John Burroughs in his thorough appreciation of the beauties of Nature. His style is original and refreshing and he gives us many fascinating glimpses of the out-of-doors. The book is substantially bound in a beautiful green and silver. *($1.25.)*

"Training the Bird Dog," by C. B. Whitford. The author loves dogs, understands them, and plans definite results which he assures you are pretty sure to come about if you follow the few main hints clearly set forth in this little text book, which is good reading not only for sportsmen and dog lovers, but for any one who has or hasn't a dog. *($1.25.)*

"Ocean Life and Old Seafaring Days from the Forecastle to Quarterdeck," by Captain John D. Whidden. Captain Whidden sets forth methods of old seamanship and tells picturesquely of his long seafaring service covering a quarter of a century. *($1.50.)*

Books for the Home Maker

"Building a Home" is written by the editor and associate editor of one of the leading architectural magazines. Plumbing, heating, ventilating and decorating are discussed in homely and familiar terms. The book is especially valuable, because it is full of common sense and practical economies as to the making of a home. Many full-page illustrations, drawings and plans amplify the text. *($1.50.)*

"The Home Builder," by Dr. Lyman Abbott, is a sermon bound in delicate brown and gilt with "Woman," or the last twenty-one verses of the Book of Proverbs, for its text. There is scarcely a real woman anywhere to whom this book, written as a tribute, would not strongly appeal. *(75 cents.)*

"Home Occupations for Boys and Girls," by Bertha Johnson, is largely suggestions that will help solve many a home problem and answer the ofttimes plaintive question, "Mother, what shall I do next?" *(50 cents.)*

"Bright Ideas for Entertaining," by Mrs. Herbert B. Linscott. There are two hundred plans of amusement and entertainment for social gatherings of all kinds stowed away in this resourceful book. *(50 cents.)*

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"How to Tell Stories to Children," by Sarah Cone Bryant, tells where the good stories are, and when and how to tell them.

"Stories to Tell to Children," by the same author, contains fifty well-chosen, well-edited tales. These books are invaluable resources for library and story-hour use. *($1.00.)*

"Children's Books and Reading," by Montrose J. Moses, contains no stories, but the subject of Children's Reading is very broadly and ably discussed by the author, and many excellent book lists include the standards in English, French and German. *($1.25.)*

"Books for Use in Home Libraries, Reading Clubs and Children's Departments" is the title of an elaborate pamphlet of over three hundred pages issued by the Carnegie Library Association. Lists are classified under the heading, "Stories of Special Interest to Boys"—"Girls"—"Little People;" in many cases synopses of the stories are given. This can be had for twenty-five cents by writing to the Director of the Carnegie Library in Pittsburg.

"Literary Landmarks," by Mary E. Burt, is an excellent reference book and story book in one *(75 cents)*; "The Story Hour," by Kate Douglas Wiggin *($1.00)*, and "Fifty Famous Stories Retold" *(35 cents)*, are other helps for story tellers.

"Christ Legends," by Selma Lagerlof, author of "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils." Though these legends are all from India, they are as rare and simple in spirit as only such Christ stories as might be added to the folk tales of any land could be. *($1.25.)*

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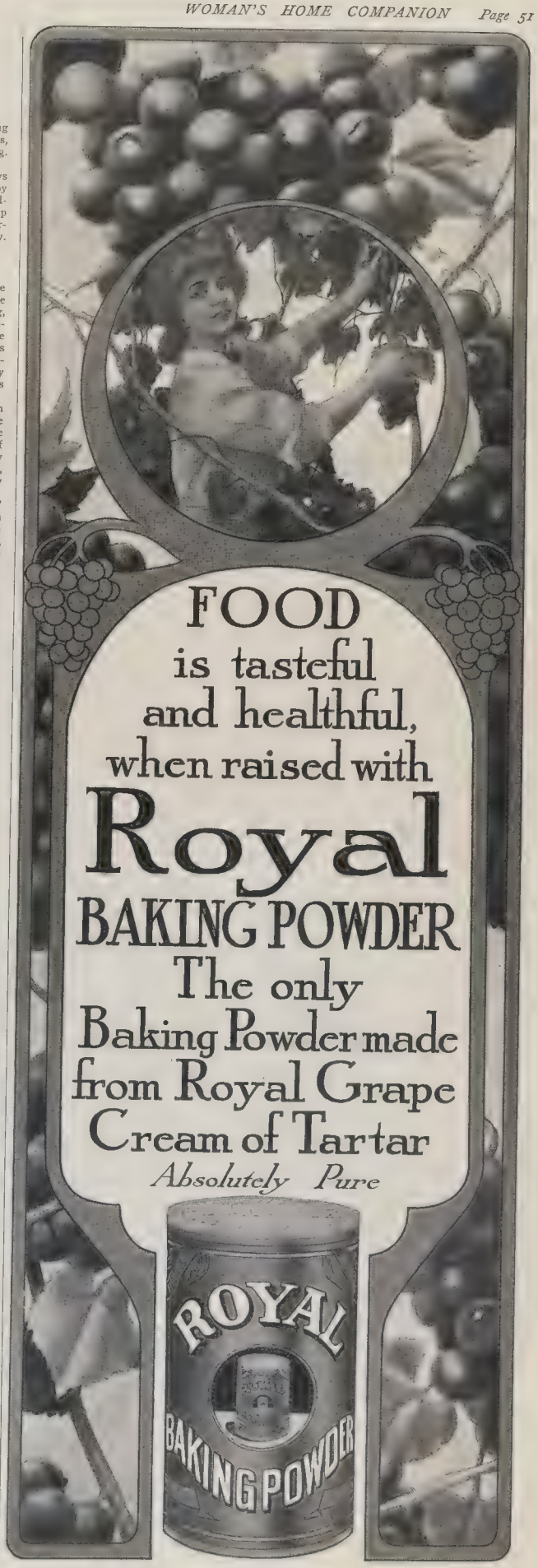
"Daniel Boone, Backwoodsman," by C. H. Forbes-Lindsay, is a tale of pioneer life, with pictures of hardships and heroisms that went into the conquering of the frontier. *($1.50.)*

"Famous Indian Chiefs I Have Known," by Major-General O. O. Howard, U. S. A., will be interesting to boys. *($1.50.)*

NOTE—We are glad to be of service to any of our readers who care to consult us on questions concerning books and authors, and to forward any of the above-named books on receipt of prices mentioned. Address BOOK-REVIEW EDITOR, Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.



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THE GLASS HOUSE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

become—he hated to acknowledge the staring fact—a bread winner like himself.

This teasing idea was buzzing about his ears like a gadfly as he strode homeward, the thought of the approaching competition uppermost in his mind. "If I succeed in this," he told himself frowningly, "she shall never write another line!"

An automobile had stopped near the curb, and a man in a long fur coat stood smoking a cigar and watching the chauffeur in his efforts to locate some paralyzing mischief. Philip recognized Poynter too late to avoid a meeting.

"Ah, Loomis, how d' ye do!" Poynter exclaimed, a ring of genuine pleasure in his voice. "You see I'm stalled here—some confounded trouble with the carbureter, I imagine. I was just on the point of abandoning the machine and calling a cab, but I'll walk along with you instead, if you don't mind."

"I'm stretching my legs a bit after having them coiled about the legs of my office chair all day," returned Philip, resenting the other's glance at his shabby greatcoat.

"Busy, eh? Glad to hear it." Poynter's narrow face with its blinking eyes behind the thick-lensed spectacles suddenly assumed a ferret-like keenness. "Are you thinking at all of going in for the Chamber of Commerce Competition?" he asked.

Philip threw back his handsome head with the unconscious arrogance which had always angered Poynter. "Yes," he said haughtily. "I am thinking of it."

"Humph—yes! Well, I happen to have been chosen one of the commission which will decide on the respective merits of the plans submitted."

Philip bit his lip. "I have no doubt there will be a large number of contestants," he said gloomily.

"I am told so," rejoined Poynter, putting his head to one side, the better to stare at the other's sternly controlled face. "The competition seems to have aroused the keenest interest among architects in this country, and in foreign countries as well."

"Oh, I dare say some of those *Beaux Art* fellows will compete," Philip answered patiently. "They always do. But, after all, an American knows best what an American city demands in the way of a great public building. I'm a *Beaux Art* man myself, so far as that goes," he added.

"I didn't know that," Poynter said with genuine surprise.

Philip made no answer, and after a pause, Poynter went on with a tentative air, "I'd like to see you win out in that competition, Loomis; I should indeed. My wife has quite set her heart on it."

"Thank you," said Philip with careful courtesy. "I am sincerely obliged to you and to Mrs. Poynter for your good wishes."

Poynter was silent for some minutes, then he burst out with what appeared to be unconsidered impetuosity, "I say, Loomis, if you weren't so—er—confoundedly difficult, I'd like to do you a good turn along about the time that competition comes off. And I can do it, too."

Philip stared blankly. "I don't understand," he said.

Poynter laughed uneasily. "Between friends, you know—if we are friends." He paused an imperceptible instant for Philip's rejoinder, then went on, "If you'll put me onto your designs so that I can be sure they're yours, I'll see that you do win out," he finished roughly, almost brutally.

"If I'll show you my plans, you'll vote for them. Is that what you mean?" Philip's face whitened slowly. He breathed hard.

"That was the idea I intended to convey," Poynter answered defiantly. He lighted a cigar as he spoke and flung the match aside with a careless gesture. "How does that strike you—eh?"

"As being entirely worthy of its author," Philip said deliberately. He turned as he spoke and looked down at the other man with a steady contemptuous gaze. "Did you really expect me to consider your proposition?"

"Well, no, frankly, I did not," drawled Poynter. "Your notions are rather above my level, don't you know, as you've frequently taken pains to intimate. There's no harm done, though, so far as I'm concerned."

"No," said Philip ironically, "there's no harm done whatever. Good-night, sir. I leave you here." He lifted his hat in mute token of farewell, and strode swiftly away through the gathering darkness.

Poynter stood staring after him with a perfectly expressionless face for a full minute.

The Poynters were dining alone that night, and after the servants left the room, Gertrude, who had beamed timidly upon her unresponsive consort from across table all during the meal, immediately burst into a series of remarks.

"Oh, Max," she began, "I went to see poor Edith to-day. She is looking wretchedly—worn out, I suppose, with trying to write that novel. I didn't approve of her being so ambitious as to *attempt* a novel. She was doing quite well enough with her short stories—she tells me that only a very few of those have proved unsalable."

"Humph," was Poynter's eloquent rejoinder as he reached for the decanter.

"I thought you'd like to know what I—what poor Edith— Don't you remember what we were speaking of this morning, Max?"

"I told you to drive on, didn't I? 'Poor Edith' has gone into novel writing, when you advised her not to, and now she's reaping the bitter consequences of her mistake. That's what I gather so far."

"No, Max. I didn't *advise* her not to *try* the novel. But I *did* say this—quite frankly, too—it is always best to be frank with other people—especially with those you are trying to benefit; don't you think so, Max?"

His face twisted in a wry smile. "I'm quite of your opinion, Mrs. Poynter," and he bowed across to his wife as if before a superior wisdom.

She sighed apprehensively. "I *hope* you are not making fun of me, Max," she murmured. "You are so clever and—and—sarcastic, I can never be *quite* sure."

"I meant what I said all right, Gerty," he assured her. "But suppose we finish our conversation in the library; and don't draw it out too long, for I've an engagement at the club to-night."

"Then you *do* want to hear what Edith told me about Philip's plans?" she asked anxiously. "You haven't changed your mind about what you promised, have you, Max?"

He hesitated for a fraction of a second. "Did she show the plans to you?" he asked sharply.

"No, dear, not the plans, but she showed me the original sketches for the elevations. I was just going to tell you; and oh, Max, they are *perfectly beautiful!* You won't be obliged to hurt your conscience one bit in voting for them."

"What do you know about architecture?" he asked roughly. "His designs may be good for nothing at all."

"Oh, but they are, Max. I never saw anything more noble and impressive. I studied Art History while I was in college, and you know I can draw a little."

"Yes, I know," he said impatiently.

"Of course, I couldn't reproduce the drawings exactly; but I have done my best to give you an *idea* of them—especially of the tower. Shall I show them to you now, or haven't you the time?"

"Yes, get them. There can be no harm in my looking over what you have. Of course this binds me to nothing," he said slowly, as he took her sketches in his hand. "You understand that much; don't you, Gertrude? I may find that it is utterly useless even to mention these plans of Loomis'. There will be contestants from Paris, and London, and all the great cities of America. The stake is a large one."

"Oh, Max, you *promised* me!"

He was staring at her drawings rather feebly executed with a hard-leaded pencil. Rude and unfinished as they were, he caught the idea of the noble proportions of the building. "That tower is certainly an unusual feature, placed at that angle of the building," he muttered. "Are you sure that is right—as Loomis had it, I mean?"

"Oh, yes, Max, I'm quite sure of the tower. I studied it very carefully, for I thought— Oh, but you *will* do what you can? You promised, you know."

She ventured to lay a timid hand on his shoulder as he bent frowningly over the sketches. "You will, won't you, dear Max?" she repeated.

He straightened himself with a short, disagreeable laugh. "My dear Gertrude," he said, "you certainly ought to have figured as a lobbyist in the political world. You have all the distinguished features of a striking success along that line. As to this"—he laid his thin, knotted fingers upon the sketches—"there is much more at stake than you can well understand. I shall certainly consider the matter carefully between now and the time of the competition. More than that, I am not prepared to say."

He folded the sketches deliberately and thrust them deep into his pocket. "You will oblige me," he finished, "by not repeating our conversation on the subject to Mrs. Loomis. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Max," she said meekly, vague tears of a yet vaguer disappointment glistening in her brown childish eyes. "I shall do just as you wish, of course."

He turned to look back at her—he had already reached the door. "Mind you, don't forget," he said sternly.

"No, Max," she said. The door closed noiselessly behind him, and the large tears in her eyes, as if waiting for the signal, overflowed, and rolled swiftly and stealthily down her cheeks.

[CONTINUED IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE]

Outline of Preceding Chapters

Philip and Edith Loomis live in a small house in the suburbs; Philip is an architect, not very successful; they have three children—Louise, aged about thirteen, her younger sister Helen and little brother Dick. Mrs. Gertrude Poynter, a wealthy and childless woman who had been a college mate of Mrs. Loomis, comes to live in the neighborhood, calls on Mrs. Loomis and conceives a liking for Louise. Mrs. Poynter asks Mrs. Loomis to a meeting of a college club at her house, and Mrs. Loomis reads an old story which she wrote in college, and a Mrs. Vinton, who happens to be present, asks her to submit it to the magazine of which she is one of the editors. It appears that the daughter Louise is pretty, shallow and decidedly selfish, and that Gertrude's husband, Maxwell Poynter, is a brute, takes delight in bullying his wife, and hates Philip Loomis. While playing in the yard one day, a strange man, Wilfred Barth, an unsuccessful actor, though of a good family, makes the acquaintance of Louise and Helen, and afterward meets Louise on her way from school and buys her a flower. Edith Loomis received a check for fifty dollars for her first story, and begins working hard on others. Philip continues to have bad luck, some important plans for a company with which Poynter had some connection being mysteriously rejected. As Edith's writing takes so much time she can no longer attend to her housework, and a maid is installed, greatly adding to the family expenses.

THE PIN-MONEY CLUB

For Our Girls Who Want to Make Pin Money

Miss Margaret Clarke, the Secretary of the Club

A prosperous New Year to you all—to you dear girls already in the Pin-Money Club, who have written me so many delightful letters, and to you other COMPANION girls who are planning to join soon. I say a *prosperous* New Year, because it is pretty hard to realize ambitions and high ideals when money runs short. And you know it is the special business of the Pin-Money Club to make its members prosperous. And the club is carrying on its special business beautifully.

I do believe that my Pin-Money Club desk is the happiest corner in New York. So much good money goes from it to girls who have earned it. So many dainty packages go to girls who are fond of lovely things. So many happy letters come to it. Surely it is the busiest and happiest spot that ever was. Take this letter, for instance, from a member—a refined girl in Illinois: "I am so glad I joined the Pin-Money Club. Mother is more pleased than I, because the work gets me out in the open air. So besides the money, I ought to gain health, too."

Many Girls—With One Aim

As the New Year opens, I can see my Pin-Money Club girls gather around me—a great, gallant company of intelligent, ambitious women, setting out to make 1909 a year to be remembered for the good things—the money and clothes and books and luxuries—it will have brought them. Some of our girls are married, others are in the teens; some are strong and healthy, others are delicate; some are brilliantly educated, others are working for an education; some are trained workers, others have never worked before. But they all have one point in common—a determination to make money. And they are doing it, too, in a refined, womanly way, through the Pin-Money Club, and they will keep right on doing it, clear through the year.

This New-Year message is for you, dear COMPANION girls who haven't joined the Pin-Money Club yet. You, *too*, can do all that these other girls have done. Their opportunities for making money are open to you. Only put out your hand and grasp them. Only do as they did—write me a little line and find out about the Pin-Money Club. Remember, there are no dues and no initiation fee.

The money is here, waiting for you to earn it. Indeed, the COMPANION has guaranteed to Pin-Money Club girls a monthly income based on their energy and ability.

Shopping With Miss Gould

Then, too, as soon as you join the club you will be eligible for the trip to New York without expense that goes to four Pin-Money Club girls. I thought that trip the most perfect thing any one ever planned, but it is "more perfect" now. Miss Grace Margaret Gould has consented to give one of her precious days to guiding our little party through the department stores and to helping us shop. Won't it be fine to come to New York at the expense of the Pin-Money Club, and do your season's shopping with money earned through the club? Oh, yes, you can do it easily enough, any one of you, but there is no room to tell you how here. Write me a little line and I'll tell you all about it.

A Reward for Promptness

There is so much to tell about the Pin-Money Club that I could fill about ten pages of the magazine. While I can't do that, I can tell you all about it if you will write me a line.

There is room for you all, girls—married as well as single, subscribers and "just readers"—in this unique club, where there are no dues and initiation fee.

And for those of you who join right now, in time to begin the New Year with me, I have a little special treat—the loveliest picture of Maude Adams—reserved for 1908 girls only.

Drop me a postal right away and I will tell you all about it.

Margaret Clarke, Care of Pin-Money Club, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Madison Square, New York City.

PROBLEMS OF THE BUSINESS GIRL

BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

Special Notice

For the past three years the wage-earning girls all over America have been helping me to conduct the department "For the Girl Who Earns Her Own Living." Without your letters, girls, the department could not exist. Each letter suggests some phase of wage earning which may interest hundreds of other girls who never heard of it, or some problem which we self-supporting women must solve.

During these three years I have received thousands of inquiries from anxious women in need of a helpful, cheering word or a practical suggestion. Often the correspondence has ended with a single exchange of letters. Other girls have written again and again, and from many have come grateful acknowledgment of assistance received.

These last letters have suggested to the editor of the COMPANION that we ought to know just what this department means to you girls, and how we could make it mean much more. If you can help us to find this out, you will not only help other girls, but you will put money in your own purses.

We offer three prizes of $15.00, $10.00 and $5.00 respectively to the girls who send us the best letters on this topic: "How Mrs. Richardson's department 'For the Girl Who Earns Her Own Living,' has helped me, and how I think it could be improved."

This is a very personal topic, and we want you to write personal, intimate answers. Your names will not be published unless you give us permission to use them.

The conditions of this contest are few and simple.

You must be a self-supporting girl and tell us where you are employed. We will not publish the latter fact, but we must have it as an evidence of good faith.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The purpose of this department is to help "The Girl Who Earns Her Own Living," and only questions relating essentially to this subject should be sent to Mrs. Richardson. If each correspondent will give full particulars as to her age, educational equipment, general training, etc., questions can be more helpfully answered. *Every letter requiring an answer by mail must be accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed envelope.* Address Mrs. Anna S. Richardson, care Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

You must not write more than five hundred words, nor less than one hundred. Letters which do not keep within these limits will be thrown out as inelligible.

You must write on only one side of the paper and in typewriting or ink. Letters in lead pencil will not be considered.

You must send the article folded or flat, never rolled.

You must send your story not later than March 1st.

You must address it clearly to Mrs. Richardson's Prize Contest, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Madison Square, New York.

The COMPANION will not return manuscripts that do not receive prizes, so please retain copies of your letters. The COMPANION also reserves the right to publish excerpts from articles that do not receive prizes, paying for the same at regular publication rates.

Now, girls, send in your articles. Help the COMPANION to help you. We have another question, equally practical and important to working girls, tucked up our sleeves. You shall hear of that next month.

Shoes for Business

Certainly you can wear Oxford ties to business in winter if it does not endanger your health. Many girls in cold climates wear ties in winter, adding spats or overgaiters for warmth. A good shoe for general business wear is of light-weight calfskin, a high laced shoe, with a slight extension sole and Cuban or military heel. With such a shoe, rubbers are not necessary except in extremely wet weather. The high heel should never be worn with business clothes and some chiropodists claim that the low, common-sense heel is apt to break the arch of the foot and cause a nervous affection. A medium shoe and heel are always best for hard wear.

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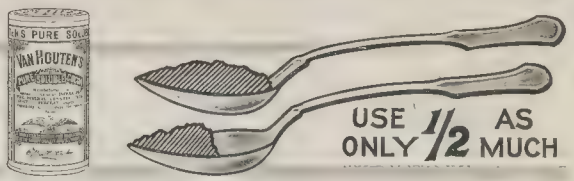

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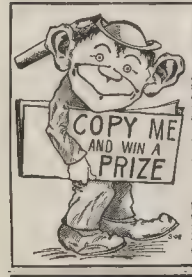

Grand Prize Contest

An Unlimited Number of Prizes will be distributed among those who make a copy of this picture. If our Art Director decides that your copy is even 40 per cent. as good as the original, it will win an illustrated magazine **FREE OF CHARGE FOR SIX MONTHS,** showing the work of the most prominent artists of the country.

No Money Required to Win a Prize—It will not cost you a cent to enter this contest. Sit right down now and copy this picture with either pencil or pen and ink. See how well you can do it. If you are a prize winner it will prove you have talent for drawing.

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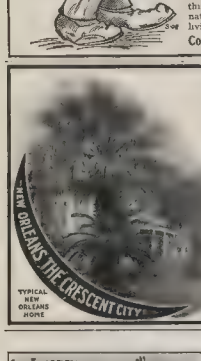

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Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers ***Tin Rollers***

THE PRIDE OF A GIRL

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

"But why invent one?"

"There wasn't anybody. Why, I even," she could smile now at the memory and at her own daring in revealing it, "I even contemplated asking *you* to be a temporary fiancé—that night at the Thanksgiving cotillion."

He glanced back at the recollection thus evoked of a bright-eyed girl in a pink frock. "I would have been honored."

"You would have been appalled! Then do you remember I telephoned? I was giving my invention to the papers. It all came to me in a minute, and I didn't stop to think, but I had to do a lot of thinking afterward! Oh, I made up and made up till I was staggered at my own pretenses! I could write a play, I think, and act every part in it myself." She gave a scornful little laugh. "Don't think I am proud of myself! I can joke about it, but you can't know how I despised myself and how I hated and loathed and detested poor John Ranville Taylor! I got rid of him as soon as I dared—but I'll never be rid of his memory. It's like the albatross around the neck of the Ancient Mariner. Can you understand how I did it?" she added, a little wistful, after all, for his good opinion.

"I can understand pride all right," he answered rather shortly; and then, "Yes, I quite see how you did it."

He was seeing, too, a very different Rose Scofield from the merry girl he thought he had known, and as in the expansion of confidence she went on to tell him of the end she had made of John Ranville Taylor he found her appeal to him a very touching one. The absurd deception he condoned with masculine appreciation of the fighting stuff in her that had taken the dare; he thought the bright vivacity she had shown him all the years one of the most pathetic things he had ever known.

"What a monstrous fraud you have been."

"You thought I didn't have a real feeling in the world!" she accused, to add a moment later, "Well, I haven't now. I'm just a tinkling cymbal. I've got over caring about *anything!*"

"You are young," he reminded her. "All you have learned will just help you appreciate the real thing when it comes—a sort of spring housecleaning for the true furnishings of life. A mere background for happiness."

She shook her head obstinately. "I'm happy enough now. I don't want to care for any one again. I *won't.* I don't want to go down into the deeps for anybody—I'd rather stay out in the shallows and splash in the sun! Why, if I," she enlarged somewhat excitedly, "if I saw a man who had power to make me feel one little bit I'd just race away from him!"

"Is that what kept you dodging about Europe?"

"You can laugh. That's the way I feel."

"You are unalterably resolved then on single blessedness?"

"Oh, perhaps I'll marry some day. It's not the same thing. I told you I was a tinkling cymbal," she added faintly.

"Pooh!" said he, and repeated it when she fixed him with indignant eyes. "You are not that kind of girl. You see, I know you now—you can't help yourself. You can't skim through life—you are bound to *live.*" His voice changed; took on a new intensity. "Splashing in the shallows isn't worth while, take my word for it. I have done it all my life. I never knew the deeps—I was too cautious, too proud, too determined on some one that should be quite good enough for me." His laugh was very different from his usual pleasant note. "I never cared for any one—I've grown to care less and less for anything at all, just jogging along very superficially without knowing the real things of life. I've even come to think they must be rather a bore," he finished with a return to his old manner.

Rose did not smile—her dark eyes were unconsciously speaking her pity. *She* knew the weariness of purposeless days and futile amusements—she knew the heartache of all that might have been, the bitterness of self-reproach. She lost herself in wonder of the many ways that happiness could be missed.

"Perhaps it's true for you, too," she said a little timidly, reverting to the philosophy of life he had offered her. "Perhaps the long wait, the regret and all, is just going to be a background for *your* happiness."

Her gentle solicitude, the unguarded sadness of her young face, had power to quicken the man to a compassion that was tenderness. He was conscious of strong resentment against the intrusion of pain into her bright youth, and of a longing to shield her from the sharp edges of the future. He forgot in the fervor of that longing that he had decided the real things of life to be rather a bore.

And the girl who had vowed so resolutely to race away from the first man who could make her feel, sat quite still in the thrill of this new sympathy and understanding, and did not even turn her eyes from the gray ones smiling down into them.

MY REMINISCENCES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3]

the flint of the old tinder boxes. All which I have told at this length, because I suppose the use of the chemical match in households to have been the great invention of the century in matters of domestic comfort. There is a letter in the Franklin papers which shows that in 1782, when Temple Franklin wanted to show such a match to a friend, there were but four in Paris. It was forty years after that time before they came into familiar use anywhere.

There isn't room here, and the boys on Point Barrow wouldn't care about it, but for Boston boys I will some time write an historical paper telling how you spent a holiday in those days. There were four such holidays in a year: 'Lection Day; this was always on the last Wednesday in May. The next Monday was 'Tillery 'Lection, somewhat inferior in grandeur, but worthy of praise and memory because "school did not keep." The third and greatest was Fourth of July. And the fourth, in October, was Muster, interesting to boys, girls, men and women because practically nine tenths of the men in Boston between eighteen and forty-five years of age appeared with visible cartridge boxes, visible guns, visible flints, in visible companies with visible captains, on the Common. Observe, young men, that whereas in feudal countries they have to forbid the existence of guns in separate homes, a pure republic requires every citizen to be a soldier.

I will tell only one story of our Fourth of July. I had spent all my allowance for July and all my "'lection money" on the Common—possibly for a sight in the camera obscura, though I doubt if I had money enough for that—certainly for raw oysters, three for a cent if small, two for a cent if large; probably half a glass of spruce beer, one cent, and two or three checkerberry medals—die now lost—and make what allowance you please for tamarinds, cocoanuts, sugar cane and other foreign delicacies. I was returning penniless and had to pass Park Street Meeting House, when an event of historical importance took place. Long columns of boys and girls were going into meeting. The spectacle of a procession of children going to meeting on any day but Sunday was as wonderful to me as a volcanic eruption from the Blue Hills would have been. Of course I joined the throng. So is it that I am one of the little company who heard the national hymn sung for the first time:

"My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty."

I hope I did not join in the singing, for at that time *do* was to me even as *re* and *mi*, and I am afraid I should not have improved on the harmonies of the occasion.

AUNT JANET'S JANUARY PRIZE NOTICES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

For Boys Under Twelve Years of Age

For the best verse entitled "My Ball" we will give a prize of a beautiful sailboat. For the best drawing or painting of a dog we will give a soldier's cap, epaulets and sword, and ten prizes of boys' books for the next ten in order of merit

For Girls Under Twelve Years of Age

For the best verse entitled "The Windmill" or "My Cat" we will give a beautiful set of doll's dishes. For the best colored copy of any illustration on the Children's Pages we will give a beautiful doll, also ten prizes of paper dolls for the next ten in order of merit.

Contest for Older Boys and Girls

We want our boys and girls over twelve to tell us of something they have raised, and how they did it—chickens, pigeons, flowers, rabbits—anything at all that you have raised successfully. In less than three hundred words tell how you did it. At the top of your article put "How I Raised ———," filling the blank with the name of the thing you have successfully raised. As a first prize for boys we will give a splendid kodak, and five prizes of boys' books for the next five in order of merit. As a first girl's prize for the best account we will give a kodak, and five prizes of girls' books for the next five in order of merit. Also there will be twenty supplementary prizes of bulbs and seeds sent to the boys and girls sending in the next twenty in order of merit.

Put your name, age and address on all work, and send before January 31st to Aunt Janet, Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

LUCY GREEN IN PHILADELPHIA

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]

Here I met several interesting girls—one who was clipping advertisements from an early edition of an afternoon paper and another who wanted work as a nurse maid. The latter had lived in many cities, coming to Philadelphia from Toronto, Canada, but she had mislaid her references and could get no position until she had new letters. So while waiting for these, and having little money, she was working around the Y. W. C. A. rooms as general helper. This branch of the Y. W. C. A. has no employment bureau for domestic help, but the workers had taken an interest in this girl, who had come such a distance, and they were making it possible for her to remain there. She was greatly impressed with their kindness, saying, "They have certainly treated me grand."

While I was talking to this girl, the young woman from the desk came into the room and led away the girl who had been looking over the paper. Work had been found for her. Very soon this same young lady came back and told me that she would now show me my room and the dining room. We boarded the elevator, and on the flight above she had the car stop, and showed me where to turn and go to my room, asking me to remember the direction, as she could not come up with me again. Then we got off at the top floor, where the dining room is located. She left me at the door.

Here I found long tables covered with immaculate linen table cloths and paper napkins (you could have a linen one by paying a penny for its use), very nice-looking waitresses and a cordial matron or head of the dining-room staff. The lunch was à la carte, no table d'hôte service, and the portions were liberal and well served.

Then I went down to the office again for the key to my room, which was located on the floor above. A delightful little room it proved to be, with the most clean and cheerful of rose-striped wall paper, a single bed, one straight-backed and one rocking chair, an immaculate washstand, plenty of clean towels, a bureau with three drawers, a plain but pretty cover, a big closet, and nice shades at the windows. A large bath room at the end of my corridor was free to guests.

After I had enjoyed a little rest in this bright, sunlit room, I started out in search of work. The Travelers' Aid representative had told me that it was a dull time of the year to seek work in stores, but nevertheless I had decided that in a certain store where I had noted the number of very young girls employed as clerks I might have a chance.

To the superintendent of this store I applied, and was questioned very closely and explicitly. I told him I had had no experience and could give him only a few letters from men in my own town, recommending my character. I was staying at the Y. W. C. A., and as soon as I got work I expected to take a room there permanently or at the Associated Boarding House. I know now that this man was figuring my living expenses in his mind, and he said that if I would start at four dollars a week he thought he could find a place for me, either as a wrapper or as a salesgirl in a bargain square. I said I'd prefer the latter, where I would have a better chance of promotion, and I could not live very long on four dollars a week. He did not tell me what sort of goods I would sell—only told me to report to him the next morning at 8:15.

So I had my position, and my first thought was what the girl from St. Louis would say when she heard it.

She had a great deal to say when we met at four o'clock, and she said it with decision.

"Four dollars a week—and you accepted it! Don't you know that no girl, unless she has a home with her parents and help from them, can live on four dollars a week? Why didn't you tell him that you must have five to keep yourself in shoe leather and decent clothes? Oh, you think he will give you a raise in a few weeks! You all think that, and you don't know how money flies in a big city—"

"I'm going to live at the Associated Boarding House. There are two of them—and my friend says—"

"I have seen them both," interrupted the girl from St. Louis.

"I've converted you," I cried, but she turned very serious.

"Not a bit of it. I don't know just why I went there—perhaps because I wanted to see the woman who owned the voice we heard last night, perhaps because I wanted to know what sort of home you would have, because I saw you were bent on going there. Anyhow, when I got through with interviewing my new employer, I found I was within walking distance of the Pine Street house, so I called there.

"The first thing I learned was that the neighborhood in which you wandered last night was one of the most dangerous parts of Philadelphia. Oh, think what might have happened to you! The house itself is most imposing, with a handsomely carved door and metal trimmings. A colored maid let me in, and I thought I must have made a mistake. There was a beautiful hard-wood floor, a nice piano standing open, and furniture that looked as if it had been bought for this house, not gathered in the attics of rich patronesses. I had just decided that your friend knew what she was talking about, when the maid came back and said Mrs. Manson would see me in her room one flight up.

"As soon as I entered the room, it was all over. I recognized the woman in the untidy kimono, seated in a big rocking chair, as the owner of the voice which greeted you so lovingly last night. She seemed to be boiling over the chair. She did not say good-morning or how-de-do, just glared at me from her big rocker, and snapped out, 'Well, what do you want?'

"I told her I had a young friend who was looking for a home, that I was interested in working girls, and I thought I'd just call and see— Well, talk about dropping a match into a keg of gun powder—it would be nothing compared to the fireworks I started!

"'You'll not get a word out of me—I've been caught once, and I'll not be caught again,' she screamed. 'If I'd known what you wanted, I'd never let you come upstairs. One woman wrote me up—and she wrote lies. If you want to know about the Associated Boarding Houses, go around the corner to the Clinton Street house. Maybe that woman will talk to you!'

"Well, that was quite enough for me. I knew where you did *not* want to live, all right. As I went out of the door I got the address of the Clinton Street house. It seems there are three houses under the same name with different matrons. The Clinton Street house was just around the corner, and here I found a real lady in charge. Her name is Mrs. Palmer, and she came into the parlor dressed in plain black silk, with fine lawn turnover collar and cuffs. She asked me to sit down, and when some of the girls who were at the piano playing offered to leave the room, she told them they need not do so. We sat and chatted at one end of the room and the girls did likewise at the other end.

"She gave me all the information I wanted. It will cost you three dollars and seventy-five cents a week for room and board if you have a room to yourself—less if you will go in with another girl or several. I simply had to forget how I hated homes for working girls and warm up to her. I could not tell her what happened to us last night, but I did ask her what she would do if a girl came there after eleven o'clock, and she seemed very much surprised. She said there were times when the best of rules had to be broken, and that would be one of the times.

"This house, like the one in Pine Street, is beautifully furnished, and the girls I saw coming and going were all well dressed and nice looking. Mrs. Palmer told me that the houses were both managed by one directory, composed of rich Philadelphia women, who gave not only of their money, but of their time. The house is near an old but fashionable residence district.

"Neither the managers nor the girls like to have the houses known as charities, because the girls pay board enough to meet all running expenses; and just as I told you last night, when a certain class of employers find that such 'homes' exist, they cut down salaries, so that a girl can just barely live at such a home.

"Still, if you are bent on living at a home, I will say that things look promising at the Clinton Street house. Mrs. Palmer is a lady, and when you've traveled around as much as I have, you'll agree with me that a lot of women are appointed matrons of these homes who—well, they are not ladies, and they don't belong in such positions. And it is a lottery what sort of home you get into, just as much of a lottery as when you select the regulation cheap boarding place. You see, if we'd gone to the Clinton Street house last night you would have been taken in all right, but your friend recommended the wrong house."

I had been sitting very still, drinking in every word she said and making mental notes for my story, and I started when she said, "I suppose you're going to see Mrs. Palmer."

"Yes—no—I don't know."

The girl from St. Louis leaned forward and took my hand.

"Don't do it—don't start your business life by taking help from the rich women whose husbands in turn cut your salary. It's the wrong system. Come and live with me. We'll find a couple of rooms, do light housekeeping and live like queens. Till you get started I'll pay two thirds and you pay one third, and we'll both be better off than boarding. What do you say?"

For a minute I couldn't say anything. Then I swore her to secrecy and trusted her with the truth. I did not want any position. I had a home to which I hoped to return that very evening, and I was just trying to gather for the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION the experiences of an inexperienced girl from the country looking for work in a big city.

After that there was another silence, and then she drew a long breath, and remarked:

"Well, if you were dressed up, you might look the part, but now—"

She helped me repack the oft-packed bag, and later she went with me to the station. As I looked back from the car step, it seemed to me that her face was a bit wistful. Perhaps, after all, it wasn't all charity which made her offer me one half the privileges at one third the expense in her little ménage.

However, in that big city the smallest stone cast into the human pool leaves its eddying circle. That is why I am always glad to get a letter from the St. Louis girl who is working in Philadelphia, and why I often wonder who got my four-dollar-a-week job in the big department store.

From Door-knocker Days To The Bell
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE
BELL SYSTEM

THE old punched lanterns and the door-knockers savor now of romance, but only the distance of years can cast a mellow enchantment over the wet cloaks and the soggy shoes.

Amid the comforts of their own firesides, or in their offices, when men today pick up their telephones, they do not look down the line of the past to picture the door-knocker—but are we all very different from this door-knocking ancestor in our manifest annoyance at slight delays?

We call a number. We do not think of the *time saved* over the old method of communication. We want the connection *right off*—whether it is a block away, a furlong or a league.

So, like the old door-knocker, we knock the louder—by again ringing the bell or pounding on the transmitter—frequently in our haste undoing a portion of what has already been patiently done towards establishing the connection wanted.

Even in the face of impatience the equipoise of the operator is maintained as well as it can be. The unswerving endeavor of the management of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its associated Bell companies is to make its thousands of exchange operators all measure to the same standard.

There *will* be some girls brighter than others, some with quicker perception and sweeter dispositions.

If you had to subscribe to *six* telephone systems in your locality—in order to cover the field as it is now covered by the one universal Bell system—do you imagine the girl operators would be different?

There *is* a moral to this advertisement—intended for all Bell subscribers and prospective subscribers. It is this:

Treat the girl operator as if she were both a girl and an operator, and as if she were present.

It enables her to serve you more quickly—more intelligently—and consequently saves you time.

Telephoning is a mutual operation, with mutual obligations. The maintenance of the most practical, complete, *universal* telephone system that human work can accomplish involves like mutual obligations.

It is the desire of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the associated Bell companies to let the public know and appreciate what they are doing and how this universality of service may best be maintained.

American Telephone & Telegraph Company

DE MERIDOR'S GREASELESS COLD CREAM

Large Trial Size FREE

Positively will not grow hair Read the guarantee

De Meridor's Greaseless Cold Cream has proved the most effective beautifier, skin food and massage cream known to complexion specialists.

It feeds and gently stimulates the skin, softens, heals, allays irritation, prevents germ infection and supplies all the nutriment necessary to assist nature in developing a perfect complexion.

It removes wrinkles, sallowness, freckles, tan, eruptions, and black-heads; also cures chaps and keeps the hands soft and white. Freely absorbed by the skin, it leaves a soft, dull, velvety finish.

Used now by more than a million American women and gaining over a thousand new friends each day.

De Meridor's Greaseless Cold Cream will positively not grow hair. It contains no grease or other hair-growing ingredients. We guarantee its absolute purity.

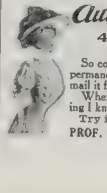
ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS reward is offered to any chemist who finds it contains white lead, starch, borax, beeswax, petroleum jelly, paraffine, peroxide, or any other harmful ingredients found in so many face creams. It is so pure a child may eat the contents of a jar, without the slightest ill effect. For sale in all good stores in 25c. and 50c. jars. If your dealer will not supply you write to us and we will see that you are quickly supplied.

SEND POSTAL FOR LARGE TRIAL SIZE FREE

and prove for yourself how different and how incomparably better De Meridor's Greaseless Cold Cream is than any and every other cream you have used.—Address

The De Meridor Co., New York City

IMPORTANT Write at once for trial size free. Name your dealer and tell whether he sells this cream or give name of your local agent



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When you see your shapeliness speedily returning I know you will buy it.

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are best made. Every pair guaranteed. Try them. Money back if not satisfied. Buy from dealer or give his name and we will send on receipt of price. Write for free circular. THE FAY STOCKING CO., 62 E St., Elyria, O.

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hundreds of women who wrote for this free book are now earning from
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You can do the same.
This free book tells all about Beauty Culture and how I teach women in their own home—by mail—to become expert operators in

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MARCEL WAVING
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I also furnish valuable formulas for making Flesh Food, Massage Cream, Hair Tonics, Depilatories, Cosmetics, Etc.
You can start a visiting practice—working by appointment in your patrons' homes, or you can establish a Beauty Parlor in your own home.
This profession offers unlimited opportunity for ambitious women to earn money. The demand for expert operators is growing every day. My students are able to quickly establish a lucrative practice—many of them earn money before they have graduated.

One Graduate Says:
Dear Miss King:
Just received my Diploma. I am very proud of it. I will always be thankful to you. I have already earned many times the cost of my instruction. Sincerely yours,
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836 Iberville, Street,
New Orleans, La.

Another Says:
I want to let you know how thankful I am to be earning money through your wonderful system. The lessons are so easy anyone can understand them. I am earning $10 a week and upwards and working only a few hours a day. *Agnes Connolly,*
52 W. 91st St. *New York.*

SEND TO-DAY FOR MY FREE BOOK.
Don't struggle along in uncongenial employment with long hours and small pay. Educate yourself in this profitable profession and learn to do work that has little competition. Isn't it better to spend a few hours a day for a few weeks and qualify yourself to do work that everyone else can not do? The field for Beauty Culture is large. You will be surprised when you see what a great demand there is for this work in even the very small places.
Write to-day for this Free Book—a penny postal will do.
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ED. PINAUD
Toilet Preparations that are indispensable to women of refinement.
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28 INCHES WIDE
Fleeced Back Fast Colors
High grade printed fabrics for wrappers, house and street gowns, dressing sacks, shirt waists and dresses for children. Acknowledged the best of their class. Variety of patterns. Retail prices of both, 10c per yard.
Be sure that the tickets all bear the name of the makers, the *Hamilton Manufacturing Co.* *If your home retailer will not supply you, write to*
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Improved Finish Fast Colors
36 INCHES WIDE
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table covers, lamp shades, cushion covers, kimonos, suits, child's nursery, book covers, etc., in beautiful designs and colors.
THE HERRICK DESIGNS BOOK will give you complete instructions; show you how designs are applied without tracing or cutting; what fabrics and colors are used and illustrate articles already decorated. The Book contains fifty designs for your selection and gives suggestions for making pretty gifts. Send 25 cents to-day for the Herrick Designs Book.
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My New outfit contains 80 patterns and directions for long, or 10 for short clothes, with directions for material, etc., a copy of Nurses' Hints to Mothers, also True Motherhood, and my catalogue illustrating articles and clothing for the new baby, with prices and full descriptions. This outfit sent postpaid for 25 cents, silver or stamps. I guarantee satisfaction or will refund your money.
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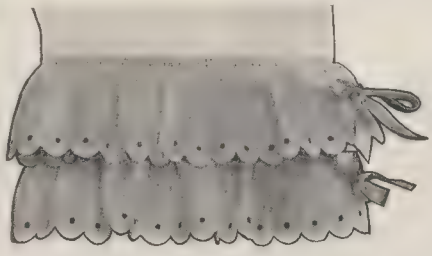
Embroidered Towels
To introduce our goods, we will send you this Huck Towel, 17 x 36, stamped with handsome Wallachian design, ready to embroider, together with our new catalog of Fancy Work, Linens, Laces, Curtains, etc., all for 15c. D.M.C. Cotton to work 12c extra.
C. S. Davisson & Co., 351 Jay St., Brooklyn, N.Y., Dept. 16

EMBROIDERED DIMITY LINGERIE

DESIGNED BY EVELYN PARSONS

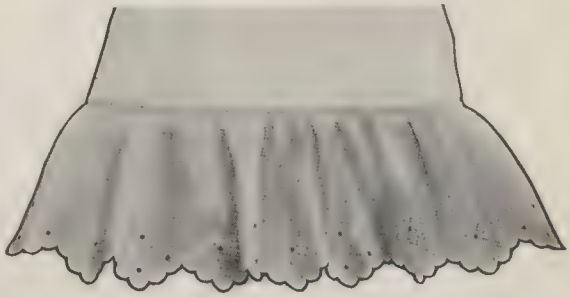


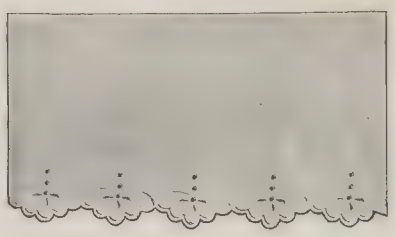
457-A—Child's Drawers with dimity ruffles (at the left). In the make-up of underclothes for children we are showing what very dainty effects may be obtained by the use of dimity. Of course, for these tiny garments the smaller checked dimities should be chosen and the embroidery should be quite simple. Serviceable material should always be chosen, and this combination of longcloth and dimity seems to meet this very need. The dimity is very durable, a good material to embroider upon and thoroughly practicable. The little drawers, shown at the left, have ruffles of dimity with scalloped edges, and eyelets embroidered in the scallops. These ruffles are open up the sides and caught together half way down with ribbon tied through buttonholed slashes. Ribbon bows always please a small girl, and having the bows tied instead of sewed in place makes it possible for her to fix her own ribbons.

Perforated Pattern . . . . . 15 Cents
Stamped on Five-Inch Dimity (6 Year Size) . . . 25 Cents
Stamped on Five-Inch Dimity (10 Year Size) . . . 30 Cents

458-A—Child's Petticoat (at the right) with flounce of embroidered dimity. Upper part of garment is made of fine longcloth and the dimity flounce is put on with a narrow muslin insertion. This design in this width will be pretty for drawers ruffles, or in a twelve-inch width, for a petticoat flounce for an adult. The price of this flounce by the yard in the twelve-inch width will be the same as that of the flounce shown below. A very attractive skirt flounce might be made by embroidering the dimity with color—pink, blue or lavender—in delicate tints. At the top of the flounce a wide beading could be used, and the ribbon run through this should be the exact color of the embroidery cotton. A skirt with a flounce embroidered in colors will be especially pretty to wear in the summer time with white linen suits.

Perforated Repeating Pattern for Ruffle, 20 Cents
Stamped on Ten-Inch Dimity, per Yard, 25 Cents





459-A—Embroidered Flannel Petticoat (at the left). This edge is used for straight skirts for children from two to four years. For an older child or an adult a skirt with a flounce would be used, this repeating design placed on the bottom of the flounce. We offer only the perforated pattern of this edge. Pad the work with filling cotton. A twisted silk or a double-thread filo is suitable for the work.

Perforated Repeating Pattern . . . . . 15 Cents
Silk for Edge, Five Cents per Skein, or Twenty-Five Cents per Dozen

460-A—Child's Night Dress (illustrated below) cut like the adult model shown on the opposite page. The neck is finished with beading and lace edge and the bottom of the sleeves are hemmed and lace trimmed.

Perforated Pattern (8 or 12 Year Size), Including Shape of Garment, 35 Cents
Dimity for Gowns, Forty-Eight-Inch Length, ... $1.50
If a longer gown is desired, send 15 cents for an extra half yard.
(We do not stamp the night dress.)

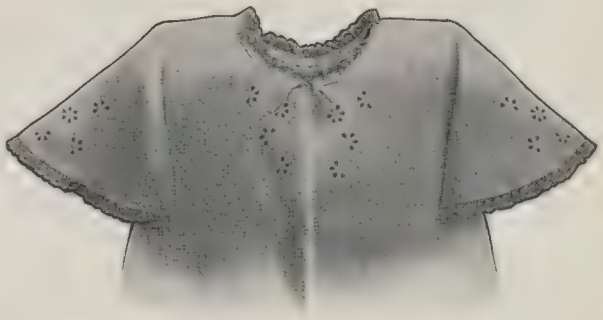
DIRECTIONS FOR ORDERING

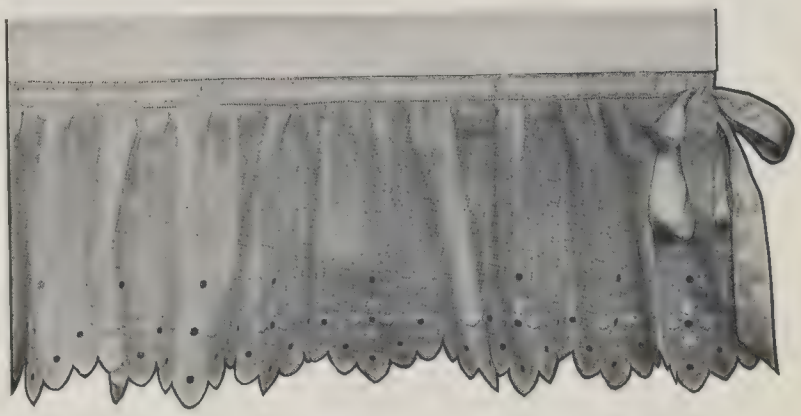
Please write all orders plainly on one side of the paper, and with ink. Give name and full post-office address. Many orders come into this office without any address, and must be held until the sender writes again.

Remit by money order, currency or stamps. To the amount of any check drawn on a bank not in New York City, ten cents must be added for exchange.

We ask you if possible to send postal money orders made payable to Woman's Home Companion in preference to stamps. Address

EMBROIDERY DEPARTMENT
Woman's Home Companion
Madison Square New York City



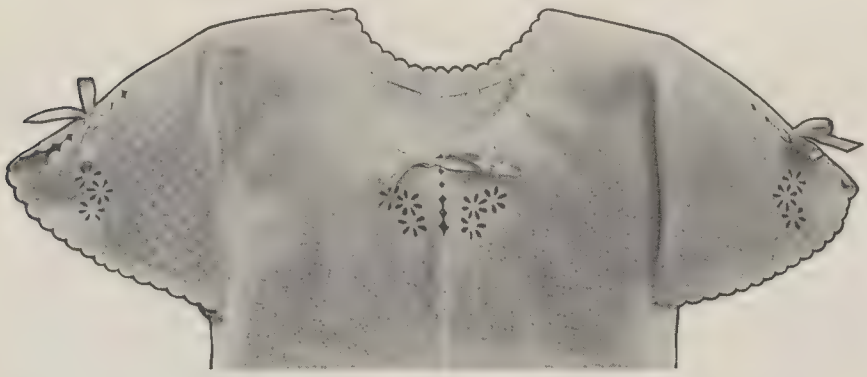


461-A—Embroidered Dimity Flounce for a skirt for an adult. Make it up with a sheer embroidery or lace beading to join the ruffle to the skirt, and run soft ribbon through the beading. This same flounce in a narrow width will be pretty for drawers ruffles.

Stamped on Twelve-Inch Dimity, per Yard, 30 Cents. Perforated Repeating Pattern . . . 20 Cents

EMBROIDERED DIMITY LINGERIE

DESIGNED BY EVELYN PARSONS



454-A—Night Dress of cross-barred dimity made in the style of the circular kimonos, without shoulder seams. The short slashed sleeves are caught together with ribbow bows.

455-A—Corset Cover of cross-barred dimity, buttoned up the back and with a belt made of beading.

DESCRIPTION OF DIMITY LINGERIE SET

The night dress, corset cover and drawers, of fine cross-barred dimity, are made after the latest models. The night dress is cut after the style of the circular kimonos, without shoulder seams. It is an unusually easy pattern to put together, back and front being cut in two long pieces, seamed together down the center. The dimity comes in twenty-seven-inch width and four lengths are required. The sleeves are open up the sides, and ribbon bows are tied through buttonholed slashes.

The corset cover is buttoned up the back and tied at the waistline with ribbon run through a belt of beading. Ribbon is also run around the neck and tied in a bow in front. The edging of lace on the bottom of the corset cover may be omitted if desired, a simple hem being left for the finish. This corset cover is especially attractive for wear under sheer lace or lingerie waists.

The drawers of this set are cut on unusually graceful lines, as the figure drawing below plainly shows. It is an odd pattern, the front, also the back, being cut in one piece. They are open at the sides down to the top of the ruffle, the ruffle being seamed part way down and then scalloped. The sides are caught together with ribbon tied through worked slashes. The ruffles are made of the dimity, and for the upper part of the drawers nainsook or longcloth is used. The ruffles are finished at the top with muslin insertion put in with French seams.

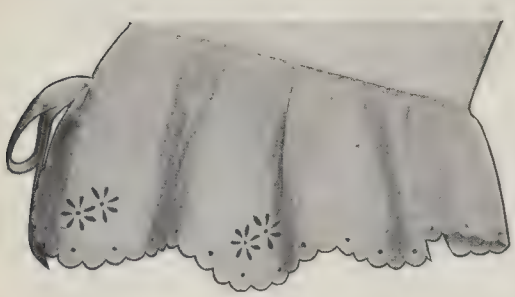
IMPORTANT NOTE IN REGARD TO PATTERNS AND MATERIAL

We provide perforated patterns of the night dress and dimity on which to stamp it. The perforated pattern gives all the lines of the gown, so that the tissue pattern is not required.

For the drawers we provide stamped dimity ruffles and perforated pattern of the upper part of the garment. The perforated pattern of the drawers includes everything.

A skirt ruffle in the same design as the drawers ruffle will be provided at the same price per yard as the flounce on the opposite page.

Two threads of ball cotton are used for the buttonholing, and a twisted thread for the eyelets. A ball and skein of each will be sufficient for one garment.



456-A—Drawers of nainsook or longcloth with graduated ruffle of cross-barred dimity slashed and tied at the side with ribbon.

PRICE LIST

NOS.	SET V.	PRICE
	Perforated Patterns of Complete Set	85 Cents
454-A—	Night Dress. Perforated Pattern	40 Cents
	Dimity for Night Dress, One-and-Three-Fourths-Yard Lengths	$2.00
	(See note above in regard to patterns and material. If a longer gown is desired, send 15 cents for extra half yard.)	
455-A—	Corset Cover (34, 36 and 38 Inch Bust Measures). Perforated Pattern	35 Cents
	Stamped on Dimity	75 Cents
456-A—	Drawers. Perforated Pattern	30 Cents
	Stamped Dimity Ruffles	65 Cents
	(See note above in regard to patterns and material.)	
	Cotton for Buttonholing, per Ball,	10 Cents
	Cotton for Eyelets, per Skein,	10 Cents
	Stamping Paste, per Box,	10 Cents

NOTE—We do not provide the ten-cent tissue-paper patterns of these garments.

Showing Dimity Corset Cover 455-A and Drawers 456-A when completed and worn.

NOTICE—Remit by money order, currency or stamps. To the amount of any check drawn on a bank not in New York City, ten cents must be added for exchange.

We ask you if possible to send postal money orders made payable to Woman's Home Companion in preference to stamps. Address "Embroidery Department," Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square New York City.

BEST & Co
LILLIPUTIAN BAZAAR

Children's Sleeping Garments

Children's Night Gowns, Night Drawers, Pajamas and Wrappers; Children's Ear Caps, Bedroom Socks, Bath Robes; Bath Towels and Toilet Sets; Pillow Cases, Crib Spreads, Nursery Furnishings, all form part of the facilities we afford for the Complete Outfitting of Children and Infants.

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Our illustrated catalogue of children's and infants' oufitting, containing 78pp. of juvenile apparel, furnishings and accessories, will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 4 cts. to cover postage.

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We maintain a complete Mail Order Service which makes shopping with us from a distance as safe and satisfactory as a personal visit to the store.

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Waists, Lingerie Dresses and Muslin Underwear

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Representative of the values we offer. Nainsook gown exactly like picture; trimmed with val lace, has ribbon and beading at neck.

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DY-O-LA dyes everything from the daintiest silks and cottons to the heaviest woolens and mixed goods—all with the same package.
Renews freshness of old dresses, waists, ribbons, draperies, etc.
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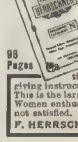

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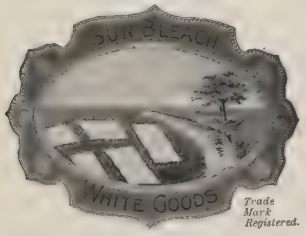

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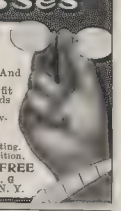

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THE DIRECTOIRE TIES AND GIRDLE

DESIGNED BY HELEN MARVIN

BOW TIE KNITTED IN PLAIN GARTER STITCH

IN MAKING the ties and the girdle for which directions follow, it is important to use silk, not mercerized cotton, if a good effect is to be secured. Twisted crochet silk is preferable to the soft variety, giving a smoother, more even finish.

Knitted Bow Tie

Take half a spool of crochet silk and a pair of No. 17 steel knitting needles.

Cast on fifteen stitches and knit in plain garter stitch until the tie is twenty-seven inches long. Bind off and knot fringe in every third stitch of each end—six strands in all. Each strand should consist of eight threads of the silk, and the finished length of the fringe should be about three and one half inches. Tie a bow in the center of the length, letting the long ends hang, then fasten to the front of the collar.

Crochet Stock and Tie Combined

Rather more than a spool of crochet silk is needed for this tie, and a medium-sized steel crochet hook.

Make a chain two and three fourths inches long, and on the chain work in short double crochet and chains as follows: Turn, skip four chains, *silk over needle and in the next chain, giving three loops on the needle. Silk over and through all three loops. Chain one, skip one chain of foundation, and repeat from * to the end.

Second Row—Turn, chain four, and make one short double crochet in each space of first row, always with one chain between.

Repeat the second row until the work is forty-eight inches long, then gather up the ends, and fasten two tassels made of the silk on each.

The center of the tie is lined with a fitted collar of silk, hooks and eyes fastening it in the back. The ends are then brought forward, as clearly shown in the illustration.

DIRECTOIRE GIRDLE WITH CROCHETED FRINGE ENDS

Directoire Girdle

Seven balls of crochet silk and a No. 1 bone crochet hook are needed.

Make a chain seven inches long, and join. Pull the loop on needle up rather long and take up a loop of equal length in the first chain. Throw the thread over the needle and pull it through the two loops on needle. Chain one. *Take up a loop each in the next two chains, thread over and through the three loops on needle. Chain one. Repeat from * all around the chain. Continue to work around and around, hereafter taking one loop up in the first space and one loop in the next space. For the next cluster take up the first loop in the same space where the last loop of preceding cluster was taken, the second loop in the next space. Do this until the work is three yards long.

Finish as follows: Make one single crochet in first space, *chain sixty, skip one space, one single crochet in next. Repeat from * all around, and at the end fasten off.

On the other side of the foundation chain work the same fringe, then make knots toward the ends of the girdle, as shown in the illustration.

Silk Tie in Irish Crochet Pattern

The materials needed are one spool of crochet silk and a fine steel crochet hook.

Chain eleven, turn, and make one double crochet in the first chain made.

Second Row—Turn, one single crochet in chain loop, chain five, and catch in the single crochet just made for a picot, five single crochet in chain loop, chain five, and catch in last single crochet for a picot, one single crochet in chain loop.

Third Row—Turn, chain seven, one double crochet in last single crochet at other end of second row.

Fourth Row—Turn, seven single crochet worked in chain loop.

Fifth Row—Work like third; sixth row, work like second; seventh row, like third; eighth row, like fourth row.

Ninth Row—One single crochet in each stitch of eighth row. Repeat the ninth row six times.

Sixteenth Row—Work like third row, then repeat from the beginning of the second row until the tie is about thirty-four inches long. Finish with a chain loop row, to make the end match the beginning.

Work a round of single crochet on all the edges, filling in all the spaces without getting the work full. After every third single crochet work a picot.

Make a slim tassel of the silk in the chain loop at each end for a finish.

A Simple Tie

Use about half a spool of crochet silk and a fine steel crochet hook.

Chain six and on the chain work five single crochet. Work back and forth in single crochet, always taking the stitches upon the double thread, until the tie is thirty-six inches long. Finish the ends with fringe four inches long. A strand of four threads is knotted in each stitch.

Silk Tie in Daisy Pattern

One spool of crochet silk and a fine steel crochet hook are needed.

Make a chain the length desired for the tie—about thirty-four inches.

First Row—Turn, skip first chain, one single crochet in the next. *Skip two chains, five double crochet in the next. Skip two chains, one single crochet in the next. Repeat from * to the end, taking care to complete the final shell.

Now turn and work down the other side of the foundation chain, making a single crochet where each single crochet of first row was made, and five double crochet in the same stitch with each cluster of first row. A long string of daisies will be the result.

STOCK AND TIE CROCHETED OF SILK

When the last single crochet has been made turn and continue along the first row as follows: Chain five, one double crochet in center double crochet of first shell of first row, *chain three (or two if the work seems too full), one treble crochet in next single crochet of first row, chain three, one double crochet in center stitch of next shell. Repeat from * to the center of the last shell of the string. Then chain five, one double crochet between the two single crochet at the end, turn, chain five, one double crochet in center stitch of first shell along other side, then work as the first side was worked. Finish with a chain of five caught in the very end of the tie, where this round of chains, double crochet and treble crochet were begun.

Final Round—Work single crochet over the chain loops of preceding round, putting over each as many as are necessary to completely cover it. Fasten off.

Finish the ends with fringes knotted in the four spaces at each side of each end—one strand in each of the three upper spaces at each side, and three strands in each of the very end spaces.

The clasp for the tie is made of two daisies, following the directions for the first row. When finished, place over the two ends of the tie, then fasten the ends of the clasp together, taking care not to catch to the tie. The clasp then may be slipped up and down, to fit any size.

SILK TIE IN IRISH CROCHET PATTERN

TIE IN THE DAISY PATTERN

SIMPLE TIE EASILY MADE IN SINGLE CROCHET STITCH

Crocheted Star Stitch

So many readers have asked for this stitch that we have decided to print a description of it once more.

Make a chain of the desired length. Turn and take up a loop in each of the first four chains, giving five loops on the needle. Throw the wool over the needle and pull it through the five loops on needle. Chain one firmly, this completing the first star. The little hole beneath the chain stitch just made is called the eye of the star.

To form the second star, draw the wool through the eye of the preceding star, through the back of the last loop of the first star, and through the next two stitches along the chain. This again gives five loops on the needle. Finish the star as the first star was finished.

Repeat the second star for the length of the chain, and at the end fasten off.

For the second row, catch the wool at the beginning end of the first row. Chain 3, skip the chain next to needle and in each of the others take a loop, a loop on the back of the first star of first row, a loop in the eye of the first star of first row. Again there are five loops on the needle. Finish as usual.

Second star: A loop in the eye of the first star of second row, a loop in the back of the last loop of same star, a loop in the back of the first loop of second star of first row, a loop in the eye of same star. Finish as before, then repeat this star for the length of the row. The second row is repeated throughout the work.

Remember that all crochet work must be neat and even. Careless pulled stitches result in very unattractive-looking work. If you are not an expert, practise a few minutes every day until you can crochet evenly.

THE FASHION DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY GRACE MARGARET GOULD

A SIMPLE DINNER GOWN

No. 1247—Yoke Waist With Vest. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, two and one fourth yards of twenty-two-inch material, or one and one eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material, with three yards of net, one and one half yards of lace insertion and three fourths of a yard of velvet for trimming.

No. 1248—Band-Trimmed Circular Skirt. Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26 and 28 inch waist measures. Length of skirt, 42 inches in front; slight sweep at the back. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 26 inch waist, seven yards of twenty-two-inch material, or four and three fourths yards of thirty-six-inch material, with one and one eighth yards of velvet and four yards of lace insertion.

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MISS GOULD'S DRESSMAKING LESSON

THESE TWO WRAPPERS CAN BE MADE FROM ONE TEN-CENT PATTERN

THE busy housewife is always on the lookout for an attractive wrapper design. The two wrappers illustrated on this page, both of which can be made from the one pattern, have many good features. First of all, they are particularly trim looking, having almost the effect of a shirt-waist suit, and then they are especially easy to make. The semi-fitted back of this wrapper makes it much easier to make than if it were a tightly fitted princess. It must be remembered that the seams in a wrapper are very long and it takes some time to baste and stitch them. Consequently, a wrapper that is made with just two backs and two fronts and has no under-arm and side gores is much more simple to make than a tight-fitting princess.

The pattern envelope contains six pieces. The front is lettered V, the back T, the turn-down collar L, the sailor collar Y, the upper sleeve K and the under sleeve F. The letters are perforated through the pattern pieces, in order that they may be easily identified.

In using the pattern, smooth the pieces out carefully before placing them on the material. Lay the turn-down collar and the sailor collar with the edges marked by triple crosses (X X X) on a lengthwise fold of the material. Place the fronts, backs and sleeve portions with the line of large round perforations in each lengthwise of the goods.

It requires ten and one half yards of twenty-seven-inch material for this wrapper, or seven and one half yards of thirty-six-inch material. When the flounce is used, one and one half additional yards of material will be needed These quantities are estimated for material that has an "up and down" or a nap. If wash fabrics are used, and there is no figure to be considered, the different pieces may be reversed and fitted into each other, thereby saving quite a little material. Be sure that there is no "up and down" to the fabric, however, before attempting to reverse the pieces.

Cut out all the notches, and be careful to see that all the perforations are marked before removing the pattern pieces from the material.

No. 1249—Tucked Wrapper With Semi-Fitted Back

Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, ten and one half yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or seven and one half yards of thirty-six-inch material.

Both of the wrappers may be made from the one pattern. The pattern provides the two styles of collars, and instructions are also given for making the flounce. The price of the pattern is ten cents. Order from the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

To Make the Plain Wrapper

Form the tucks in the fronts by bringing the corresponding lines of triangle perforations together. Stitch on these lines and press the tucks flat.

Join the backs and fronts by corresponding notches. Turn the hems on the fronts by notches and stitch in three fourths of an inch from the edge of each hem. Lap the fronts, matching center lines of large round perforations. Stitch them firmly, from the bottom up to the cluster of small round perforations. Above this cluster of perforations the wrapper should be fastened with buttons and buttonholes.

Back View of Pattern No. 1249

Join the turn-down collar to the neck as notched. Roll over the collar on line of small round perforations.

Turn a three-inch hem at the lower edge of wrapper by lines of large round perforations.

Join the upper and under sleeves by notches. Ease the upper sleeve at the elbow between notches. Gather the sleeve at upper edge between double crosses.

Pin the sleeve in the arms-eye, placing the front seam at the notch in the front of the wrapper, and bring the top notch in the sleeve to the shoulder seam. After these two points have been secured, pin the plain part of the sleeve smoothly into the armhole. Always hold the sleeve toward you when arranging it in the arms-eye. Draw the gathers up closely to fit the remaining space, distribute them evenly, and pin carefully before basting the sleeve in the arms-eye. It is better to use a few additional pins in doing the preliminary part of the work than to be careless at this point and have to readjust the sleeve after it has been sewed to position.

In making a plain wrapper of this description it is an excellent plan to button it all the way down the front instead of stitching the fronts together below the opening. Any one who has tried to iron a large garment of this kind knows how much easier it is to handle one that opens out flat and may be ironed in this way.

To Make the Wrapper With Sailor Collar and Flounce

The body portion is made and joined in the same manner as directed for the plain wrapper. The turn-down collar is, however, omitted and the sailor collar is used in its place. Join the sailor collar to the neck of the wrapper as notched.

To make the flounce, cut a strip of material four and one half yards long and nine and three fourths inches wide. Turn a two-inch hem at the lower edge of the flounce. Turn an inch-wide heading at the upper edge. Three eighths of an inch is allowed on each edge in addition to the hem and heading. The flounce when finished should be seven inches wide.

Gather the flounce one inch down from the top of the heading. It is a good idea to divide the flounce into four equal parts, (each one and one eighth yards long) and gather each part separately. This will be of much help when you start to join the flounce to the wrapper.

Divide the lower edge of the wrapper into four parts, and arrange each quarter of the flounce on the quarter of the wrapper. As you have gathered them with different threads it is possible to adjust each quarter separately, and that is much easier than trying to handle the whole flounce at once. In arranging the flounce on the wrapper, match the lower edges and bring the line of gathers in the flounce to the line of small round perforations on the wrapper.

The wrapper may be drawn in closely at the waist with a ribbon, as shown in the illustration, or it can hang loosely.

Some women prefer wrappers that are tight fitting or shape in at the back, showing the outline of the figure, and hang loose in front. This wrapper is an excellent model for a garment to be worn in that way. A narrow belt or ribbon may be passed around the waistline at the back, slipped through openings made in the under-arm seams, and fasten in front at the inside.

Three-eighths-of-an-inch seam is allowed on all edges of this pattern, except at the shoulder and under arm, where a one-inch seam is allowed, designated by lines of small round perforations.

It is at the shoulder and under-arm seams that most of the fitting is done in a garment, and this additional inch is allowed as a safety outlet.

When the wrapper is made of heavy materials the flounce adds considerable weight, and it is an excellent plan to cut away the lower part of the wrapper beneath the flounce. This does away with the extra goods and deep hem.

In planning to make the wrapper, following this idea, cut it off one half inch below the line of small round perforations. Then join the flounce to the wrapper, bringing the line of gathers in the flounce to the line of small round perforations near the edge of the wrapper. The flounce forms the lower part of the wrapper and there is no foundation beneath it.

The wrapper may be most economically cut from thirty-six-inch material. When this width is used there is very little piecing to be done, and the different parts of the pattern may be arranged so there is no waste of material.

Miss Gould will be glad to answer any questions pertaining to home dressmaking which may perplex the readers of the Woman's Home Companion. She will send by return mail a personal letter to the writer if a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Direct all letters to Miss Gould's Dressmaking Department, care of Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City

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PRACTICAL UNDERWEAR PATTERNS

PLAIN DESIGNS FOR THE WOMAN WHO SEWS

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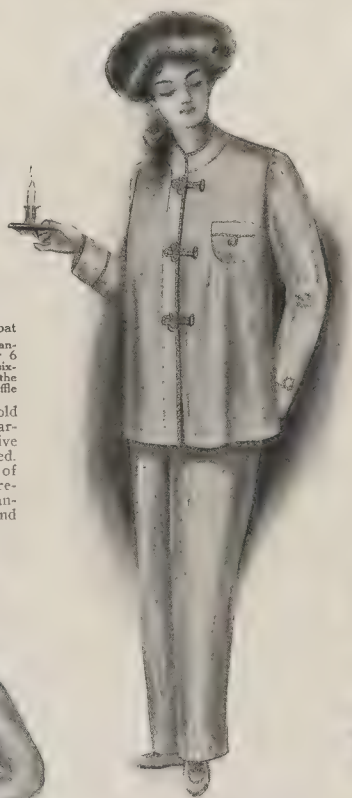
No. 1250—Girl's Underwaist and Petticoat

Pattern cut for 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 year sizes. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 6 years, one and three fourths yards of thirty-six-inch material, with two yards of edging for the waist and three yards of embroidery for the ruffle

FLANNELETTE pajamas during the cold weather are the best sort of a garment to sleep in if you happen to live in a house that is not steam heated. They are most convenient in cases of sickness where one has to get up frequently in the night. Nowadays flannelette comes in many pretty colors and designs.



No. 1251—Misses' Corset Cover With Puffed Sleeves

Pattern cut for 12, 14 and 16 year sizes. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 14 years, two and one half yards of twenty-two-inch material, or one and one half yards of thirty-six-inch material, with three yards of edging for trimming

IN THE world of clothes, January is known as the month of white sales. The big shops always have their bargain sales of underwear during the first month of the year.

Miss Gould realizes that hundreds of women who seek her advice as to the fashions are not able to pick up these bargains, so she has designed this page of practical underwear, which can be easily made at home.

No. 1252—Woman's Pajamas

Pattern cut for 32, 36 and 40 inch bust measures—small, medium and large. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, six yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or five yards of thirty-six-inch material, with one yard of contrasting material for trimming

No. 1253—Sacque Nightgown

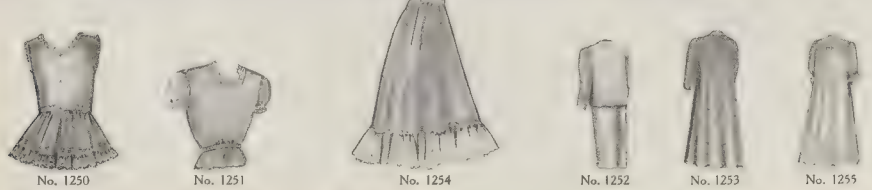
Pattern cut for 32, 36 and 40 inch bust measures—small, medium and large. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, seven and one half yards of twenty-two-inch material, or five and three fourths yards of thirty-six-inch material, with one and one half yards of edging for trimming

No. 1254 Short Petticoat—Four Gored

Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 26 inch waist, three and one half yards of twenty-two-inch material, or two yards of thirty-six-inch material, with two and one fourth yards of beading and three yards of embroidery for trimming

No. 1255—Nightgown With Square Neck

Pattern cut for 32, 36 and 40 inch bust measures—small, medium and large. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, four and one half yards of thirty-six-inch material, with one fourth of a yard of all-over lace or inserted tucking for the yoke, and two yards of lace edging for neck and sleeves



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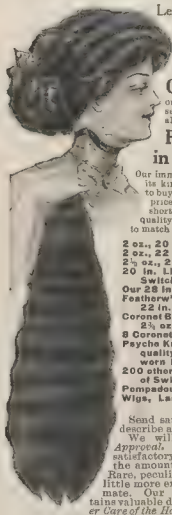

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LITTLE NEW ADORNMENTS

SUGGESTIONS FOR INEXPENSIVE JEWELRY NOVELTIES BY MISS GOULD

THE wearing of inexpensive jewelry is no longer considered bad taste. The art and beauty of it is a sufficient defense. In days gone by the purchase of jewelry was a matter of family council; it often was handed down from one generation to another as an heirloom, the right to wear it being restricted and the right to sell it being taken entirely away. The wearing of jewelry in those bygone days was largely ceremonial, like the old-fashioned parlor—it was mostly kept in the dark.

If there was no great demand for imitation jewelry, there was no great supply of it, either. Artistic workmanship was not so common then as now, nor was there such cheapness of material or facility of manufacture.

To-day many of the inexpensive jewelry novelties which the shops show are an education in gems, being copies of rare jewels. Cheapness, you know, ceases to be a fault when it cannot be detected.

Then, it is through the little jewelry touches of the day that the trend of style may be discerned. Thus the Directoire modes have brought into vogue the dainty little narrow ties of one-inch satin or velvet with pendant or tassel ends. They are a mere trifle, costing but little, yet they often heighten the artistic effect of an entire costume. These little ties are worn at the base of the collar, and fasten in front in a variety of ways—sometimes one end merely being crossed over the other, and then again they are tied in a smart stiff little bow. These ties with ornamental ends are shown in many of the big shops at the jewelry counters, and vary in price from one to five dollars. At the ends of a velvet or satin Directoire tie an enamel ornament is attached, or a colored ball imitating jade, amethyst or turquoise set in rhinestones. These little neckties are often used to introduce the black note in a costume.

All sorts of neck chains are fashionable, and especially the rope of seed pearls with tassel ends. It is worn in the same way the Directoire tie is, and makes a most effective neck finish. A twisted rope of seed pearls costs anywhere from twenty-five dollars up, so it is not all of us who can buy a neck chain of this description; but for a very little money lovely bead neck chains can be purchased which have much the effect of the rope of seed pearls and are finished with the same style tassel ends. These cost under five dollars, some of them selling as low as one dollar and fifty cents. One made of cream-white beads makes a pretty and inexpensive substitute for the real pearls.

Since the psyche knot has become one of the most fashionable coiffure styles of the day, many new hair ornaments to wear with it have been introduced. Fashion says: Very wide barrettes, shell bandeaux, and all sorts of fancy hairpins. Something new and very attractive in the way of a hairpin is of shell with a rhinestone ball top, so mounted that it moves back and forth. These new hairpins are worn at each side of the psyche knot. Other hairpins much in vogue have the top in the form of an amber or tortoise-shell wing, sometimes plain and sometimes studded with tiny rhinestones. Bandeaux are the height of fashion. They may be worn as a coronet or at the back holding up the psyche knot. Some of the prettiest, to be worn in dark hair, are of amber showing a silver gilt design in a Greek key pattern.

With the revival of old-time fashions, earrings have put in an appearance again. First it was the solitaire stud earring which women of fashion smiled upon, and generally in the form of a big pearl, but now it is the long old-fashioned drop earring that is the mode; the longer the drop is, the better, and the quainter it is in design, the more it is favored. Smoked-pearl earrings with a long drop, imitation turquoise and pink coral are among the novelties of the moment. And it is not at all necessary to have your ears pierced to wear them, for they are made with the new screw back, so that they can be fastened close enough to the lobe of the ear to hold firmly in place. A very pretty pair of earrings can be bought for fifty cents.

Mercury wings, horseshoes, bow knots and swallows are among the popular designs for brooches. It is quite a fad nowadays to have your earrings, necklet and brooch match in color, so if you happen to be wearing pink coral earrings you want to be sure to have a horseshoe pin of pink corals to match, and to wear either a little fine gold neck chain with coral drops or a black satin Directoire tie having the ends embroidered in coral beads or finished with a coral tassel.

Sets of collar pins are more in demand than ever. Three of them can be bought in a good-looking case for one dollar and fifty cents, and they make a most acceptable little gift. Those in the form of mercury wings studded with rhinestones and having a small pearl in the center are most attractive. Bar collar pins of cut silver are also pretty and glistening. Veil pins in the form of a swallow are very fascinating. They come in pretty shades of light blue, and also in the many-colored Russian enamel.

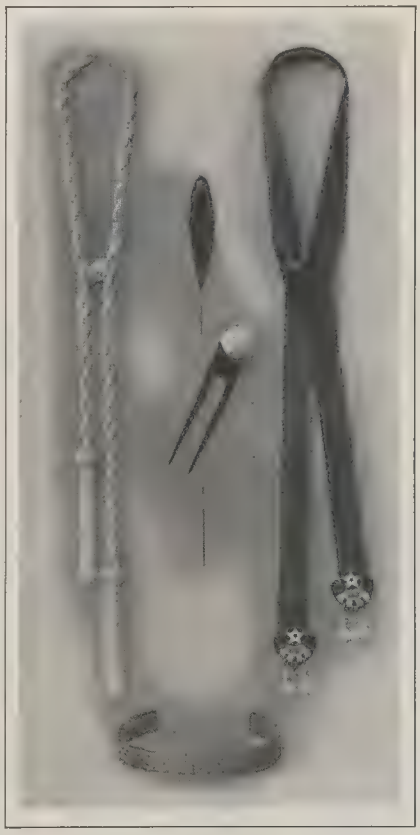
There is a decided revival this year of jet jewelry, and the clever woman often uses it for the necessary black touch to her costume. There are glistening cut-jet collars which look wonderfully lovely against a white throat. There are jet bracelets and jet neck chains, bandeaux and hairpins of jet and French jet hatpins in all sorts of shapes. The hatpin in the form of a spike is particularly good style, whether it is made of jet, cut silver, or amber studded with rhinestones.

In Paris they are wearing hatpins with tassels—large colored stones set in gilt rims and ornamented with two little long gilt tassels. It is possible nowadays to have a hatpin exactly matching the hat in color, so great is the variety of colored stones. Artistic but delightfully inexpensive hatpins show a fancy ball effect of gun metal with a yellow stone for its top.

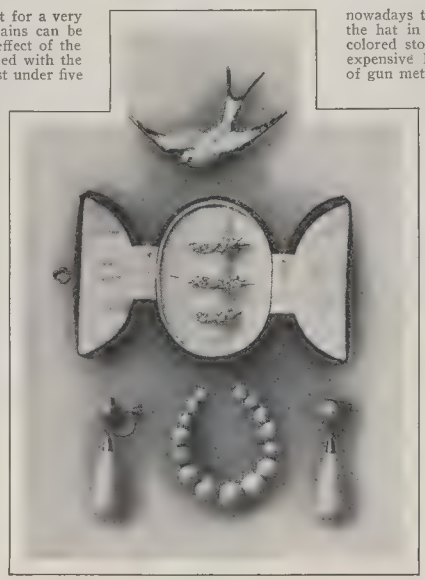
Very high dog collars are much worn. Something novel is the dog collar consisting of strands of pearls barred here and there with pink corals. Fascinating dog collars are also made of bands of black velvet on which rhinestones or colored stones are mounted in artistic style.

Very fine gold chains are worn, from which is suspended a large pendant, or from the chain many small pendants hang. One especially pretty chain of this sort has small pink coral roses dangling from it, with a large pink rose as the center pendant.

Bunches of grapes are among the favorite designs for brooches. A French brooch, costing only a dollar, shows a bunch of pearl grapes with leaves in a gilt tracery.



Bead neck chains in rope effect are very fashionable this season. The one shown in the illustration is of cream-white beads with long tassel ends. A charming little finishing touch to a gown is a Directoire tie of old rose velvet ribbon with enamel ends in pendant form. The hatpin of French jet here illustrated shows the popular spike form and costs but a quarter. In the way of hair ornaments there is nothing newer than the shell bandeau. It is much more the fashion right now than the ribbon fillet. Shell hairpins with ball tops are especially modish when worn one on either side of the psyche knot. The top may be of tortoise shell, amber, cut silver or rhinestones, like the one here illustrated.



The swallow pin here illustrated is pale blue enamel with a little black at the edge of the wings. The collar pins—three in a set—are in the very fashionable mercury wing design. The long coral earrings show the new screw back, and the horseshoe brooch is also made of imitation pink corals, which are much the vogue.

Miss Gould will be glad to answer any questions regarding the articles illustrated on this page. She cannot purchase these jewelry novelties, but will send the addresses of the firms where they can be bought, provided a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Do not send your orders direct to Miss Gould, but write for the addresses, and then order direct from the shops. Direct all letters to Miss Gould's Fashion Bureau, Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

SMART MID-WINTER FASHIONS

MISS GOULD HAS EMPHASIZED SIMPLICITY IN DESIGNING THESE GOWNS

To THE average woman, getting a new gown is more or less of a serious matter. There are so many things to consider outside of one's individual preference as to style and color. With a limited amount of money to spend it is imperative to avoid extremes in style, for the majority of women cannot have an expensive new gown with each change of the season. Then, too, the color must be considered, not only as to its becomingness, but whether or not it is a shade that one will tire of easily. The too-individual gown is apt to be too closely identified with its wearer. To be known by your gown is a mistake.

In designing the costumes illustrated on this page I have tried to keep away from the pitfalls of the new fashions. I have borne in mind simplicity, and yet, of course, kept close to the new lines of dress. Line and color are two very important points in planning one's clothes, you know.

Let us take the gown shown in the illustration Nos. 1256 and 1257. This style of frock will be fashionable for a long time to come. Though the waist and skirt are separate, yet it has the long, continuous line which suggests the princess effect. The two box plaits in the waist which meet the two box plaits in the skirt give a graceful line to the gown. Tucking is used for the vest, both back and front, and the best effect is obtained if the vest is of the same material as the costume, or of a fabric matching it in color. Silk warp Henrietta cloth is a charming material to use, or wool satin. The sleeve is one of the very new models of the winter, having the upper part plain and the lower part wrinkled. The skirt is made with a box plait at each side of the front panel.

No. 1256—Box-Plaited Waist With Long Sleeves

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, five and five eighths yards of twenty-two-inch material, or three and one eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material, with one half yard of lace for trimming

No. 1257—Circular Skirt With Plaited Panel Front

Pattern cut for 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures. Length of skirt, 42 inches all around. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 26 inch waist, nine yards of twenty-two-inch material, or five and one half yards of thirty-six-inch material

IF YOU are planning to have a new winter gown after the holidays, there are one or two things I want to call your attention to in regard to materials and trimmings. All of the new fabrics have a sheen effect, whether they are wool or silk. Fine cashmere, which has such a wonderful luster, is a reliable and a fashionable material. The chiffon broadcloths are still the vogue, and wool satin and Henrietta cloth are desirable materials. It is unwise to select, even for a winter gown, too heavy a material. The new style of dress demands light-weight fabrics. Much plain tucked net matching the material of the gown in color is used, and the maline nets braided are newer than the filets. For a gown which you wish to wear in the evening or for informal social affairs there is nothing better than the lovely new crêpes, which are so soft and shimmery. Messaline and satin are still being much worn.

In the way of colors, all of the shades of gray are in high favor and are to be recommended because of their neutral inconspicuous color. Taupe, which has an undertone of dull green, is extremely fashionable, but the woman of pale complexion should avoid it unless it is brightened up with a touch of some color which she knows is particularly becoming to her. Mole, elephant and London smoke are all good gray shades. Catawba, dregs of wine, wistaria and amethyst are fashionable shades, and hunter's green is also in demand. In regard to the blues, which are apt to be so universally becoming, there are a number of fashionable shades. There is a tint known as Edison blue, which reminds one of Alice blue, but is darker. The blues with either a tint of green or an undertone of gray are also good style. Not in a long time has black been considered as smart as it is this year.

No. 1258—Tucked Waist With Revers

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, four and one fourth yards of twenty-two-inch material, or two and three fourths yards of thirty-six-inch material, with five eighths of a yard of lace and five eighths of a yard of velvet for trimming

No. 1259—Skirt With Empire Back

Pattern cut for 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures. Length of skirt, 42 inches in front, short sweep at back. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 26 inch waist, nine and one half yards of twenty-two-inch material, or five and three fourths yards of thirty-six-inch material, with one and three eighths yards of velvet for trimming

IN THE majority of new gowns this year the trimming is not featured. Buttons are fashionable, however, especially the satin or ottoman silk covered buttons. The skirt finished with a band at the bottom is much the mode. Satin is used for the trimming touches in the costume illustrated in design Nos. 1258 and 1259, and it is a tint darker than the Henrietta cloth of the gown. The skirt of this costume is much to be recommended. It is made with a graceful Empire back. From the under-arm seams to the center back the waistline is raised. The pattern for the girdle is given with the skirt, as it belongs to the skirt rather than to the waist. The skirt is made with a narrow front gore, wide side gores, and has inverted plaits at the center back. There are also side plaits at the back to give a graceful straight effect. For a simple gown which can be developed in a great variety of materials, let me suggest the costume Nos. 1260 and 1261. The skirt is seven gored, front gore box plaited and side gore plain. At the back each of the gores forms a box plait.

No. 1256 No. 1257 No. 1258 No. 1259 No. 1260 No. 1261

No. 1260—Tucked Waist With Round Yoke

Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, three and three fourths yards of twenty-two-inch material, or two and one fourth yards of thirty-six-inch material, with five eighths of a yard of tucking and one half yard of velvet for trimming

No. 1261—Gored Skirt With Box Plaits

Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26 and 28 inch waist measures. Length of skirt, 42 inches all around. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 26 inch waist, eight and one half yards of twenty-two-inch material, or five and one fourth yards of thirty-six-inch material

We furnish a pattern for every design illustrated on this page. The price of each pattern is ten cents. Send all orders to the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

For four cents in stamps we will send our catalogue of Madison Square Patterns, which is brim full of the smartest designs. Even the amateur will have no trouble in using our patterns. Order from the Pattern Department.

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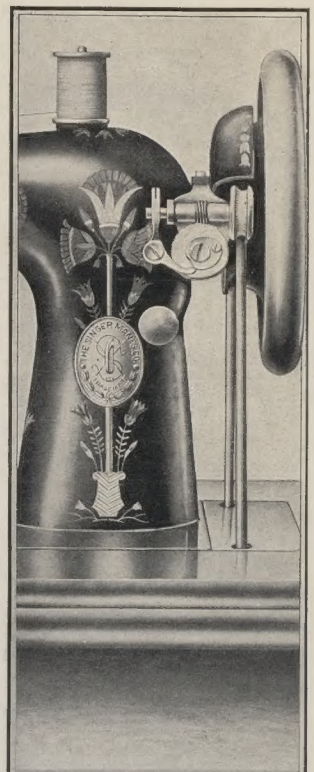

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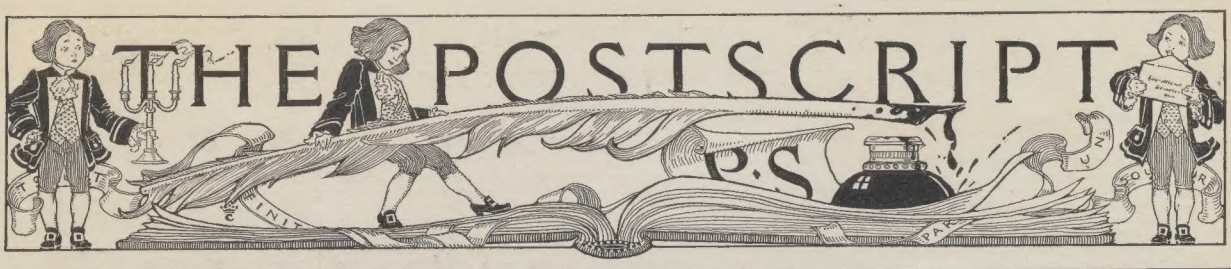
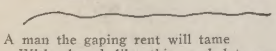
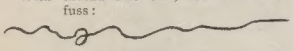


Man's Superiority

Whenever lovely woman sews,
Her dainty fingers search about
Within the work bag, where she knows
She soon can fish the right things out.
Proud man goes at it much the same;
But where the woman's thread looks thus:



A man the gaping rent will tame
With thread like this, and lots more fuss:

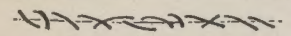


Equality of sex is preached,
A woman's equal to a man,
But this conclusion must be reached—
Man's work is on a broader plan.
For when a woman sews, she'll take
A needle just the size of that:

And mankind, for convenience sake,
Selects one that is long and fat:

Yes, man has much the greater mind,
As you may see if you'll recall
The petty works of womankind,
While man's results are seldom small.
She stitches, and her labors show
Not large, but trivial, like this:

A man's are put in, so you'll know
He worked; his tracks you cannot miss:



CHARLES R. BARNES.

A Household Mystery

Every morning I am waked
By my big brother Ted;
Then I tickle Tommy's toes
Till he rolls out of bed.

Sister Nan calls brother Ted,
And she is roused by pa;
Ma wakes him at half-past six—
Now who on earth wakes *ma*?

CATALINA PAEZ.

Turn About

The Rooster—"You fellows have had this pond all summer—now give us a chance!"

Welcoming the Traveler

I have always had a good opinion of the enterprise of the life-insurance agent. It has seemed to me that the busy bee is a lazy ne'er-do-well compared with him. Recently this opinion has been strengthened.

An old colored servant living in a neighboring family made his first trip away from home, and visited relatives in New York.

On his return to Louisiana he was asked what he did while in the North.

"Well, 'mong uddah t'ings I done tuk out a life-insurance policy fo' fi' hun'ed dollahs."

"Why, what on earth do you want with a life-insurance policy? You have no wife or children!"

"Dat's what I done tol' him, but I had t' take it, all de same. De agent man, he met me at de boat landin', an' he said I'd haf t' have one or he'd sen' me back home. He warn't gwine fo' t' 'low me t' land if I didn't buy one. Dey don't 'low no one in New Yawk 'less dey has a 'suhance policy!"

Dental Incubation

"Tommy," said the visiting uncle, "seems to me that baby sister of yours is pretty slow. She hasn't any teeth yet, has she?"

"She's got plenty of teeth," replied the indignant Tommy. "She's got a whole mouthful of teeth, only they ain't hatched yet."

Business

"Please, mum, I'd like to get the contrac' to clean off yer stoop."

C. O. D.

Our small boy, Arthur, had long believed that a baby in the family was desirable, since most of his playmates came from homes provided with this adjunct. In good time his mother told him confidentially that his oft-expressed wish for a family baby would probably be gratified. The news was too good to keep, and Arthur was promptly boasting to his nearest chum.

"But *when* you going to have it?" demanded the friend.

"Oh, I don't know—'fore long, I guess," answered Arthur.

"Huh," sniffed the other, "what's the use of waiting? What good's a baby if you can't have it when you want it? Why don't you get it right away?"

"Well, you see it's this way," explained Arthur, driven to his wits' end; "we've ordered the baby, but we haven't paid for it yet!" D. R. B.

Man's Great Advantage

"Do you believe that a woman will ever have as many advantages as a man enjoys?" asked the bachelor reporter.

"I do not," replied the firm-mouthed president of the suffrage club. "A woman must always lack man's greatest advantage; a woman can never have a wife."

G. T. EVANS.

Conservatism

Herbert, aged four, was suffering from an attack of croup. His grandmother had the case in hand; she is a Christian Scientist, but she is also a strong believer in the right of every individual to decide for himself in all personal matters. Accordingly, after explaining that God is all powerful and could cure him without the aid of medicines, she felt it incumbent upon her to point out that many very worthy people believed in goose grease. "And so, Herbert," she said in closing, "you must decide for yourself. I will rub you with goose grease if you wish."

The small boy relapsed into profound thought, and at last said:

"Well, grandma, we *know* about goose grease; you just rub it on. I don't b'lieve God will mind a little thing like goose grease; I fink he'll do all he *can* for me anyhow." W. H. M.

The Solution

Marie's my sister; she is ten;
I'm half-past eight, about.
Marie outgrows her clothes, and then
I have to wear them out.

But mother says to stand quite straight,
And maybe, if I do,
I'll grow—oh, wouldn't that be great?—
The taller of the two!

I'd have to have the new things, then,
All made up just for me;
And never wear Marie's again—
How lovely that would be!

Perhaps Marie would have to wear
The dresses I'd outgrow.
She'd see what I have had to bear—
(Oh, d e a r! that's mean, I know.)

Well, then, I hope when mother buys
Our things when we are grown,
We'll need them just the selfsame size,
And each wear out her own!

EDNA K. WALLACE.

Echoes of Leap Year

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Dash. "Mr. Smith to marry Miss Propser? Why, I never had an idea that he would even propose to her."

"Perhaps," murmured Mrs. Blank thoughtfully, "perhaps he didn't."

A Head-On Collision

If a bonnet meet a bonnet
Coming through the door,
Each with fowls and forests on it,
Three yards 'round or more—

If each hat, not measured double,
Grazes either side,
What mere man can gage the trouble
When those two collide?

KATHARINE PERRY.

A Child's Thoughts

My little thoughts go flitting 'round
As quick as humming birds;
I cannot catch them, I have found,
To put them into words.

They fly about both far and near
In such a funny way;
I want to write them down, but dear!
I don't know what to say.

JOY PARDEE.

Jim Parks's Store

You know Jim Parks? He used to farm
Out Hopkins Corner way.
Well, he got tired of planting corn,
And cutting oats and hay.
It was too hard and dull a life—
He said he could make more
To move to town and open up
A little grocery store.

The opening up was easy done,
And things just 'peared to swim.
You *work* a farm, but *keep* a store—
It seemed like fun to Jim.
His trade? Well, he had more or less—
'Twas hardly ever more—
But times would better in the fall,
And—he liked keeping store.

One day last week I called around,
And found him dreadful blue;
He'd kept the store all right, but kept
The things inside it, too.
"The business suits me lots of ways,
But tell me how," said Jim,
"A man can keep on keeping store
When it will not keep him!"

AGNES E. VOLENTINE.

Wifely Censure

"Don't run him so, Jabez. Don't run him so!"
"There you go again, 'Liza, blamin' everything on me!"

Sounds at Night

So many sounds there are to hear
When in the night I fall awake;
First the deep fog horn on the lake,
Then a train whistle, loud and clear.

And then a clock that says "One—Two"—
So far away it strains my ear;
And then a little one quite near—
"Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo!"

ALICE REID.

Alas, Poor Mistletoe!

Full many a sprig of mistletoe
Is born to blush and sigh unseen;
Also throughout its life to grow
And see no maiden kissed, I ween.

JOE CONE.

The Baby in the House

We have a baby brother, a bald and rosy dear,
With airs that are engaging and others that are queer.
He clamors long and loudly whene'er his dinner's late,
Because though born to labor, he has not learned to wait.

But though he may be fretful and full of wild alarms,
We love him very dearly and laud his many charms.
I wish that he would marry some nice girl—yes, I do!—
For baby brother, bless him, is nearly thirty-two.

GRACE STONE FIELD.

Another Hydrophobia Scare

A New Club

For Companion Girls Who Want to Make Money

The Pin Money Club has been organized by WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION in the interests of those thousands of our subscribers who want more money. The Club is entirely a co-operative affair whose sole object is to help its members make money. There is no initiation fee and no dues.

Its permanent Secretary is Miss Margaret Clarke, who already has put hundreds of ambitious girls in the way of making money.

The Club offers ample return for the efforts of the members; indeed, Pin Money Club girls are guaranteed a liberal monthly income in accordance with their energy and ability.

One of the little plans of the Club is to entertain four of its members for a week in New York without cost—one whole week, filled with sightseeing, theatre-going, and every kind of fun—and the COMPANION will pay every cent of expense.

Every girl may join the Club—school girl, college girl, business girl, home girl, and their married sisters, too. But the Secretary has a special treat in store for girls who join right now.

A fuller story of the Club is told in this issue. Go back and read it—or, better still, send your name and address right off to

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Woman's Home Companion
Madison Square, New York

"TOP OF THE MORNING"

You will always relish

CREAM of WHEAT

no matter how little you want to eat.

A dainty breakfast
A delightful luncheon *A delicious dessert*

J.M.HANSON'S
Magazine Subscription Agency

Before You Subscribe

for your magazines this year, don't fail to see our forty-four page catalogue containing a list of 3,000 periodicals and magazine bargains.

Bear in mind that—

We can save you money!

We can save you trouble. Pick out the magazines you want—whether one or one hundred, and send us your order—we will do the rest.

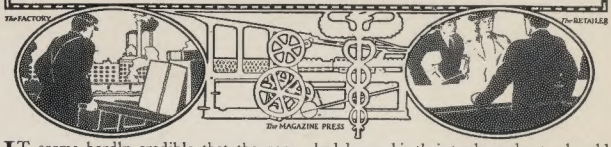
We are endorsed and recommended by large magazine publishers because of the satisfaction we give their subscribers.

We have the largest magazine agency in the world, so naturally our prices are the lowest and our service the quickest.

At all events, it will cost you nothing for this catalogue of magazine bargains—nothing but a postal card with which to ask for it. **IT'S FREE.** Send us your name and address to-day.

J. M. Hanson's Magazine Agency
45 Hanson Block **Lexington, Ky.**

When Advertised Clothes Were New



IT seems hardly credible that the very first magazine advertisements of men's clothing were published in this country not much more than ten years ago. Yet it is true.

Until then the retail clothier sold garments made chiefly in sweat-shops, sent out with no manufacturer's name. "Ready-made" was a jest. The clothes did not fit, had no style, would not hold shape. "Ready-made" was intended for men who could not afford to patronize a custom tailor.

When these first advertisements appeared, retail clothiers were sceptical. The idea of a manufacturer trying to sell clothes bearing *his* name and backed by *his* reputation, was suspicious. The idea of a manufacturer using the printed word to help *them* sell better clothes, and more of them, was unheard of. Presently the first "natural pose" fashion picture appeared. Clothiers laughed at it. Why, it showed a coat wrinkled at the elbows, just as it looked on a live man! People wanted fashion pictures that showed never a wrinkle or crease. Many of the clothiers refused to display such a freakish fashion-plate.

But the public quickly saw the point—as usual. It wanted ready-to-wear garments like those in the natural pictures, and backed by the name and assurance of the manufacturer who explained his product in the magazines. Some clothiers set their faces against this demand. These obstructions have disappeared. The majority, however, saw that a new era had dawned in their trade, and not only sold these garments, but coöperated with the manufacturer to raise standards.

To-day, every clothing manufacturer of prominence in this country is a national advertiser, while every retail dealer of consequence sells one or more of the excellent lines of advertised men's clothes.

The sweat-shop has practically disappeared. For clothes like these can be made only in light, clean, sanitary work-rooms, by skilled workers with special machinery.

The "hand-me-down" of the past has disappeared, too, and with it the Baxter Street joke. Whatever their incomes, American men are the best-dressed in the world. Our college boys buy ready-to-wear. The mechanic dresses as well as the banker of the last generation. Crack London tailors admit that, with the sweat-shop system still in England, they cannot equal the workmanship on moderate-price American ready-to-wear men's clothes.

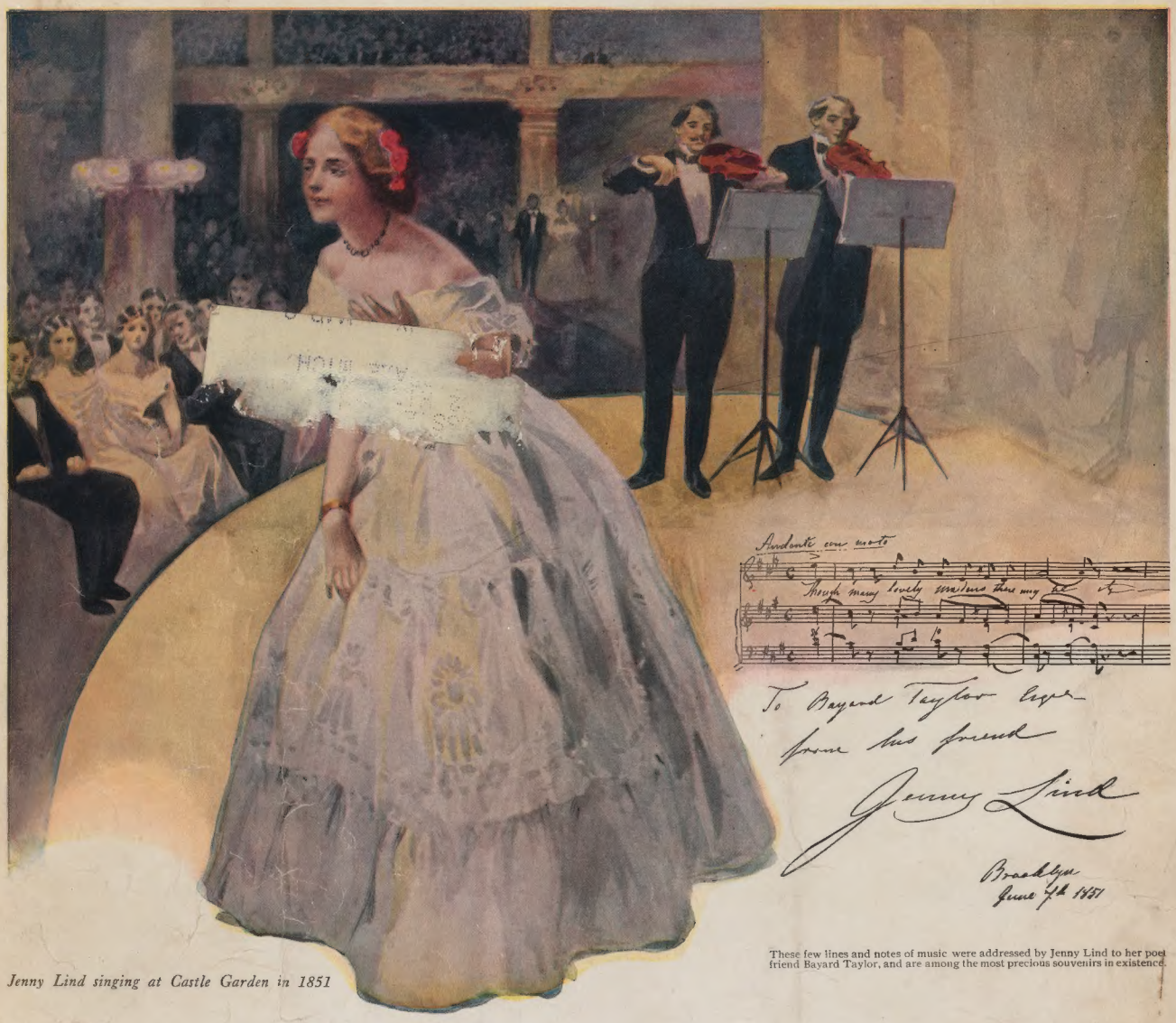
So much for improvement in quality through magazine advertising and its national demand. As for increase in volume of trade, that has been amazing.

Retail clothiers now do a business that would have seemed impossible twenty years ago. For manufacturers, through magazine advertising, have shown people the wisdom of buying good quality, the advantage of having several suits, the real value of a good appearance. That has sent an *informed* patronage to the retail clothier everywhere.

The Quoin Club Key

Sent to any Business Man on Request

Mr. Manufacturer: What is your selling problem? Do you sell your product anonymously or by name? The latter plan builds up an asset that is yours—and the magazines could make that asset large. In the Quoin Club the 30 leading periodicals in America have an organization that can focus on your selling problem large experience and trained minds. It might serve you—and will gladly undertake to do it. Address or call

The Quoin Club
111 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Jenny Lind singing at Castle Garden in 1851

These few lines and notes of music were addressed by Jenny Lind to her poet friend Bayard Taylor, and are among the most precious souvenirs in existence.

All that remains of Jenny Lind is her picture, her autograph, and memories dear to all who ever heard her sing.

Her greatest charm—her wondrously sweet and melodious voice—is gone forever. How different had she lived in the present day!

The *Victor* would have preserved her beautiful voice to posterity, just as it has Tamagno's; just as it does the other great singers of the world.

You can hear them to-day on the *Victor* whenever you like; and generation after generation will keep on hearing them though the artists themselves will be forever silent.

You owe it to yourself to stop in and hear the *Victor*, the very next time you pass a *Victor* store.
Write to us for catalogue showing the different style *Victors*—$10 to $300.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Company, Montreal, Canadian Distributors

To get best results use only *Victor Needles* on *Victor Records*

Victor